

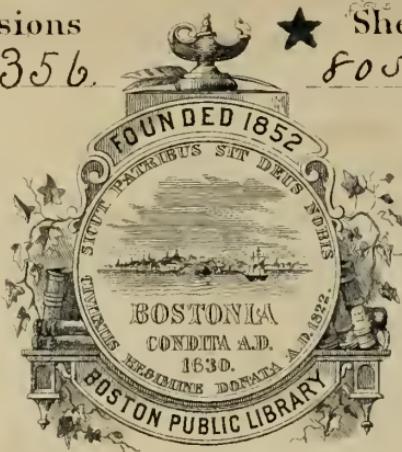
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Presented



THE  
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN HARMONY,  
OR  
Abington Collection of Sacred Musick.

ADAPTED TO THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND CONGREGATIONAL WORSHIP.

BY DAVID POOL AND JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

*"Musick has charms to soothe the savage breast,  
"To soften rocks, and bend the knotty oak."*

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.).....PRINTED BY H. MANN & CO.

AND SOLD AT THEIR BOOKSTORES IN DEDHAM AND PROVIDENCE.—SOLD ALSO BY MANNING AND LORING, CHARLES WILLIAMS, BOSTON; AND AT OTHER VARIOUS BOOKSTORES IN THE NEIGHBOURING STATES.—SOLD ALSO BY THE AUTHORS IN ABINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—1813.

B. S. C.

Arch

433, 356

June 4, 1887

*DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, to wit:*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the eleventh day of June, A. D. (L. S.) One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirteen, and in the Thirty-Seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, DAVID POOL and JOSIAH HOLBROOK of the said District, have deposited in this office, the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as Authors in the words following, *to wit* :

“The AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN HARMONY, or ABINGTON COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSICK. Adapted to the use of Schools and Congregational Worship. By DAVID POOL and JOSIAH HOLBROOK.”

“Musick has charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, and bend the knotty oak.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intitled, “An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the Times therein mentioned;” and also to an Act, intitled, “An Act supplementary to an Act, intitled, an Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching, Historical and other Prints.”

WILLIAM S. SHAW,  
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

## P R E F A C E.

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WITH diffidence the Compilers present the Publick with the following pages ; indulging the hope, that their patronage will not be wanting to reward their merit.

IN submitting this work to the Publick, it is not the design of the Authors to inculcate any new principle ; or to furnish the Country with better Musick than is now extant ; but merely to contribute, as far as possible, to that improvement, which has of late been so manifest.

THE Musick selected is of such a character, that none will presume to reject it. Nothing need be said of the compositions of *Handel, Madan, Arnold, Burney, Giardini*, and other eminent European Authors ; the universal applause of the musical world is the best encomium.

THE few pieces selected from American Authors prove, that Europe is not the exclusive residence of Musical Genius ; but that America, as well as Europe, may boast of eminent Authors.

THE original Musick it is hoped, will be viewed with candour, and receive all the praise to which it is entitled. As it respects the work at large, the Publick may be assured, that no pains have been spared to lay claim to their patronage.

*Abington, June, 1813.*

## DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

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**ADAGIO**, the second degree in the movements.

*Affetoso, or Con Affetto*, tenderly.

*Allegretto*, not so quick as Allegro.

*Allegro*, the fourth degree in the movements.

*Andante*, the third degree in the movements.

*Andantino*, distinct, exact.

*Anthem*, a portion of Scripture set to Musick.

*Bis*, signifies a repeat.

*Cadences* are closes in musick, similar in effect to stops in reading.

*Canto, or Cantus*, the Treble.

*Chorus*, all parts moving together.

*Con Affetoso*, with affection.

*Con Furia*, with boldness.

*Con Spirito*, with spirit.

*Con Lamento*, in a melancholy style.

*Crescendo*, increasing.

*Da Capo*, to repeat and conclude with the first part.

*Diminuendo*, to diminish the sound.

*Dolce*, sweet and soft.

*Duo, Duetto*, for two voices or instruments.

*Del Segno*, from the sign.

*Divoto*, in a solemn and devout manner.

*Doxology*, a strain of harmony, the subject of which is expressive of Divine Glory.

*Expressivo*, expressively.

*Forte*, strong and loud.

*Fortissimo*, the superlative degree of Forte.

*Fine*, the end of a piece or book.

*Grazioso*, gracefully, with taste.

*Largo*, the slowest movement.

*Larghetto*, not so slow as Largo.

*Lento*, slow.

*Maestoso*, with majesty.

*Mezzavoce*, between forte and piano.

*Moderato*, moderately.

*Organo*, the Organ part.

*Piano*, soft.

*Pianissimo*, the superlative degree of Piano,

*Poco*, a little less.

*Presto*, the fifth degree in the movements.

*Primo*, the first part.

*Pomposo*, in a grand or pompous style.

*Recitativo*, denotes a prose, composed for a solo voice, and accompanied in general only on an instrumental base.

*Rif pieno*, full.

*Secondo*, the second part.

*Sicilliano*, a slow graceful movement in Compound Time.

*Solo*, one part alone.

*Spiritoso, or Con Spirito*, with spirit.

*Stoccatto*, very distinct and pointed.

*Sotto Voce*, middling strength of voice.

*Symphony*, an interlude for instruments.

*Tempo*, time; as *A Tempo*, or *Tempo Giusto*, in true time, &c.

*Trio*, a piece in three parts.

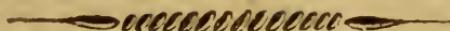
*Tatto*, when all join after a solo.

*Verse*, one voice to a part.

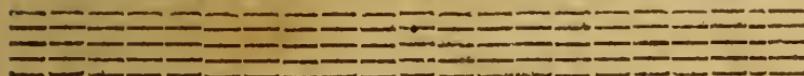
*Vivace*, in a lively style.

*Volti Subito*, turn over quickly.

# INTRODUCTION TO THE GROUNDS OF MUSICK.

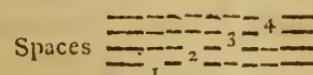
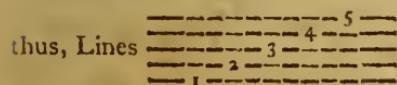


FIVE lines drawn parallel with each other form a Staff; thus,



On these lines, and in the intermediate spaces, the notes of music are placed.

The Staff contains nine Degrees, viz. five lines, and four spaces;

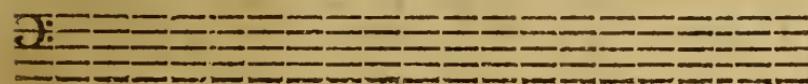


The Degrees are named from the first seven letters of the Alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

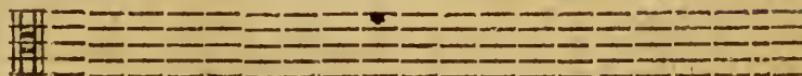
If more notes are required, the same series of letters must be repeated.

The names of the degrees are determined by a Clef, placed at the beginning of a Staff, representing a letter. There are three Clefs;

The F (or Base Clef.)



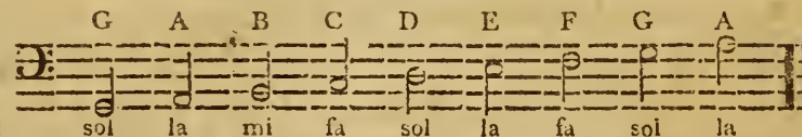
The C (or Counter Clef.)



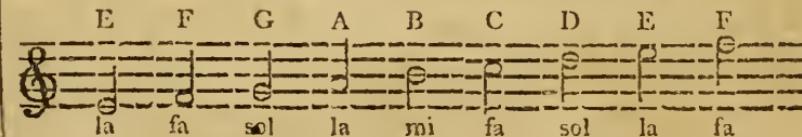
The G (or Treble and Tenor Clef.)



The nine Degrees of the Base Staff are



The nine Degrees of the Treble and Tenor Staff are,

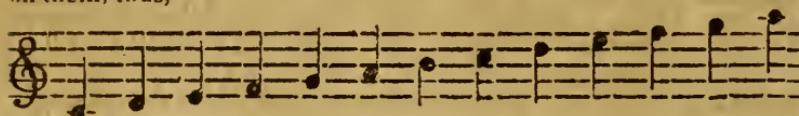


## INTRODUCTION.

The nine Degrees of the Counter Staff are



If more than nine notes are required, the spaces above and below the staff are used, and added lines are drawn, and the notes are placed on them, thus,



Every regular eighth, or octave contains five tones, and two semitones. The distances between B C, and between E F, are semitones; and those between C D, D E, F G, G A, and A B, are tones.

## TABLE OF TRANPOSITION.

The natural place for mi is in	-	-	-	-	-	-	B
If B be flat, mi is in	-	-	-	-	-	-	E
If B and E be flat, mi is in	-	-	-	-	-	-	A
If B, E and A be flat, mi is in	-	-	-	-	-	-	D
If B, E, A and D be flat, mi is in	-	-	-	-	-	-	G
If F be sharp, mi is in	-	-	-	-	-	-	F
If F and C be sharp, mi is in	-	-	-	-	-	-	C
If F, C and G be sharp, mi is in	-	-	-	-	-	-	G
If F, C, G and D be sharp, mi is in	-	-	-	-	-	-	D

From mi ascending, are fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la; and descending, are la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa, and then comes mi again.

Names and proportions of the Notes and Rests.

Names.	Notes.	Rests.	Names.	Notes.	Rests.
Semibreve			Minim		
Crotchet			Quaver		
Semiquaver			Demisemiquaver		

One Semibreve contains two Minims, or four Crotchets, or eight Quavers, or sixteen Semiquavers, or thirty two Demisemiquavers.

## Musical Characters, Graces, and Marks of Expression.

A Flat		set before a note, sinks it half a tone.
A Sharp		set before a note raises it half a tone.
A Natural		restores a note, made flat, or sharp, to its primitive sound.
The Pause, or Hold		directs that the regular time of the movement should be delayed, and the sound of the note, over which it is placed, continued beyond its customary length.

# INTRODUCTION.

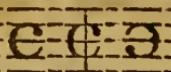
The Repeat		shews the place to which the performer must return to repeat the strain.	The Tie		unites two or more notes, on the same degree.	
The Direct		shews where the first note in the following Staff is placed.	The Slur		is placed over, or under all the notes, which are to be sung to one syllable.	
The Single Bar		divides the movement into equal measures.	The Dash		shews that the notes over which it is placed, should be performed distinctly.	
The Double Bar		shews the end of a movement.	A Dot		placed after a note, lengthens it half its value.	
The Close		shews the end of a tune.	The Figure 3		placed over or under three notes, reduces them to the time of two of the same kind.	
Written.						
The Appoggiatura			Choice Notes		give the performer liberty to sing which he pleases.	
Sung.						
Figures 1 2						shew that the note under figure 1 is sung before the repeat; and the note under figure 2 after; if tied together, both are sung after the repeat.
The Shake		shews that the note, over which it is placed, should be shaken.	The Brace		joins those parts which are performed together.	

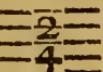
## INTRODUCTION.

## OF TIME.



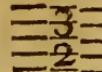
## Common, or equal Time.

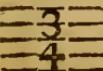
THE first three signs  contain one Semibreve, two Minims, four Crotchets, or their amount in a measure. Accented on the first and third parts of the measure.

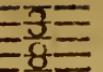
The fourth sign  contains one Minim, two Crotchets, or their amount in a measure. Accented as the preceding signs.

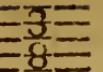


## Triple, or unequal Time.

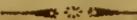
The first sign  contains one dotted Semibreve, three Minims, or their amount in a measure. Accented chiefly on the first, and faintly on the third parts of the measure.

The second sign  contains one dotted Minim, three Crotchets, or their amount in a measure. Accented as the preceding sign.

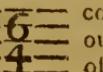
The third sign  contains one dotted Crotchet, three Quavers, or their amount in a measure. Accented as the preceding.

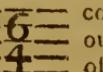


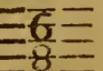
contains one dotted Crotchet, three Quavers, or their amount in a measure. Accented as the preceding.

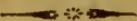
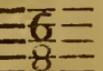


## Compound Common Time.

The first sign  contains two dotted Minims, six Crotchets, or their amount in a measure. Accented on the first and third parts of the measure.



The second sign  contains two dotted Crotchets, six Quavers, or their amount in a measure. Accented as the preceding sign.



## Of the Modes, or Keys.

There are but two Modes, or Keys in Musick, yiz. the Major and the Minor. The Major Mode is adapted to express the cheerful passion, and the Minor is expressive of the solemn and pathetic. To determine whether a Tune be in the Major or Minor Mode, find the last note of the Base, and if it is above Mi, it is in the Major Mode, below it is in the Minor.

 The AIR of each Tune in the preceding pages, is placed next above the *Base*.

THE  
**ABINGTON COLLECTION.**

## JEHOVAH SPEAKS.

L. M.

*Holden.*

*Andante, Mz, Pia.*

Cres.

For.

Pia.

Forte.

Jehovah speaks! Jehovah speaks! Jehovah speaks, let Israel hear, let Israel hear, Let all the earth rejoice, re-

A. C.

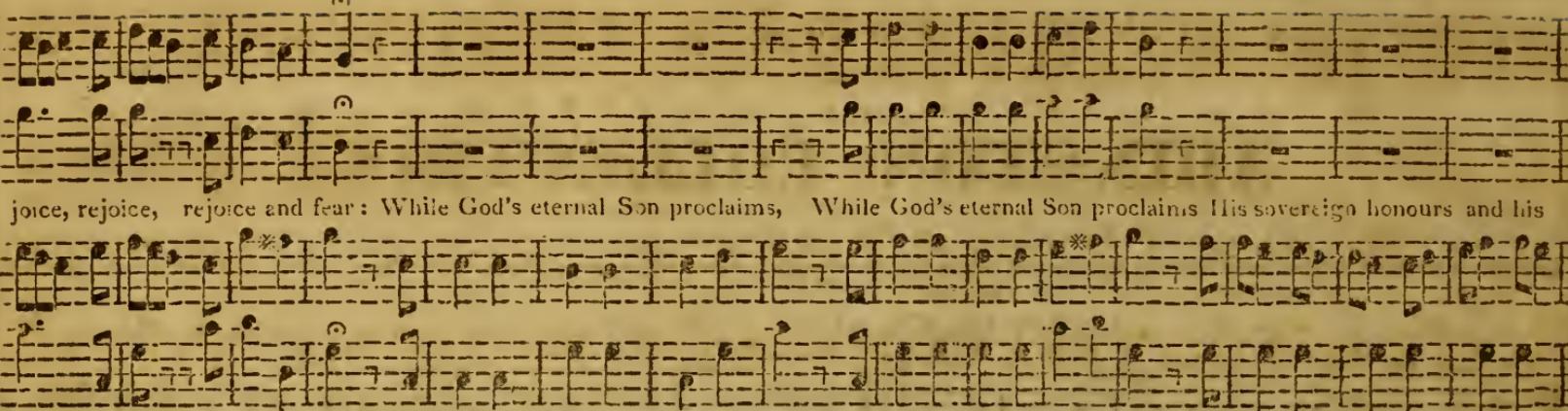
B

JEHOVAH SPEAKS *Continued.*

Pia.

For.

Pia.

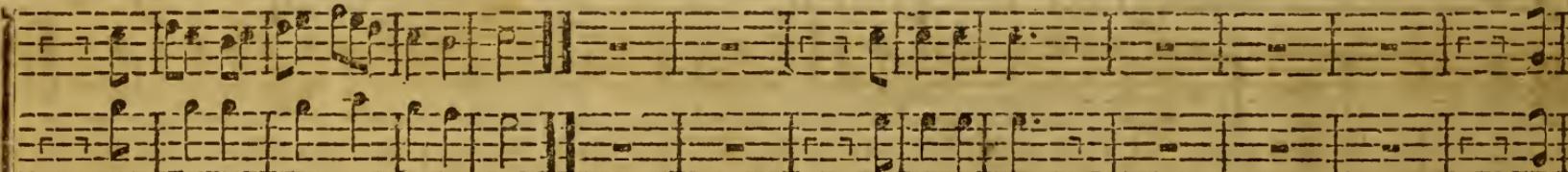


For.

3

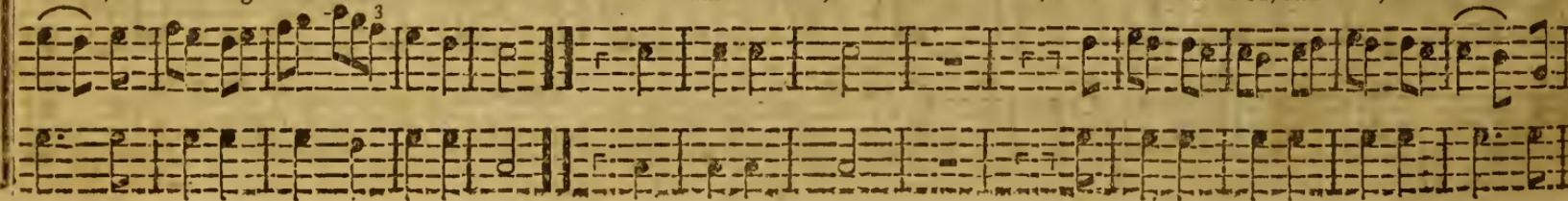
Pia.

For.



names, His sovereign honours and his names.

I am the Last, and I the First, The Saviour God, and God, the Just. The



JEHOVAH SPEAKS *Continued.*

11



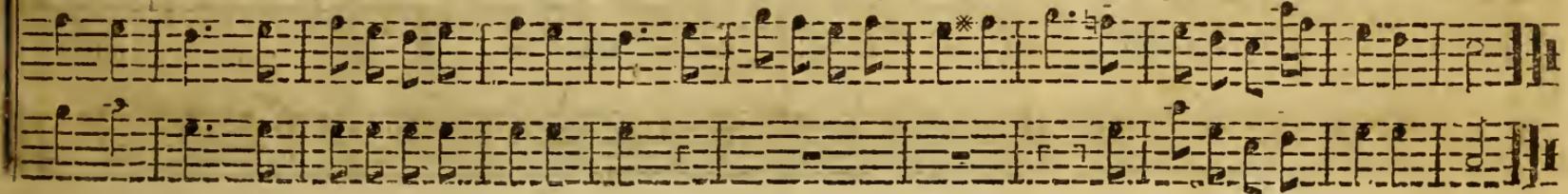
Saviour God, and God, the Just, The Saviour God, and God, the Just ; There's none beside pretends to shew, There's none beside pre-



*Forte.*



tends to shew Such justice and salvation too, There's none beside pretends to shew Such justice and salvation too.



## CORNWALL.

C. M.

Handel.

LARGO.

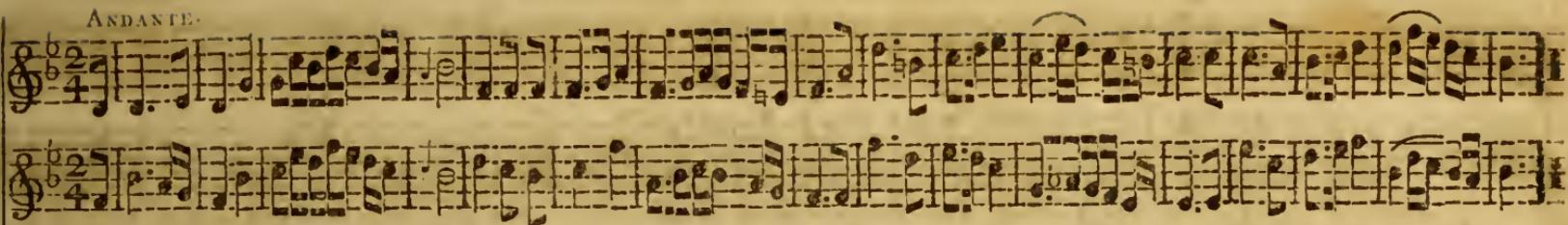
My God, my portion, and my love, My everlasting - all; I've none but thee in heav'n a-

Pia.

For.

bove, Or on this earthly ball, Or on this earthly ball, Or on this earthly ball.

ANDANTE.



He reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns, Praise him in evangelic strains, Let all the earth in songs rejoice, And distant islands join their voice.



OLD HUNDRED.

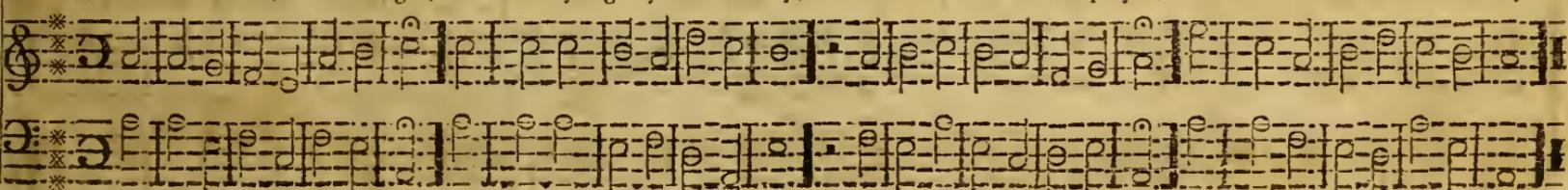
L. M.

Luther.

LARGO.



Be thou, O God, exalted high; And as thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth display'd, 'Till thou art here as there obey'd.

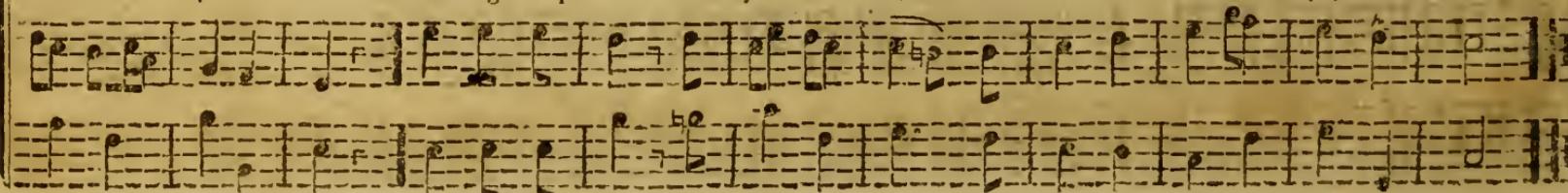




Father of all, omniscient mind, Thy wisdom who can comprehend ! Its highest point what eye can find, Or to its



lowest depths descend ! Its highest point what eye can find, Or to its lowest depths descend !



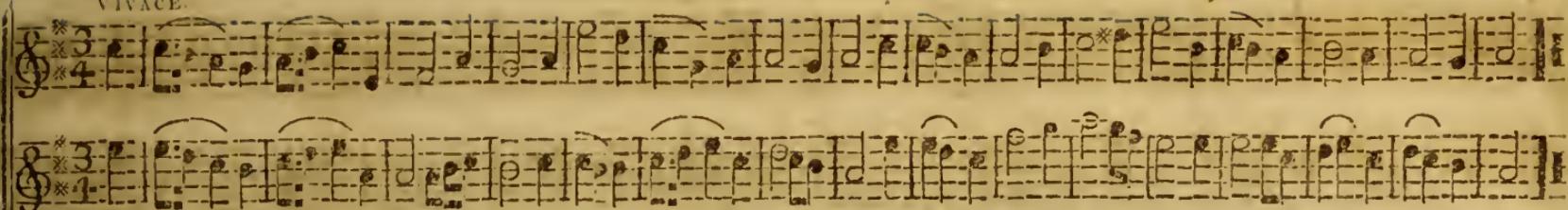
## WOLGA.

L. M.

J. Holbrook.

15

VIVACE.



Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And mount, and bear us far above The reach of these inferior things.

## WELLS.

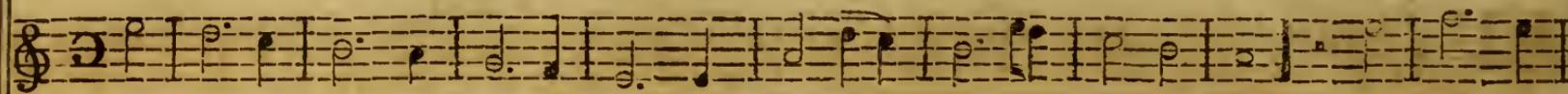
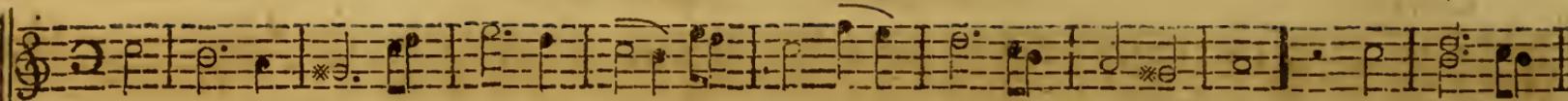
L. M.

Holdrayd.

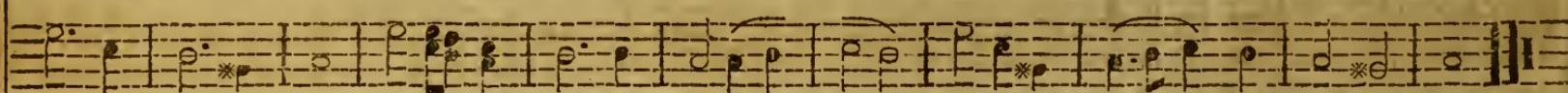
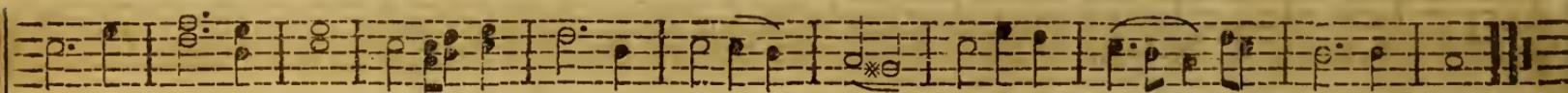
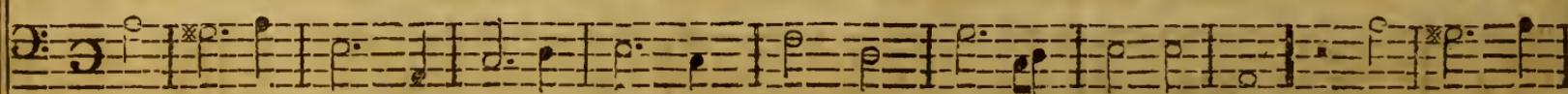


Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims His various and his saving names; O may they not be heard alone, But by our sure experience known.





Thou, whom my soul admires above All earthly joy, and earthly love. Tell me, dear



Shepherd, let me know Where do thy sweetest pastures grow? Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

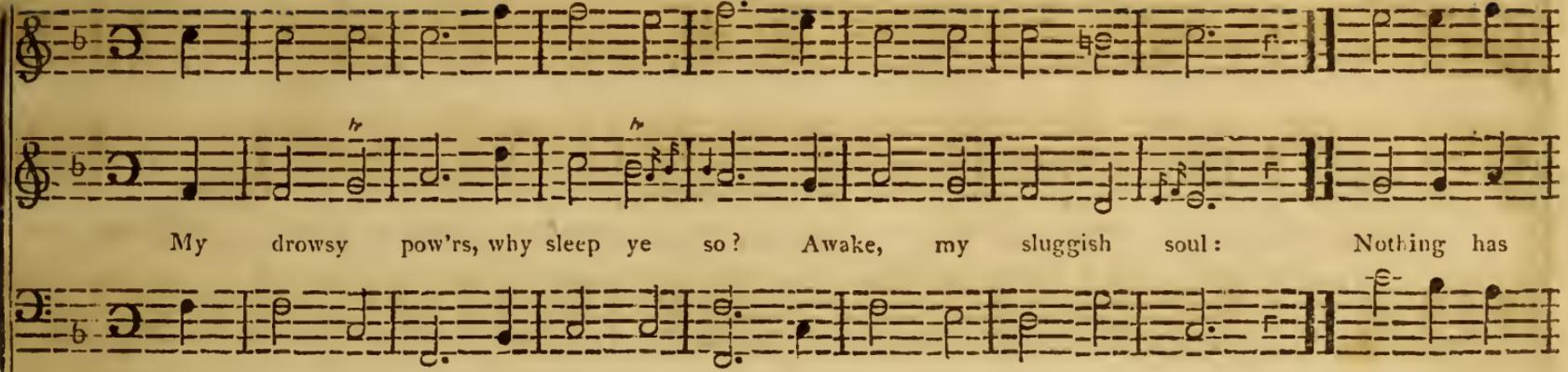


## EDGECOMBE. C. M.

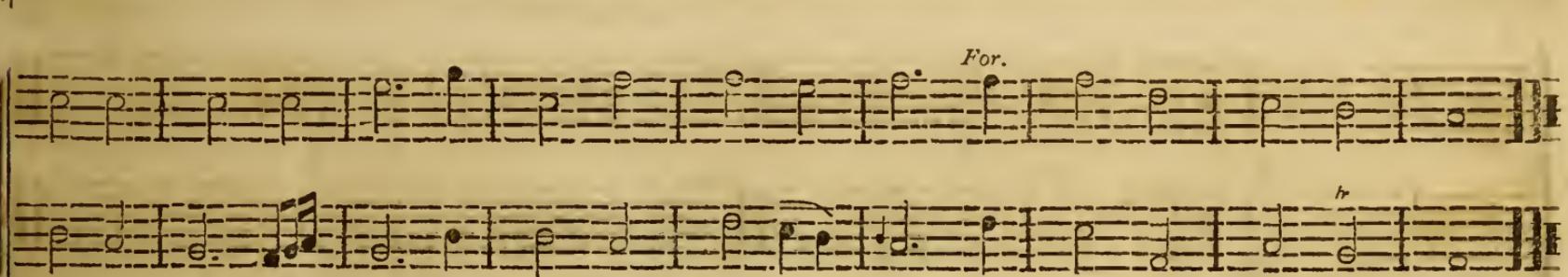
W. Burney.

Pia.

17



My drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so? Awake, my sluggish soul: Nothing has

*For.*

half thy wort to do; Yet nothing's half so dull! Yet nothing's half so dull!

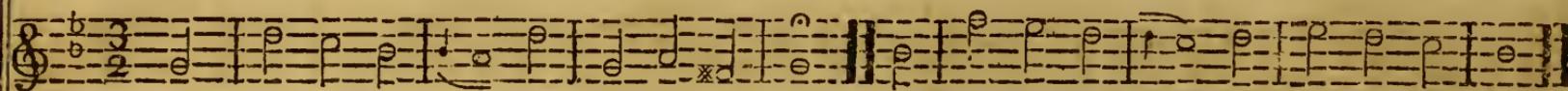
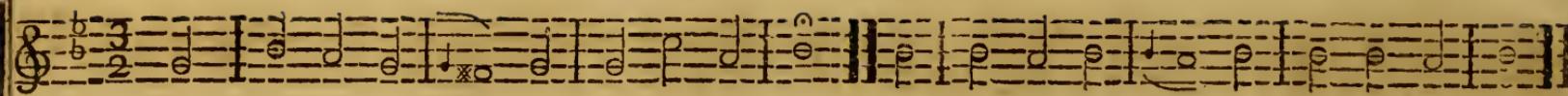
A. C.

C

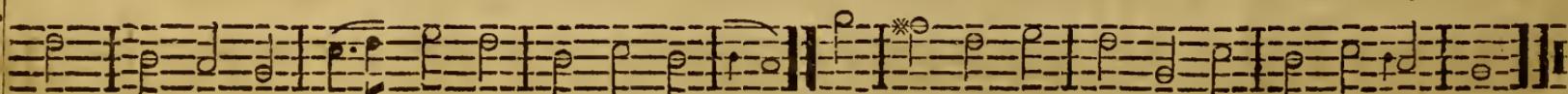
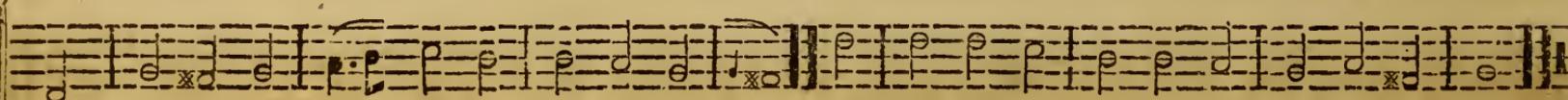
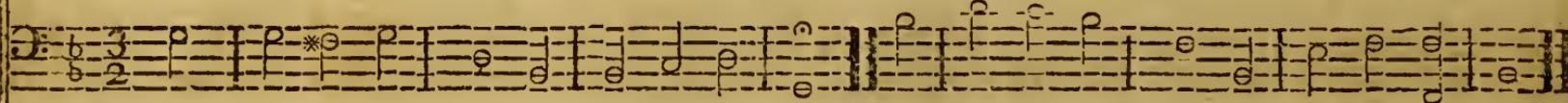
## LOCK TUNE.

5. 6. 5.

W. Burney.

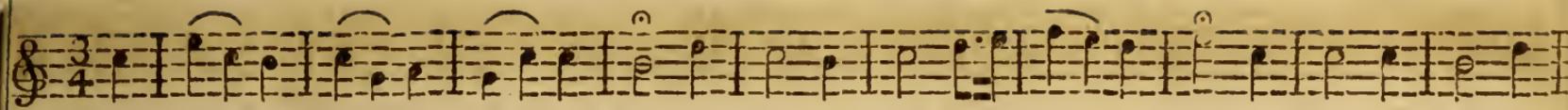


Ye servants of God, Your Master proclaim, And publish abroad His wonderful name;

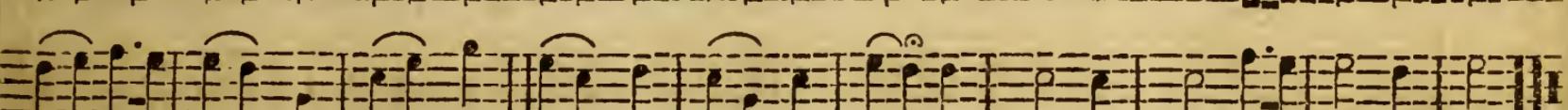


The name all victorious of Jesus extol; His kingdom is glorious and rules over all.

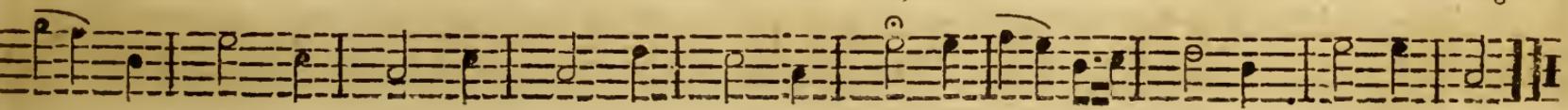




Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And mount, and bear us



far above The reach of these inferior things, The reach of these inferior things.



## SAVANNAH.

## C. M.

## Pool.

VIVACE.

Pia.

For.



Joy to the world: the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let ev'ry heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing.

## MUNICH.

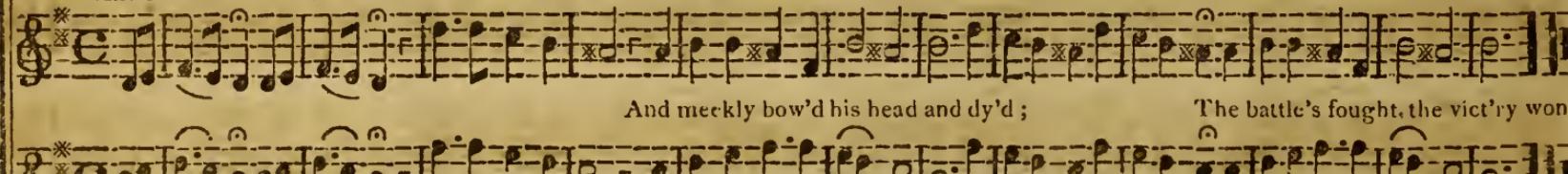
## L. M.

## German.

LARGO.

Pia.

For.

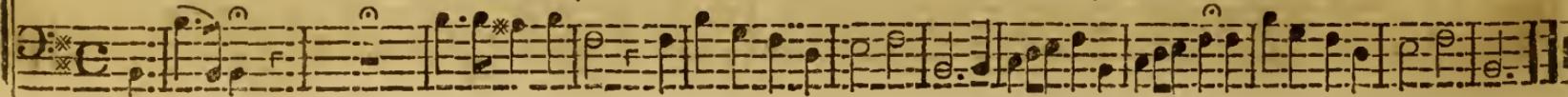


And meekly bow'd his head and dy'd;

The battle's fought, the vict'ry won.

'Tis finish'd ! 'tis finish'd ! so the Saviour cry'd,

'Tis finish'd ! yes, the race is run,



The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heav'ly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

## FUNERAL THOUGHT.

C. M.

*Smith.*

LARGO.

Hark from the tombs, a doleful sound, My ears attend the cry; Ye living men, come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie.

## BUCKINGHAM.

C. M.

*Williams' Coll.*

Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray, I am forever thine; I fear before thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

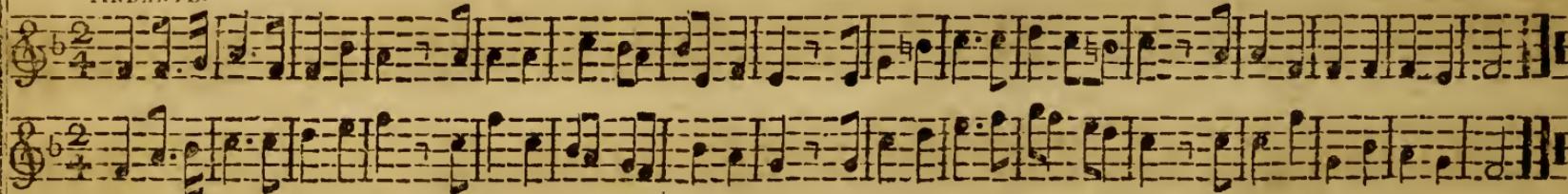


## TRURO.

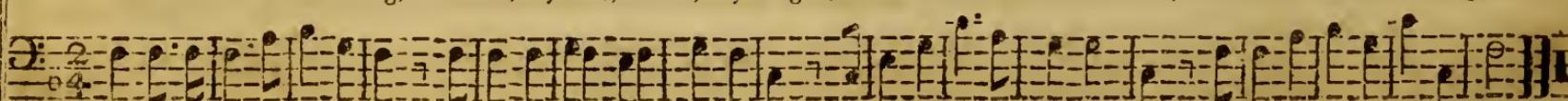
L. M.

*Williams' Coll.*

ANDANTE.



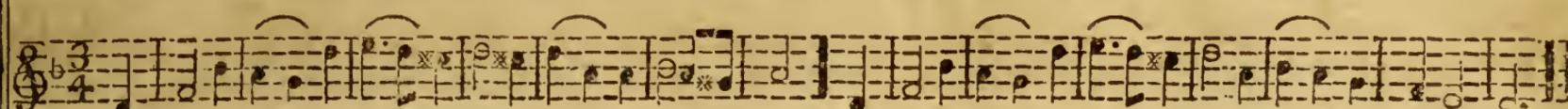
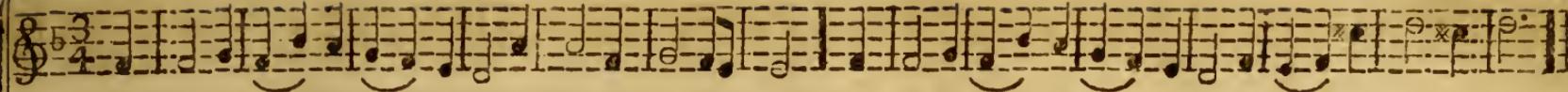
Now to the Lord a noble song, Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue, Hosanna to th' Eternal Name, And all his boundless love proclaim.



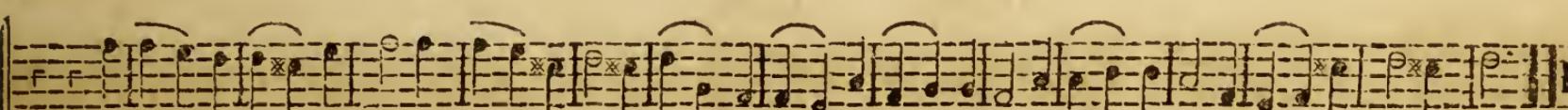
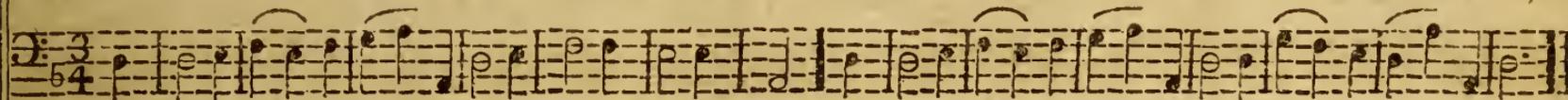
## WELFLEET. C. M.

*J. Holbrook.* 23

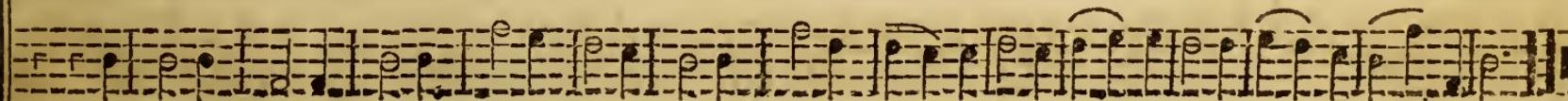
LARGO.



To God I cry'd with mournful voice, I sought his gracious ear, In the sad day when troubles rose, And fill'd my breast with fear.

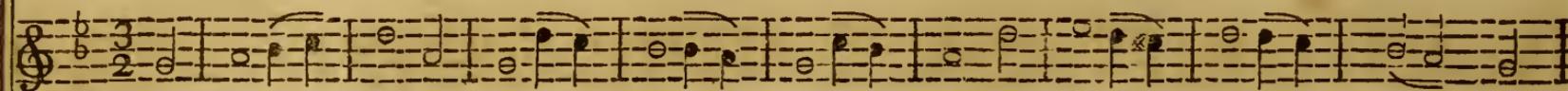
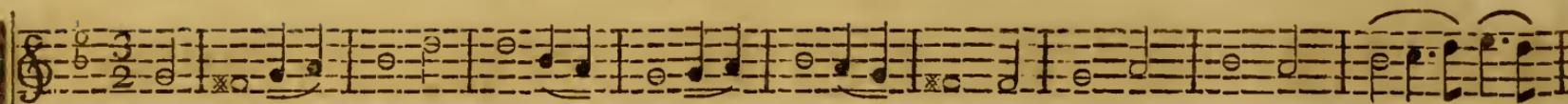


Sad were my days, and dark my nights, My soul refus'd relief; I thought on God the just and wise, But thoughts increas'd my grief.

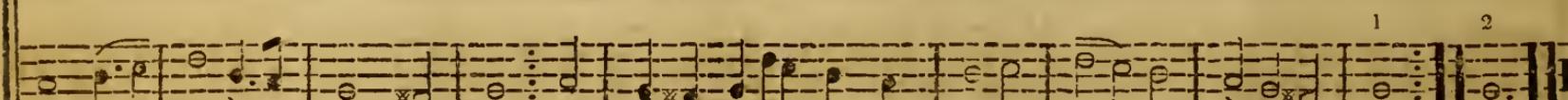
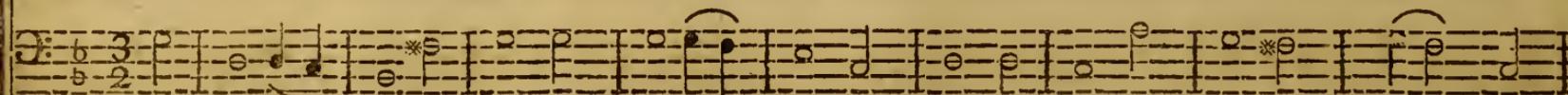


## EVENING HYMN. S. M.

Pool.



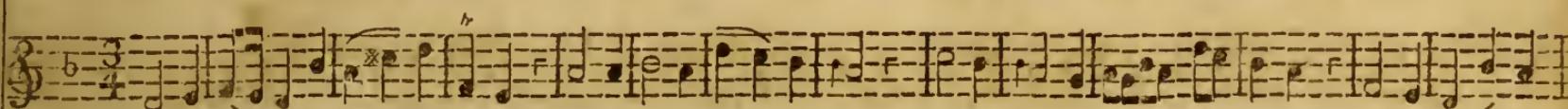
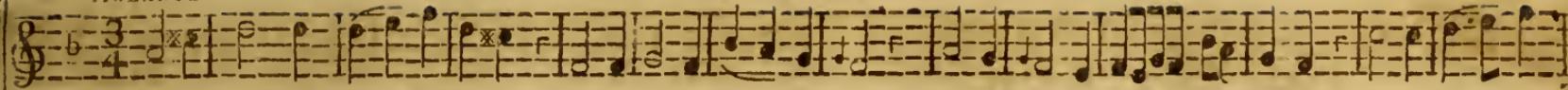
The day is past and gone; The evening shades appear; O may we all re - mem - ber



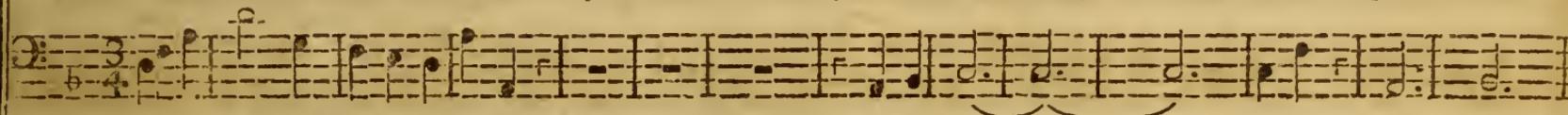
well, The night of death draws near. O may we all remember well, The night of death draws near.



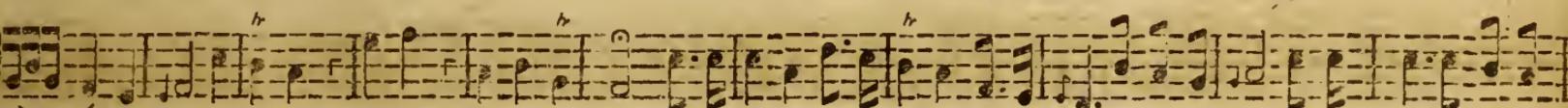
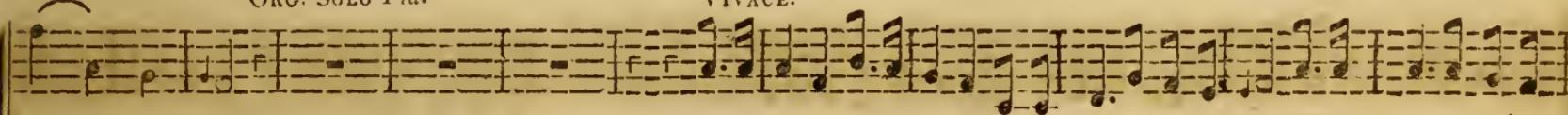
ANDANTE.



In this world of sin and sorrow, Compass'd round with many a care, From eternity we borrow Hope, that can ex-

ORG. SOLO *Pia.*

VIVACE.



clude despair;

Thee, triumphant God and Saviour, In the glass of faith I see; O assist each saint en-

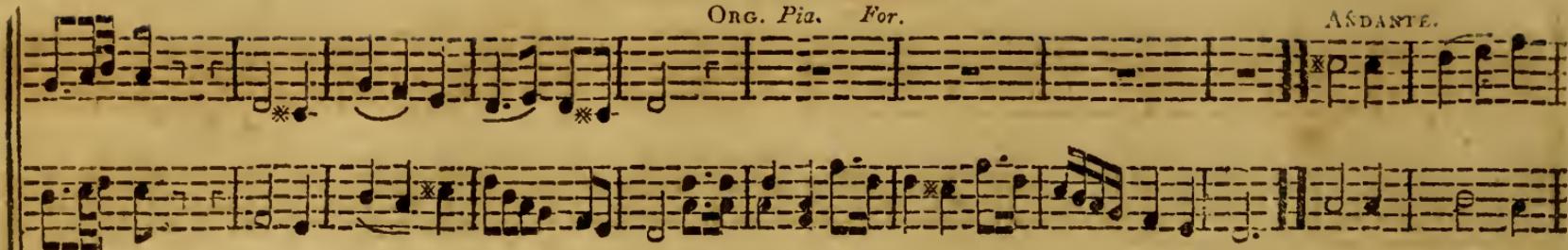
A. C.

D

WORCESTER *Continued.*

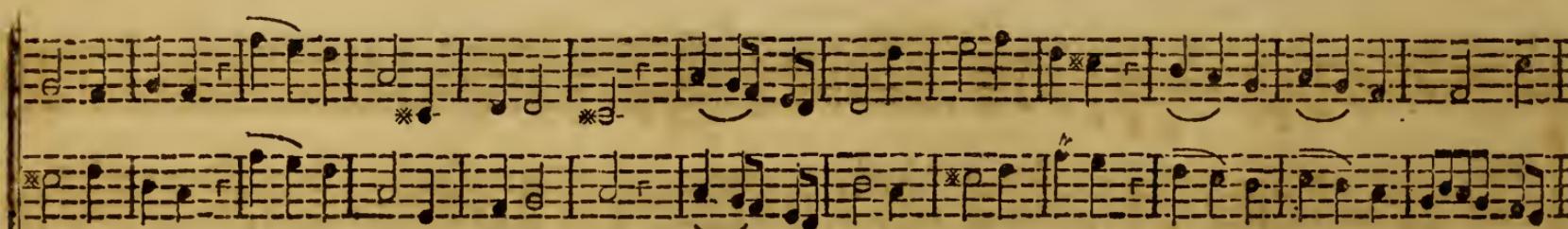
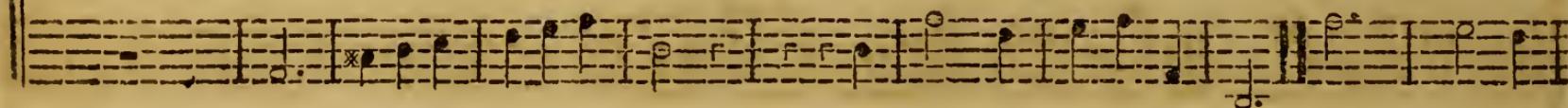
ORG. Pia. For.

ANDANTE.



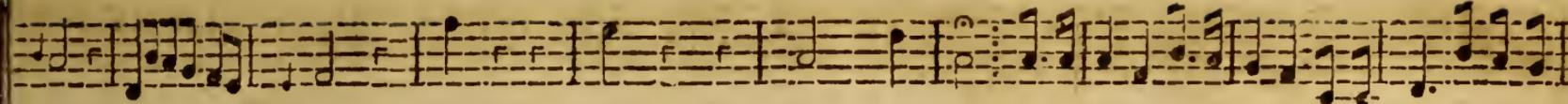
deavour, Raise our earth born souls to thee.

Place that awful



scene before us Of the last tremendous day, When to life thou wilt restore us; Ling'ring ages haste a-



WORCESTER *Continued.**Pia.**For.**Pia.**For.**VIVACE. Pia.*

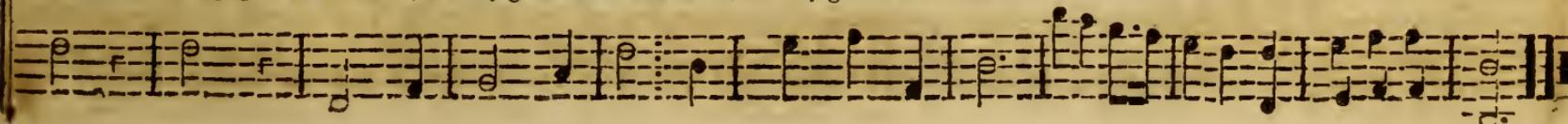
way,      haste      away,      haste,      haste,      haste      away ; Then this vile and sinful nature Incorruption shall put

DEL SEGNO.

SYM.



on ; Life renewing, glorious Saviour, Let thy gracious will be done, Let thy gracious will be done.



## THANKSGIVING.

C. M.

Pool.

Pia.

For.

Pia.

For.



To God our strength sing loud, and clear, Sing loud to God our King, To Jacob's God, that all may hear, Loud acclamations ring.



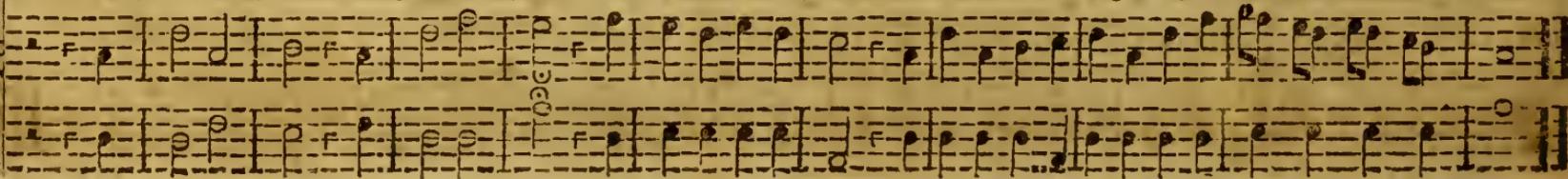
Pia.

For.

Pia.



Prepare a hymn, prepare a song, The timbrel hither bring, The cheerful psaltry bring along, And harp with pleasant string.



Blow as is wont, in the new moon, With trumpet's lofty sound, Th' appointed time, the day whereon Our solemn feast comes round, Our

MODERATO.

ARLINGTON.

C. M.

Dr. Arne.

Jesus, with all thy saints above, My tongue would bear her part, Would sound aloud thy saving love, And sing thy bleeding heart.



There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

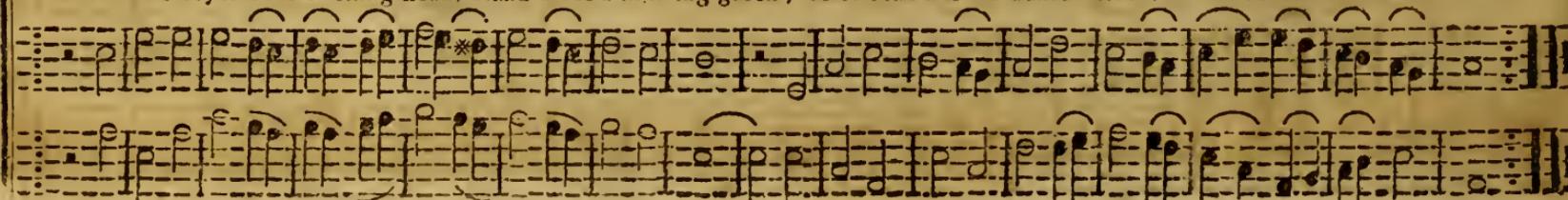


*Pia.*

*Fer.*



Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in living green ; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.



## REDEEMING LOVE.

7's.

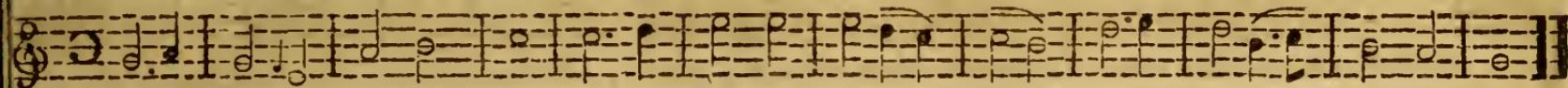
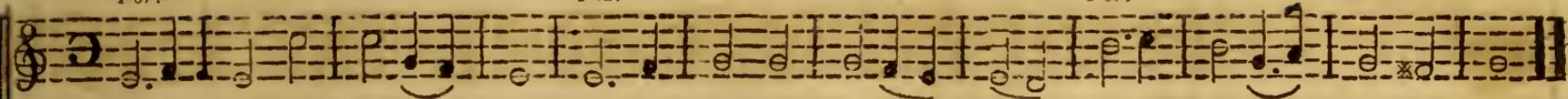
Worgan.

31

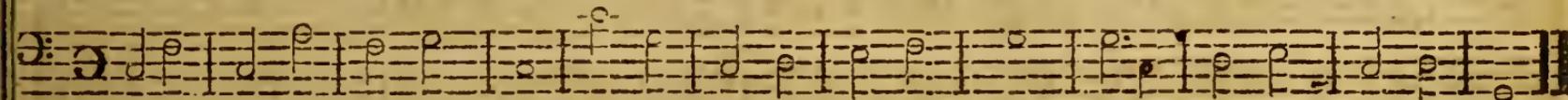
For..

Pia.

For.

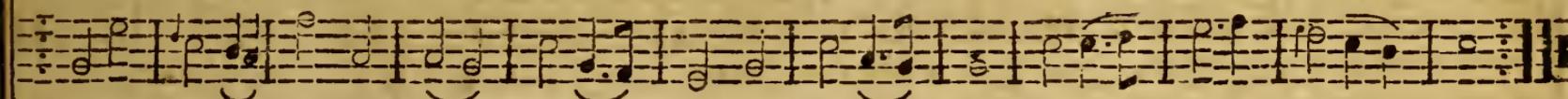
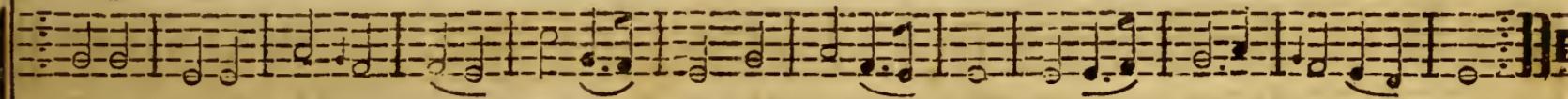


Now, begin the heav'nly theme, Sing aloud in Jesus' name, Sing aloud in Jesus' name;



Pia.

For.



Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove, Triumph in redeeming love, Triumph in redeeming love.



CON SPIRITO.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Sing loud with solemn voice; While thankful tongues ex-  
alt his praise. And grateful hearts rejoice. And grateful hearts rejoice.

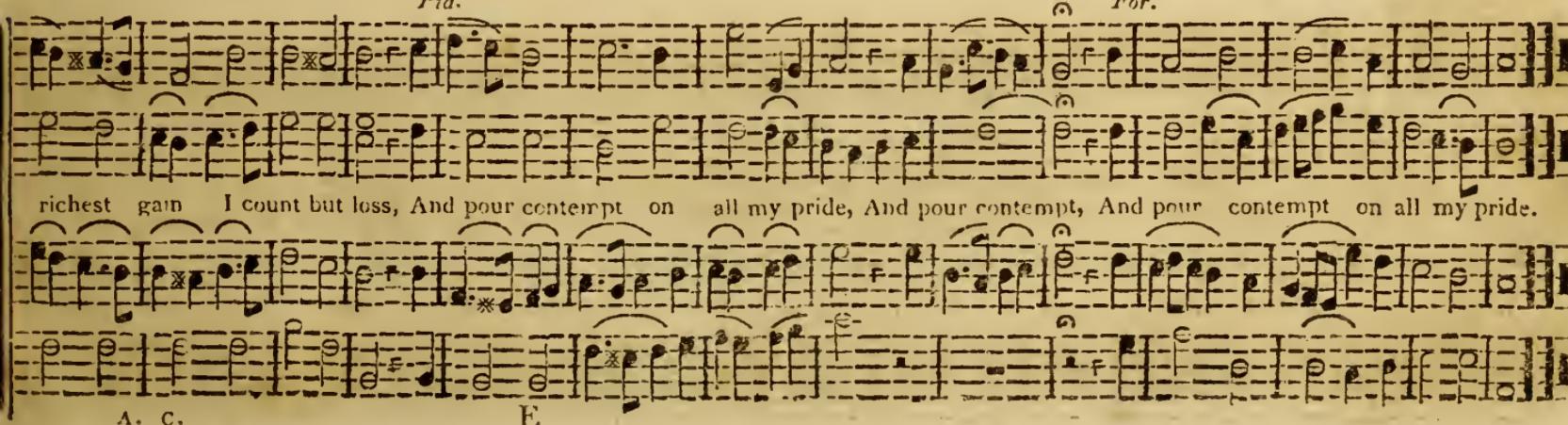
LARGO.



When I survey the wond'rous cross, On which the Prince of glory dy'd. On which the Prince of glory dy'd, My

Pia.

For.



richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride, And pour contempt, And pour contempt on all my pride.

A. C.

E



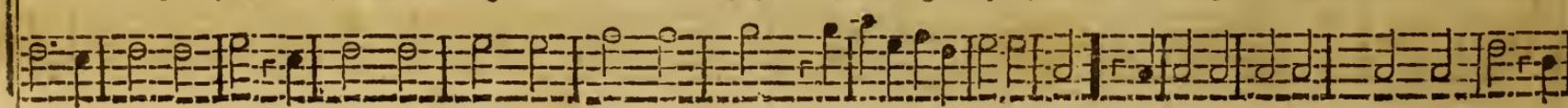
Away, my unbelieving fear, Fear shall no more in me have place;

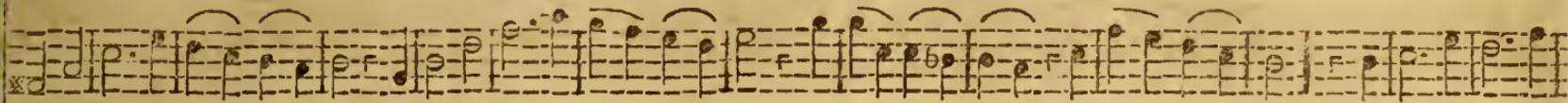
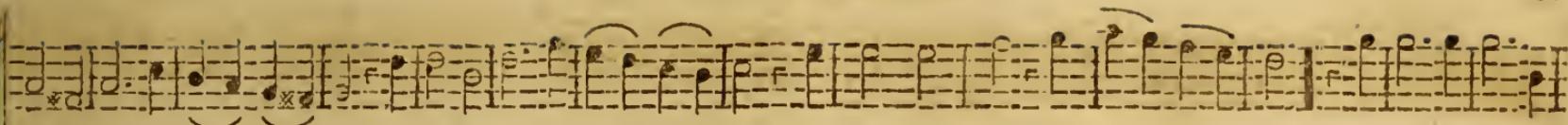


My Saviour doth not yet appear, He hides the brightness of his face. But shall I therefore let him go, And basely

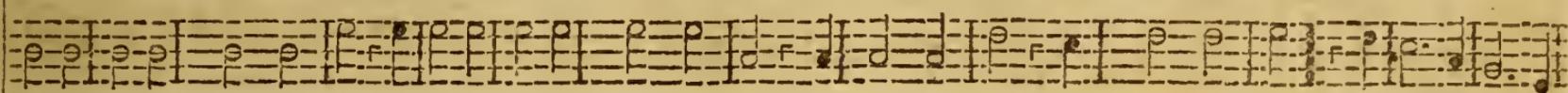


to the tempter yield? No, in the strength of Jesus, no; I never will give up my shield. Although the vine its fruit deny, Al-

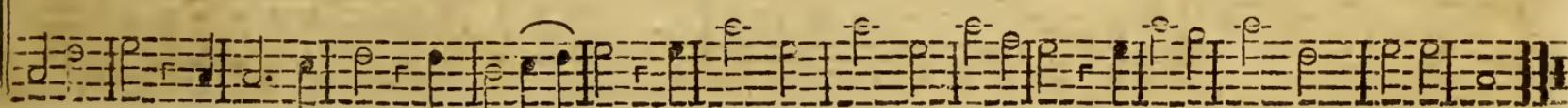




though the olive yield no oil, The with'ring fig-tree droop and die, The field illude the tiller's toil. The empty stall no



herd afford, And perish all the bleating race; Yet will I triumph in the Lord, The God of my salvation praise.



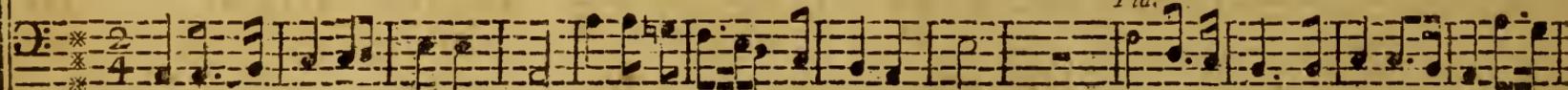
MODERATO.

Pia.



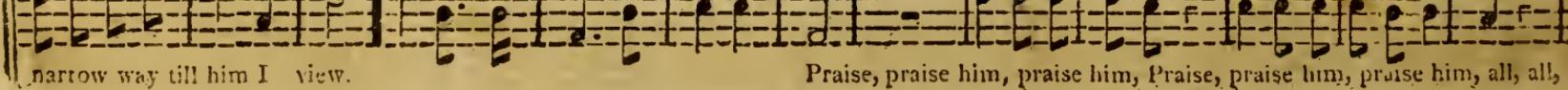
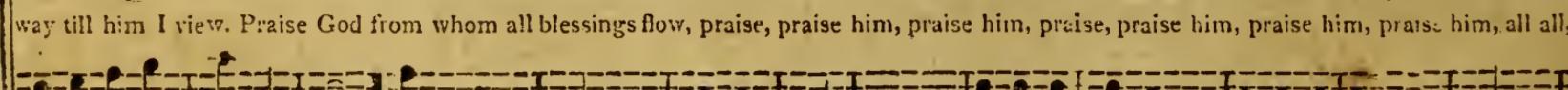
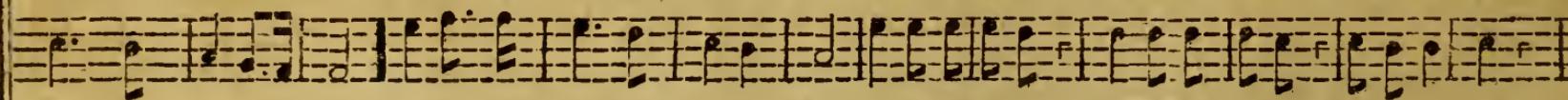
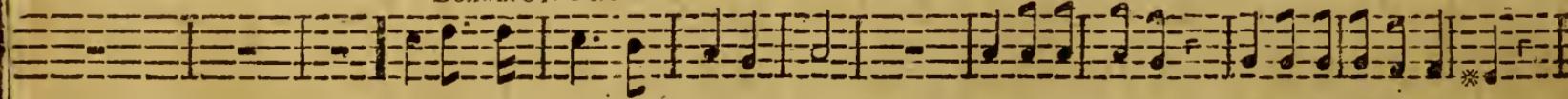
Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon ; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow

Pia.



His track I see, and I'll pursue The

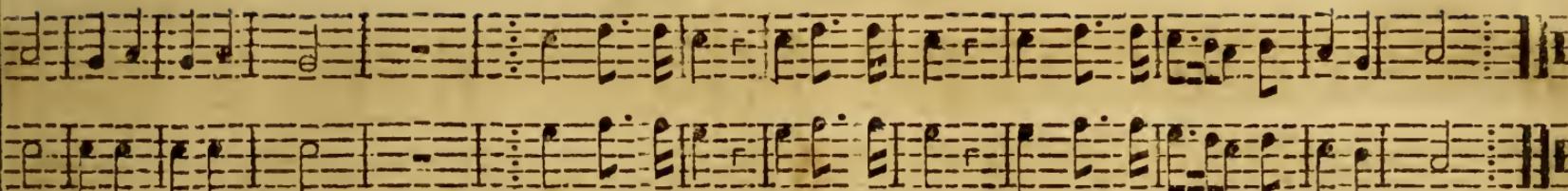
DOXOLOGY. For.



way till him I view. Praise God from whom all blessings flow, praise, praise him, praise him, praise, praise him, praise him, praise him, all all,

narrow way till him I view.

Praise, praise him, praise him, Praise, praise him, praise him, all, all,



all creatures here below.

Praise him above, ye heav'ly host, Praise Father, Son and holy Ghost.



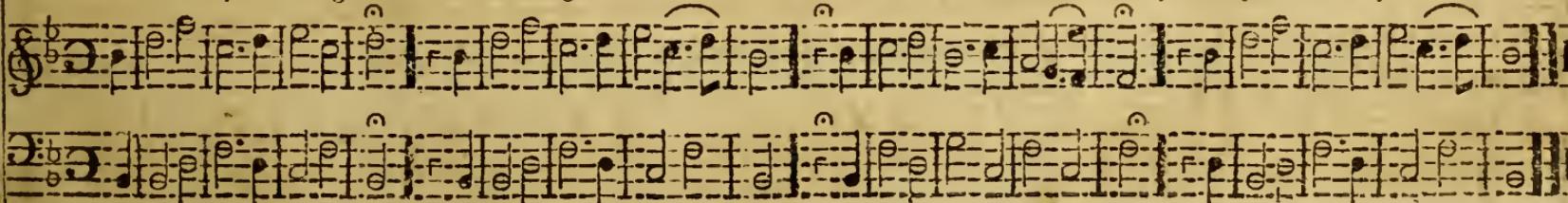
## CONDOLENCE. L. M.

Pleyel.

CON AFFETTUOSO.

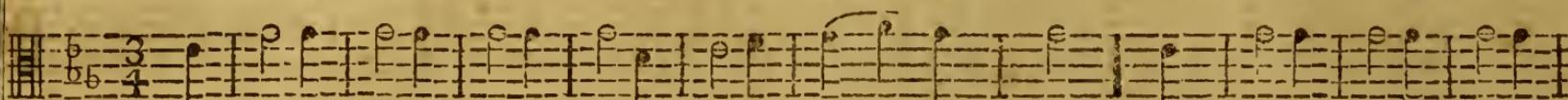


So fades the lovely blooming flow'r, Frail, sinning solace of an hour ; So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.

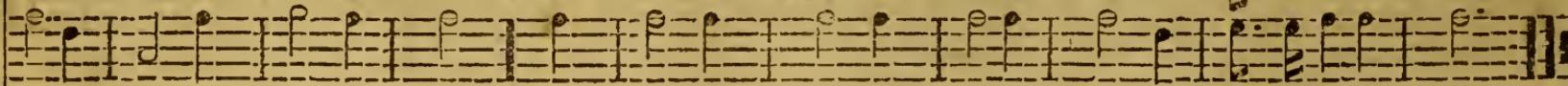
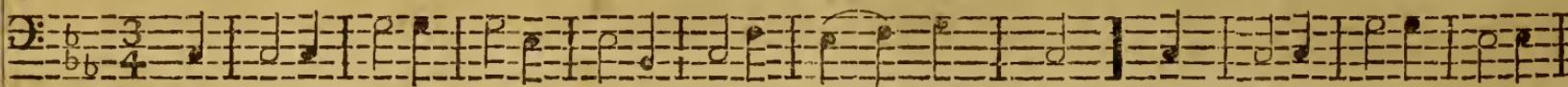
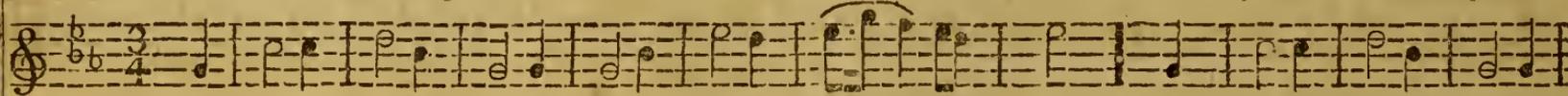


## VANITY.

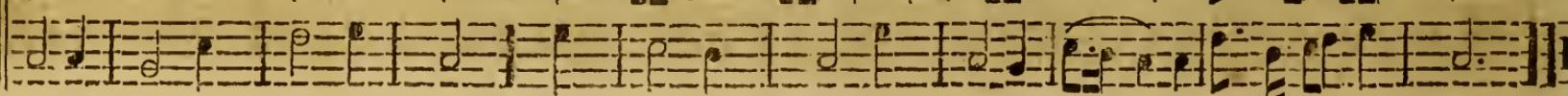
C. M.

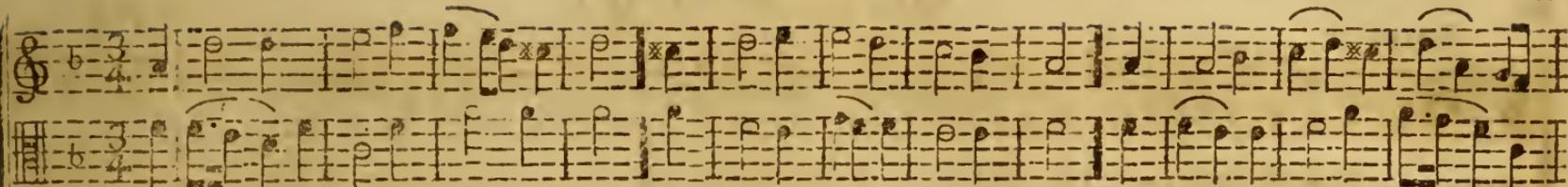
*J. Holbrook.*

How vain are all things here below! How false, and yet how fair! Each pleasure bath its poison



too! And ev'ry sweet a snare, Each pleasure bath its poison too, And ev'ry sweet a snare.

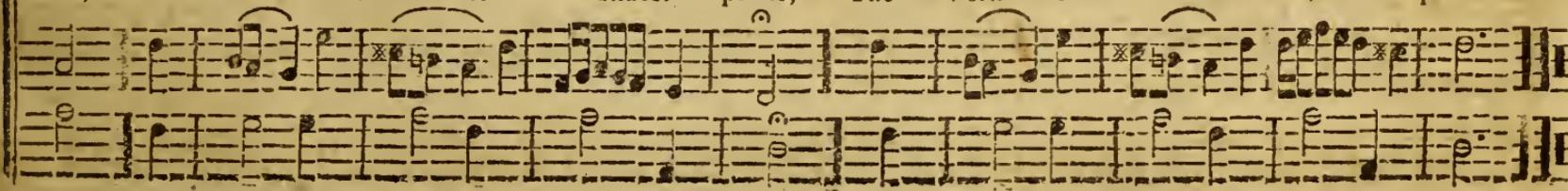




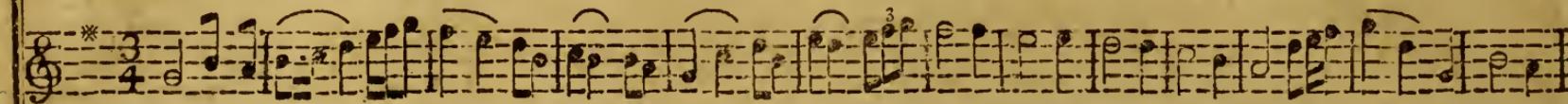
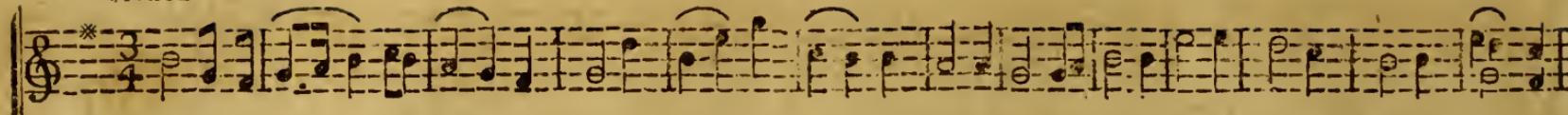
Deep are the woes which sin has made: Where shall the sinner find a cure? In vain, alas, is nature's



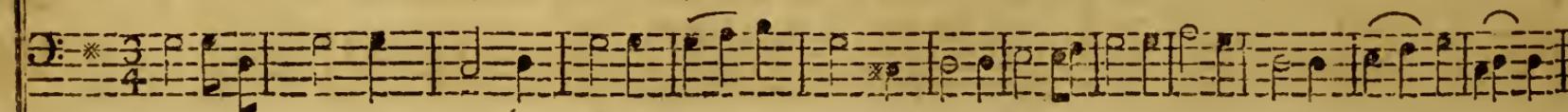
aid; The work exceeds her utmost power, The work exceeds her utmost power.



VIVACE.

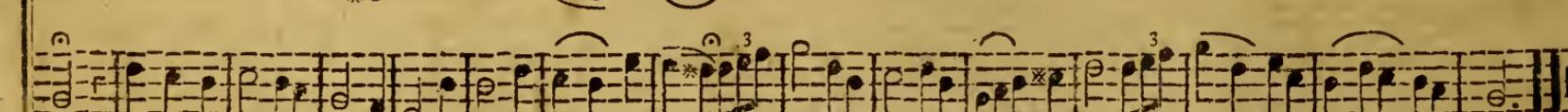


Salvation ! Oh, the joyful sound ! 'Tis pleasure to our ears ; A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our

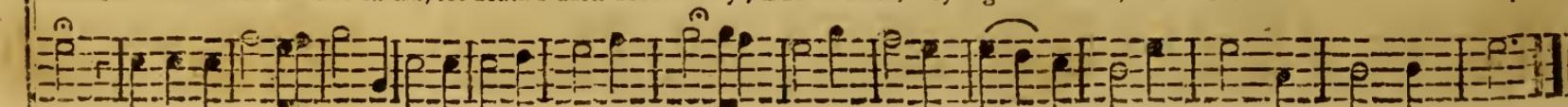


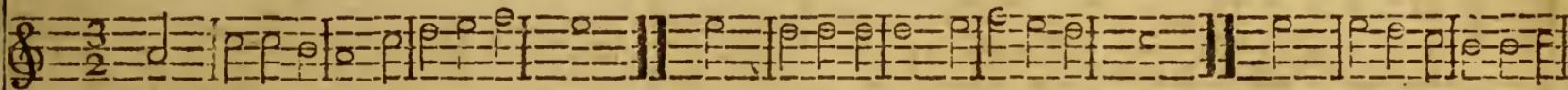
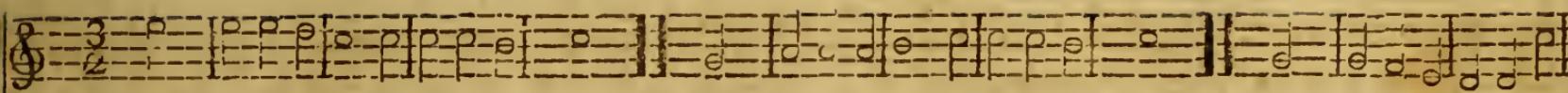
Pia.

Cres.

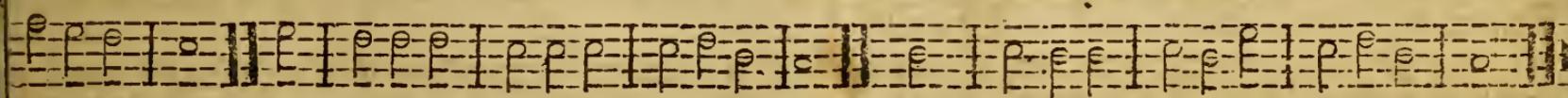
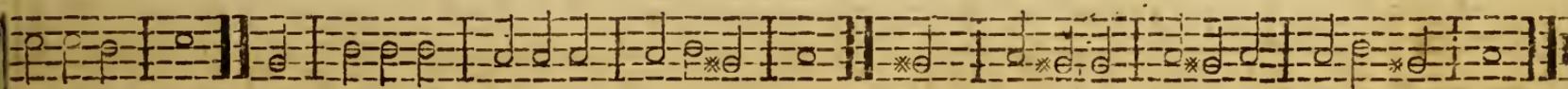
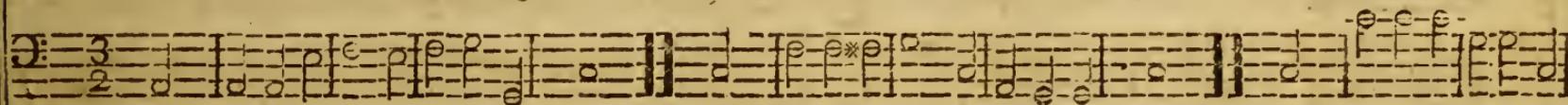


fears. Buried in sorrow and in sin, At death's dark door we lay ; But we arise, by grace divine, To see an endless day.

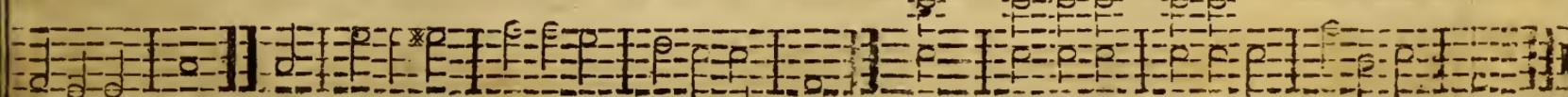


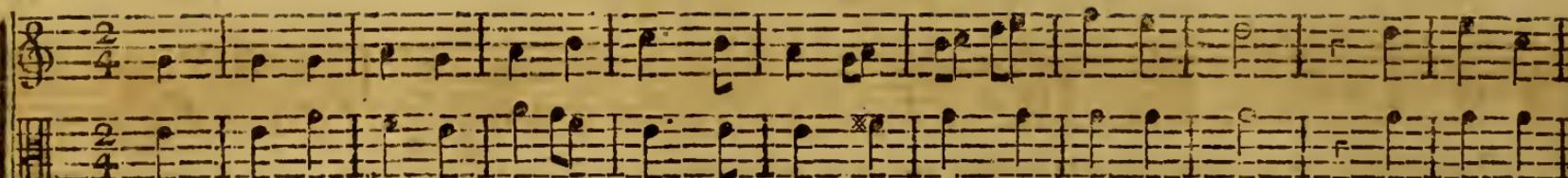


Ye servants of God, Whose diligent care Is ever employ'd in watching and pray'r, With praises unceasing Your



Jesus proclaim, Rejoicing and blessing His excellent name, Rejoicing and blessing his excellent name.

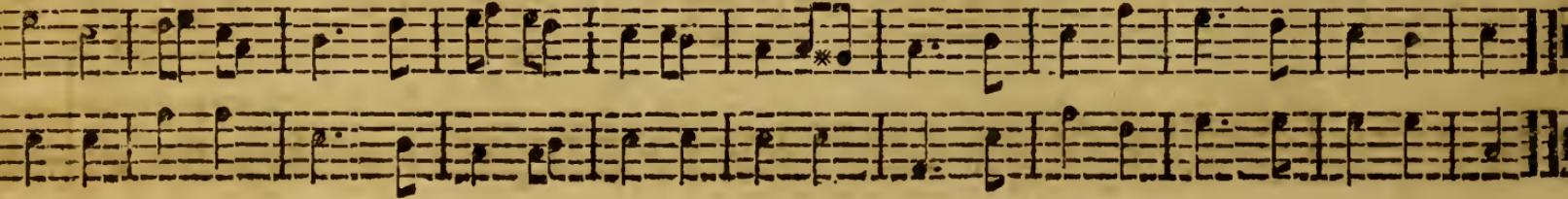




Lord 'tis a pleasant thing to stand In gardens planted by thine hand; Let me with-

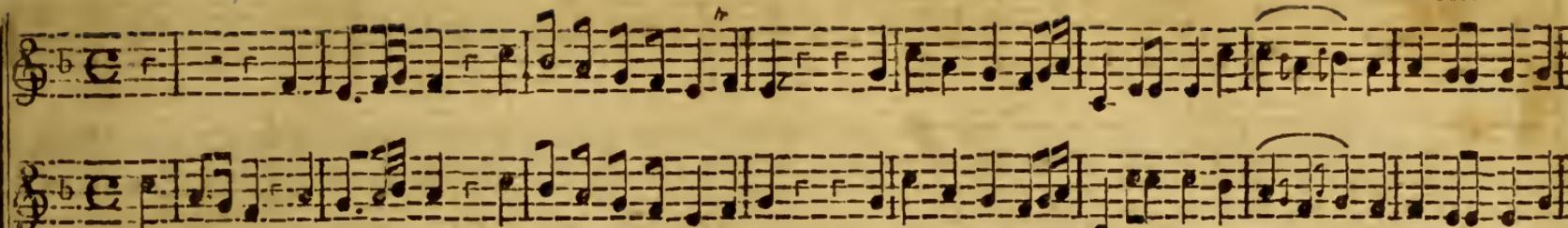


in thy courts be seen Like a young cedar, fresh and green, Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

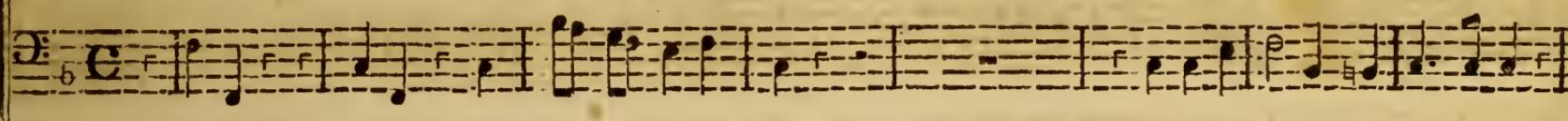


SYM.

SYM.

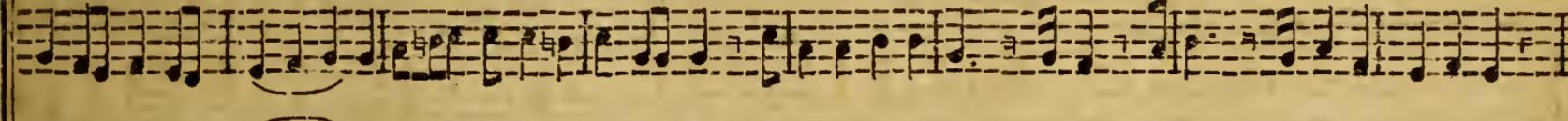


'Tis finish'd! 'Tis finish'd! 'Tis finish'd! the Redeemer said, And meekly, meekly bow'd his dying head! Whilst



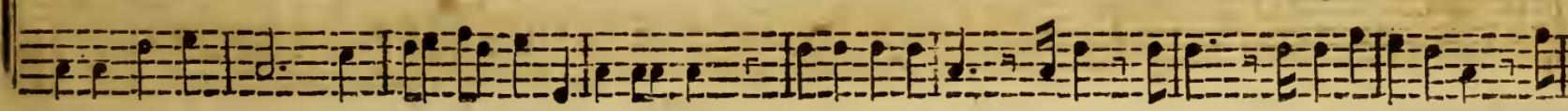
SYM.

SYM.



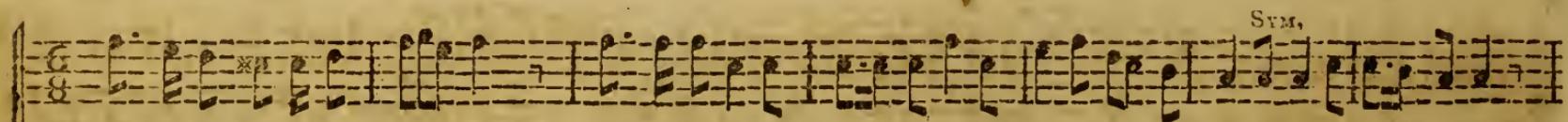
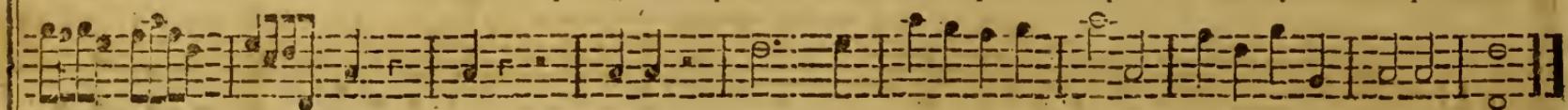
we this sentence scan, Whilst we this sentence scan.

Come sinners and observe the word, Behold the conquests of our Lord,



CROYDON *Continued.*

Behold the conquests, the conquests of our Lord, Complete for helpless man, Complete for helpless man.



SYM,



Finish'd the righteousness of grace ; Finish'd for sinners, pard'n'g peace ; Their mighty debt is paid ; Accusing law



cancel'd by blood, And wrath of an offended God In sweet oblivion laid, In sweet oblivion laid.

DIGHTON. L. M.

*J. Holbrook.*

Among a thousand harps &amp; songs, Jesus the God exalted reigns ; His sacred name fills all their tongues, And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

## HARVARD COLLEGE.

Massa. Com.

ALLEGRO.

Mezza Voce.

Poco Forte.

Forte.

Nations join in sacred

song,

Tune with angels holy

throng,

Tune with angels holy throng,

Nations join in sacred

song,

Tune with angels hoiy throng, Tune with angels holy throng,

Praise Jehovali's name !

Proclaim,

his fame, In seraphs puiest joys,

Proclaim, Heaven's arches echo with his fame,

In

All nature's works his praise proclaim,

his fame,

*Pia.*

But Gabriel's keenest thoughts are lost

cherub's loudest voice. His glory is the theme.

In our Redeemer's praise, With awe he bids the

*Crescendo.**Expressivo et Forte.*

O gracious, gracious Lord,

heav'ly host, Their tuneful voices raise,

O gracious, gracious, gracious Lord. Be thou ador'd !

O gracious Lord,

HARVARD COLLEGE *Continued.**Mezza Voca.**Pia. For.**For. c.*

Nations join in sacred

song,

Tune with angels holy

throng.

Tune with angels

Nations join in sacred

song,

Tune with angels holy

throng, Tune with

*h**Pia.**Cres.**For.*

holy throng, Praise Jehovah's name! Praise Jehovah's name! Praise Jehovah's name!

angels holy throng,

Praise—

Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let ev'ry heart prepare him room, And heav'n and

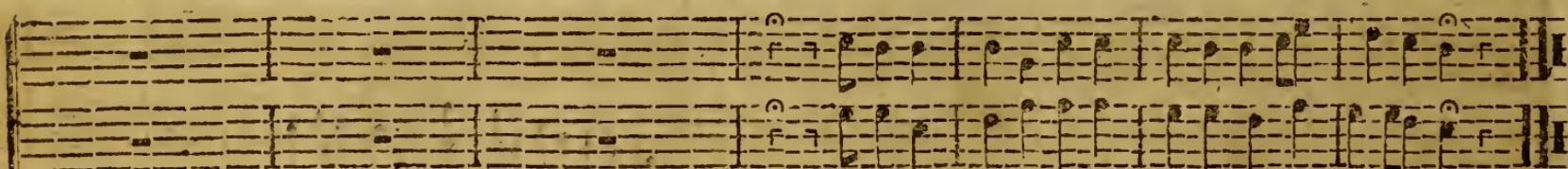
*Per.**Fortis.*

nature sing. Let ev'ry heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

MODERATO.



When pale with sickness, oft hast thou With health renew'd my face ; And when with sin and sorrow sunk, Revived my soul with grace. Thy



bounteous hand with worldly good Has made my cup run o'er ; And in a kind and faithful friend, Has doubled all my store.



## RESIGNATION.

L. M.

Taylor.

51

L. ENTO,

Dead be my heart to all below ; To mortal joys and mortal cares ; To sensual bliss that charms us so, Be dark my eyes, be deaf my ears.

ST. THOMAS.

S. M.

Williams.

Hark, it is wisdom's voice, That spreads itself around; Come hither, all ye sons of death, And listen to the sound.

## CREATION, A CHORUS.

MODERATO.

Pia.

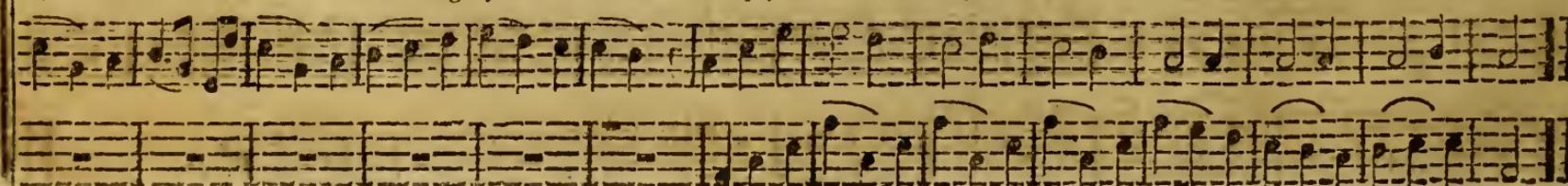
For.

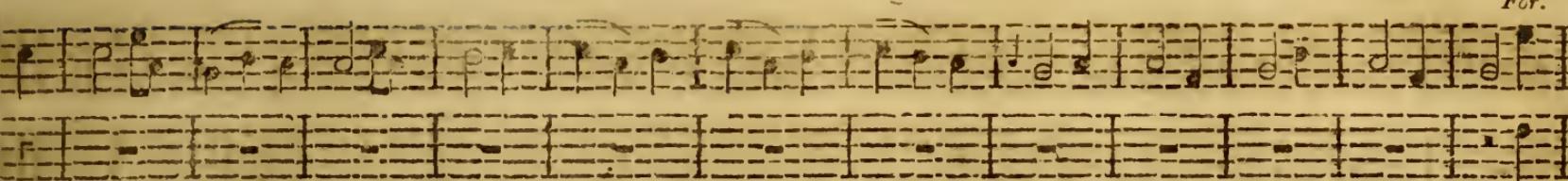
Massa. Com.  
Pia.

Look up ye saints, direct your eyes, direct your eyes To him, who dwells above the skies ; With your glad notes his



praise rehearse, Who form'd this mighty universe ; Look up ye saints, direct your eyes To him who dwells above the skies.

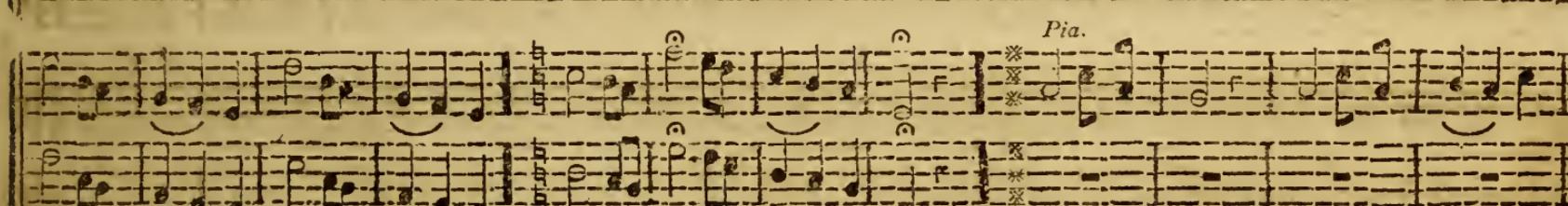




He spoke, and from the womb of night, At once sprang up the cheering light, At once sprang up the cheering light, Him

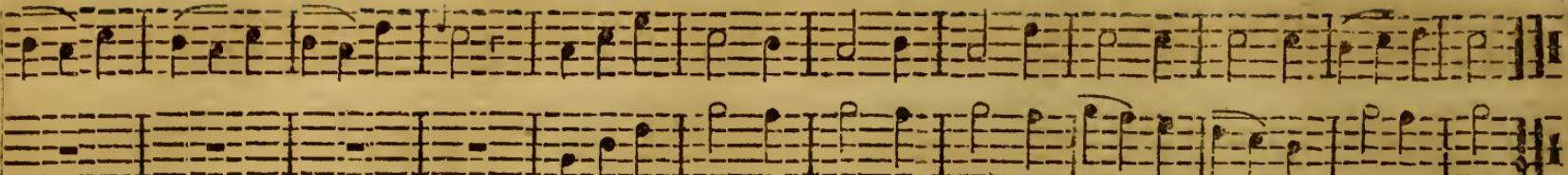


*Pia.*



discord heard, Him discord heard, Him discord heard, and at his nod, Beauty awoke, Beauty awoke, and



CREATION *Continued.*  
*For.*

spoke the God, and spoke the God, Look up ye saints, direct your eyes To him who dwells above the skies.

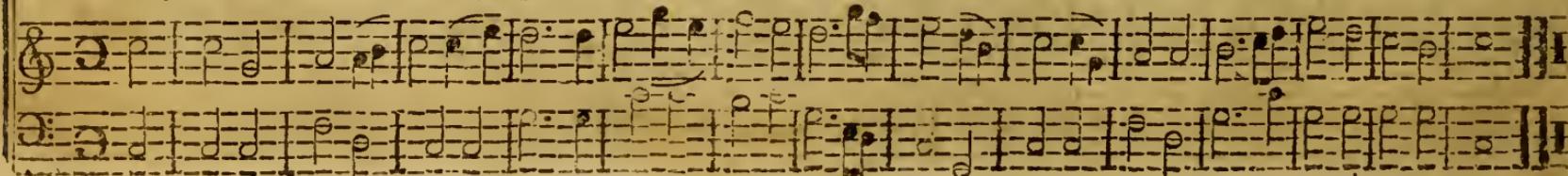


JUDEA. C. M.

*Pool.*



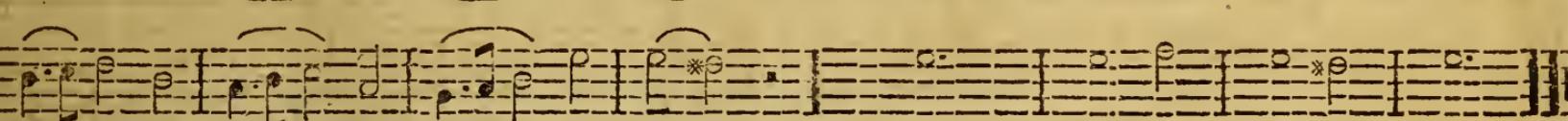
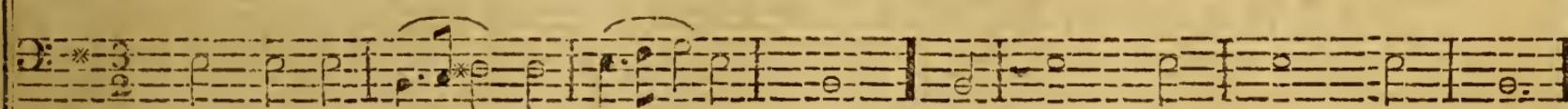
While Shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The Angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.





Now let our drooping hearts revive,

And all our tears be dry;

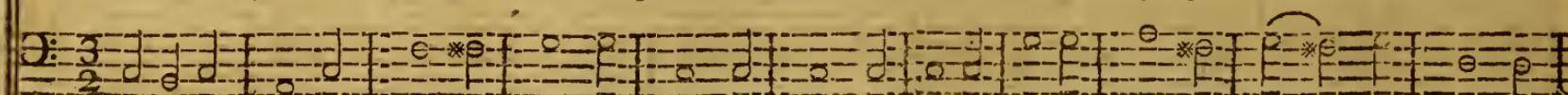


Why should these eyes be drown'd in grief,

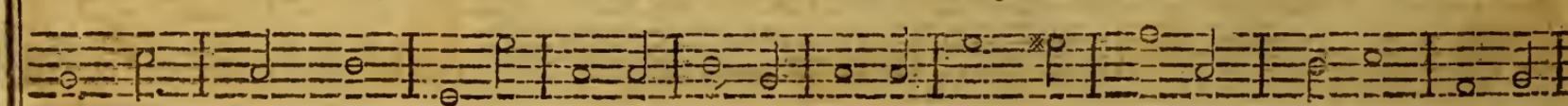
Which view a Saviour nigh?



Raise thee, my soul, fly up and run Through ev'ry heav'nly street, And say, there's nought below the sun, That's



worthy of thy feet. Thus will we mount on sacred wings, And tread the courts above; Nor





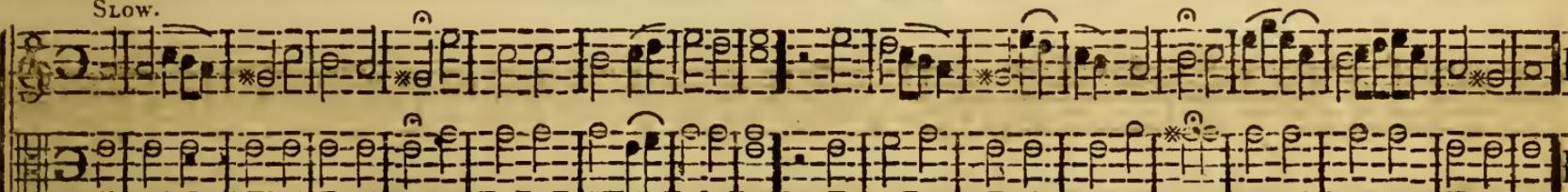
earth, Nor all her mightiest things, Shall tempt our meanest, Shall tempt our meanest, Shall tempt our meanest love.

## SEPULCHRE.

L. M.

Leach.

SLOW.

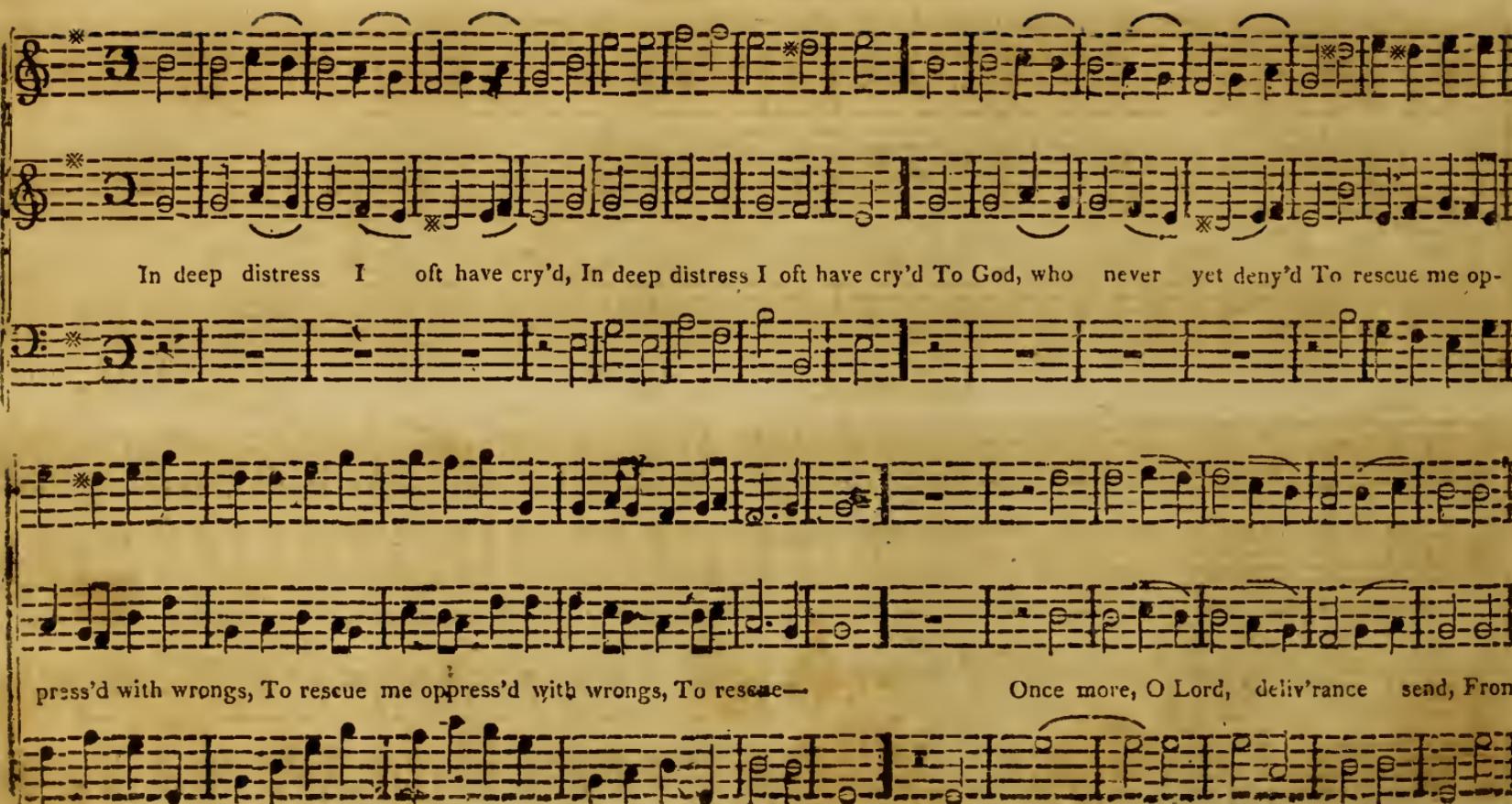


Unveil thy bosom faithful tomb, Take this new treasure to thy trust; And give these sacred reliks room, To slumber in the silent dust.



A. C.

H



ly ing lips my soul defend, And from the rage of sland'rous tongues, And from the rage of slan'drous tongues.

## ARUNDEL.

C. M.

*Williams' Coll.*

All glory be to God on high, And to the earth be peace, Good will henceforth from heav'n to men, Begin and never cease.

All glory be to God on high, And to the earth be peace, Good will henceforth from heav'n to men, Begin and never cease.

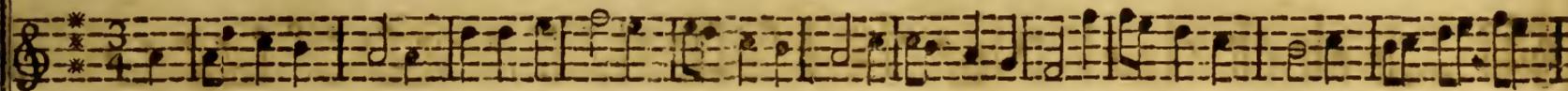


Ye tribes of Adam join With heav'n and earth and seas, And offer notes divine, To your Creator's praise.



Ye holy throng Of Angels bright, Ye holy throng of Angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

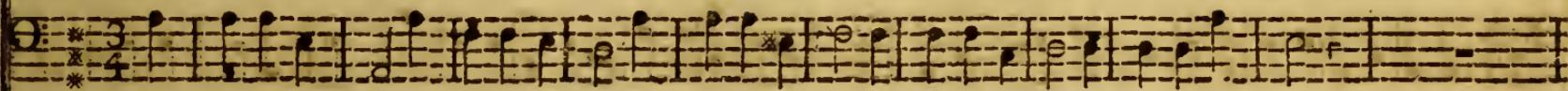




O Jesus, my God, Come make thine abode, Within my poor heart, Within—

Within—

O Jesus come



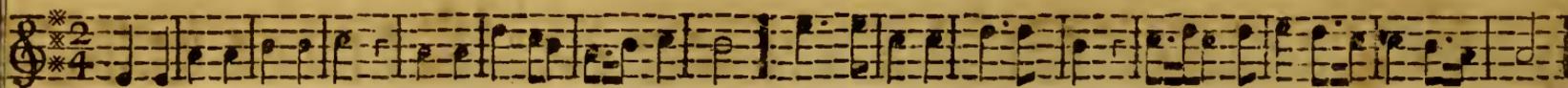
For.



quickly. O Jesus come quickly, A Saviour thou art, O Jesus come quickly, A Saviour thou art.



VIVACE.



Brethren, let us join to bless Jesus Christ, our joy and peace ; Let our praise to him be giv'n, High at God's right hand in heav'n.

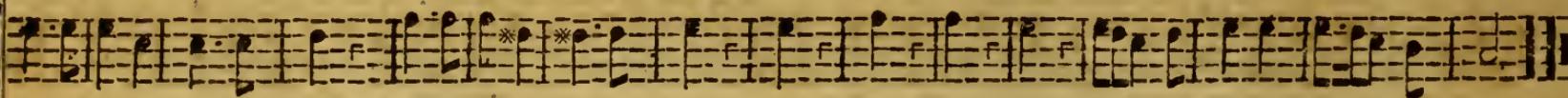
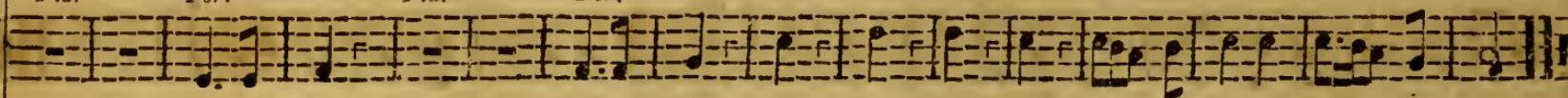


Pia.

Por.

Pia.

Por.



Hallelujah, praise the Lord, Hallelujah, praise the Lord, Praise, praise, praise, Hallelujah, praise the Lord.



## AN ANTHEM FOR THANKSGIVING.

Pool. 63

Pia.

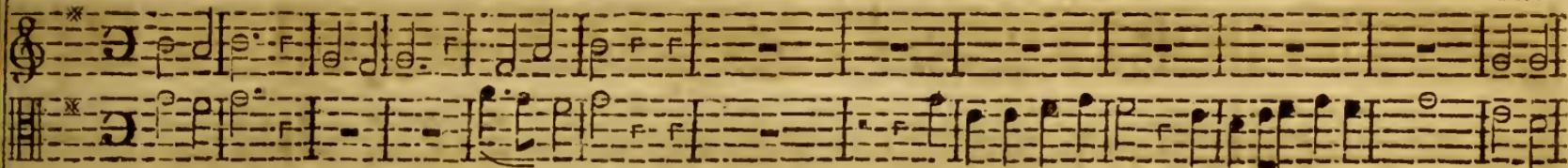
Cres.

For.

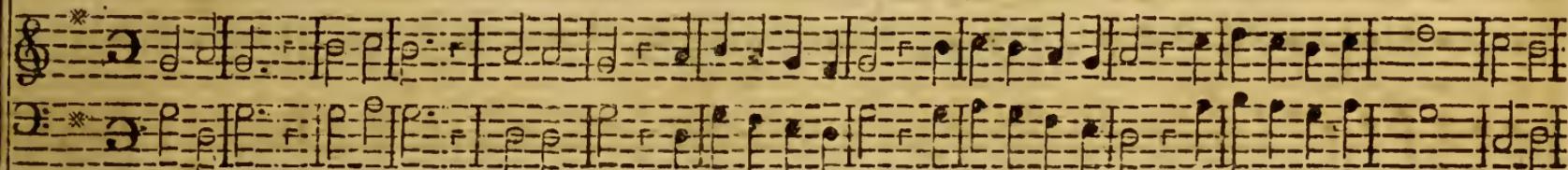
Pia.

Cres.

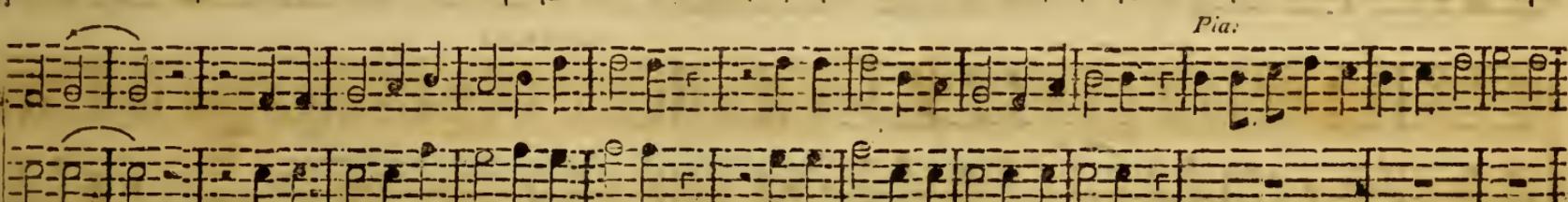
For.



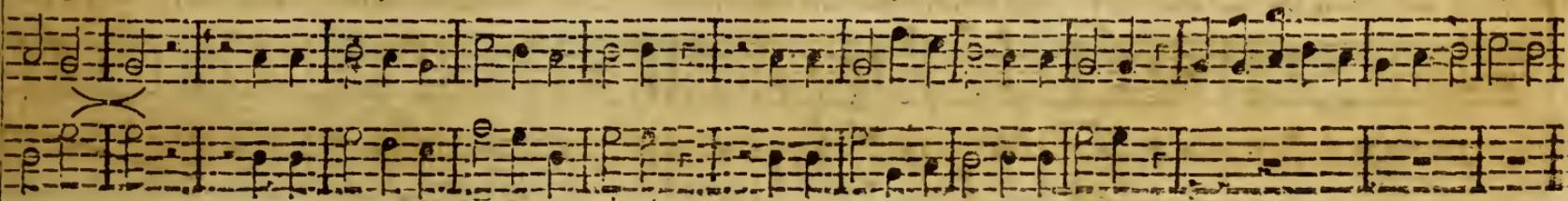
O give thanks, O give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks— give thanks unto the Lord, for he



Pia.

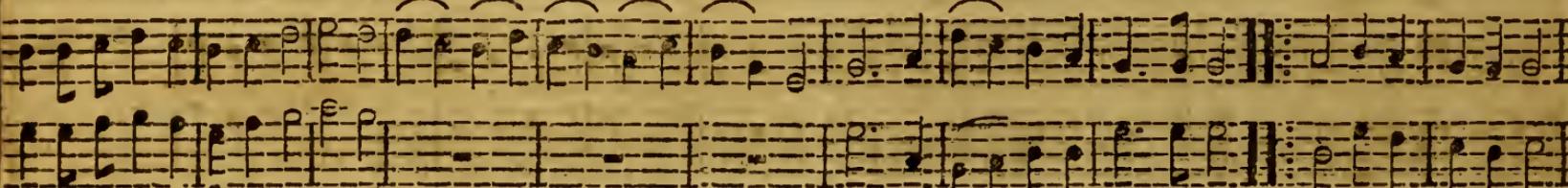


is good: For his mercy endureth forever, for his mercy endureth forever, Let the redeemed of the Lord say so,



ANTHEM: *Continued.*

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so. Whom he hathi redeemed from the hand of the enemy, and gathered them out



MODERATO.

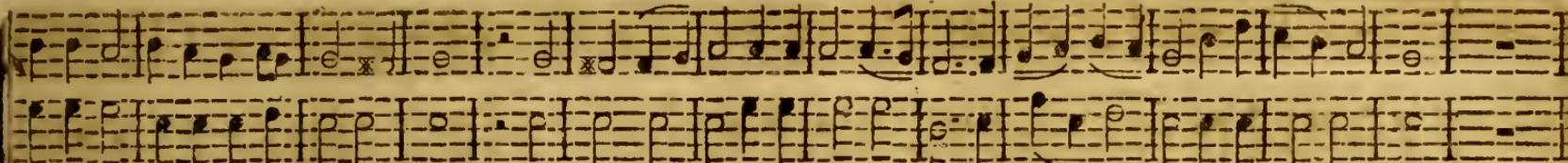


of the lands from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south. They wander'd in the wilderness in a soli-

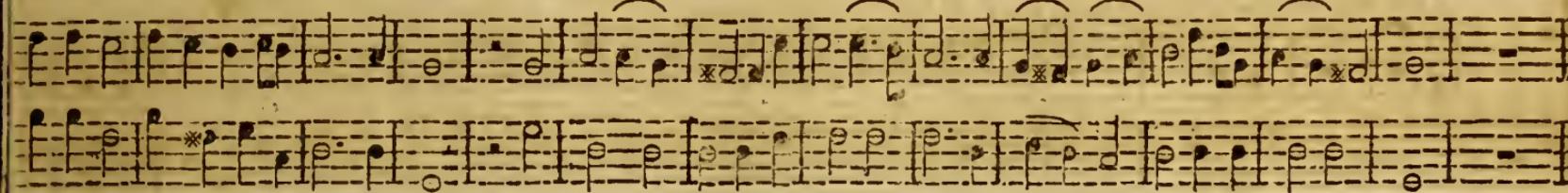


ANTHEM *Continued.*

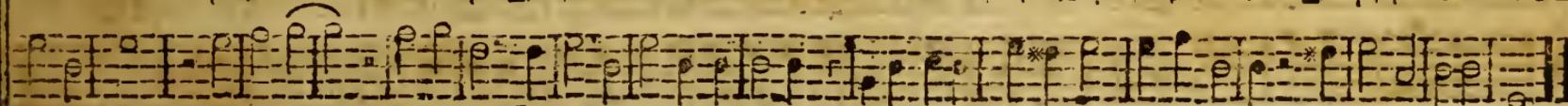
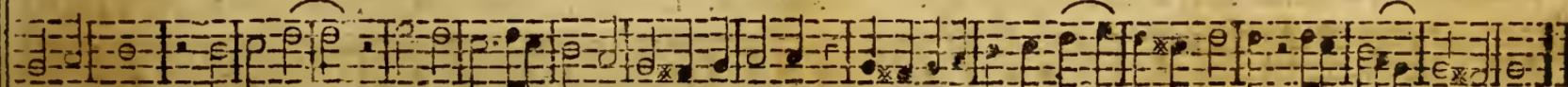
65

*Pia.*

tary way, in a solitary way ; They found no city wherein to dwell, they found no city wherein to dwell.

*Pia.**Cres.**For.*

Then they cry'd, then they cry'd, then they cry'd unto the Lord in their trouble, Then they— and he deliver'd them.



A. C.

I

VIVACE.

O that men—

O that men—

O that men would praise the Lord,

O that men would praise the Lord,

O that men would praise the Lord for his good-

O that men—

O that men—

Praise the Lord—

Pia.

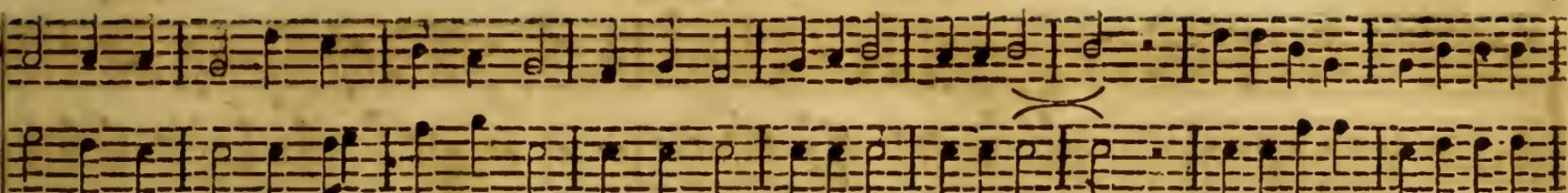
For.

ness and for his wonderful works to the children of men.

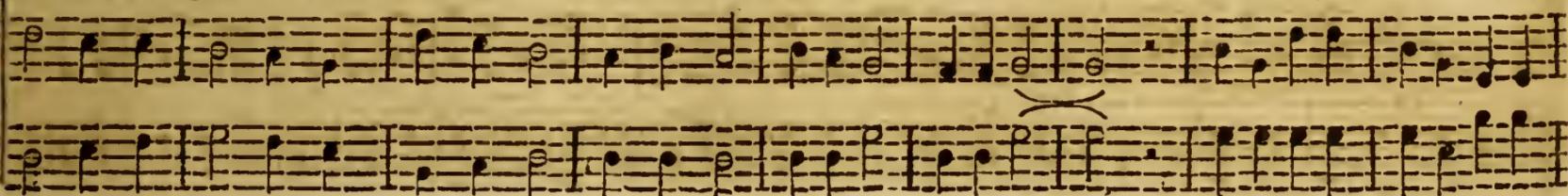
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Praise the Lord, praise the

ANTHEM *Continued.*

67



Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men. Hallelujah, hallelujah,



*Pia.*

*For.*



hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord.



Our sins, alas ! how strong they be ! And like a raging flood, They break our duty, Lord, to thee, And force us far from God.



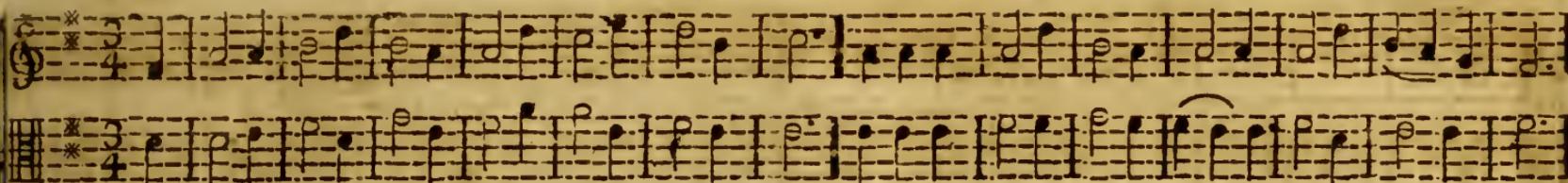
*For.*

*Pia.*

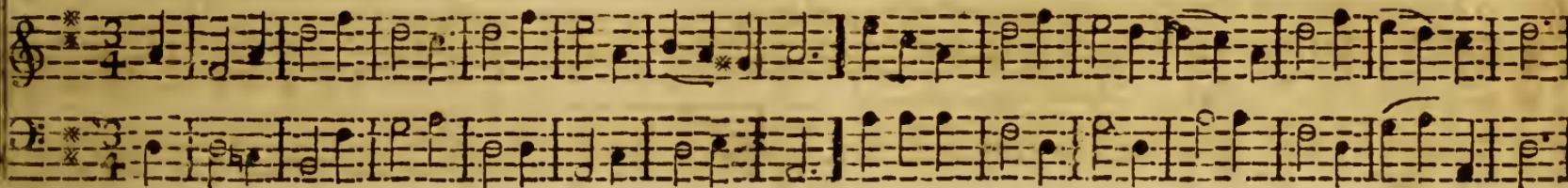


The waves of trouble how they roll ! How loud the tempest roars ! But death shall land our weary souls, Safe on the heav'nly shores.



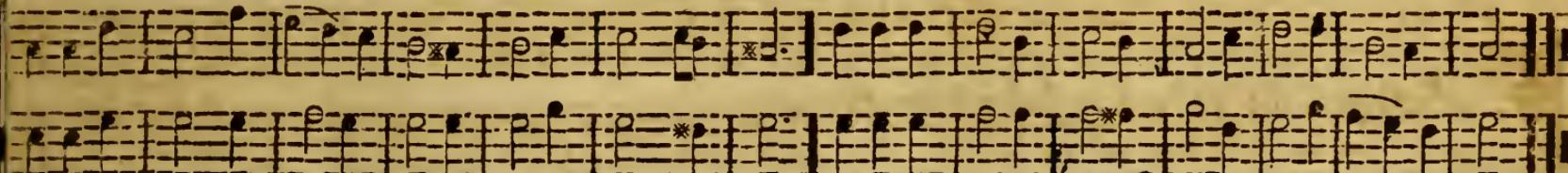


Let heav'n arise, let earth appear, Said the Almighty Lord; The heav'n arose, the earth appear'd, At his creating word.

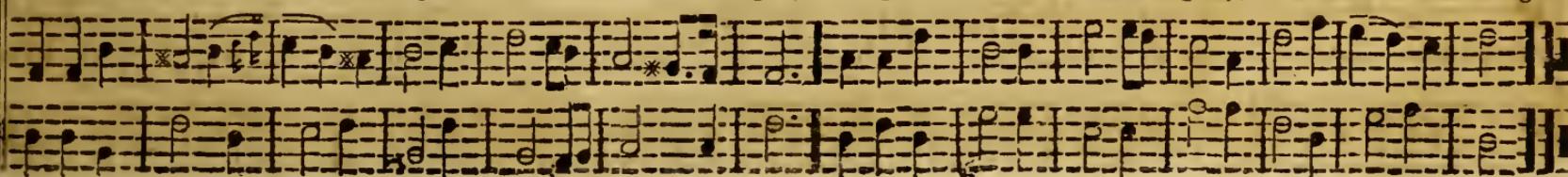


Pia.

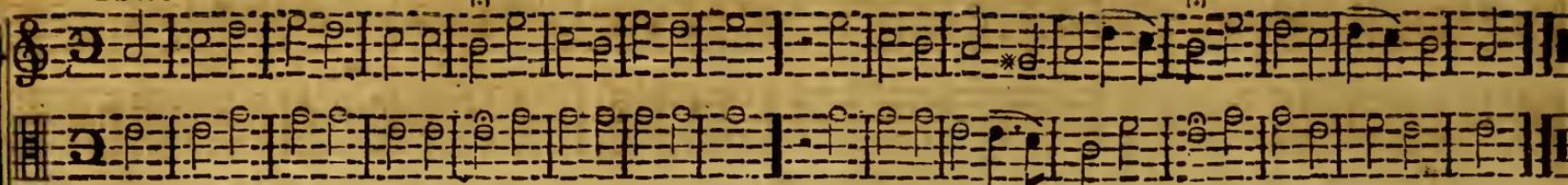
For.



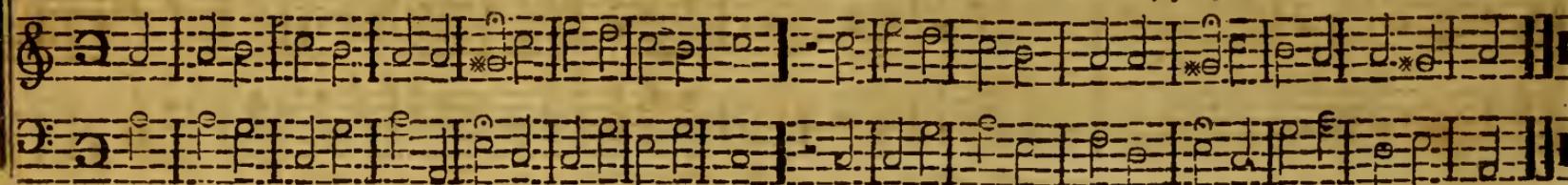
Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep; God said let there be light! The light shone round with smiling ray, And scatter'd ancient night.



LARGO.



That awful day will surely come, Th' appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand before my judge, And pass the solemn test.



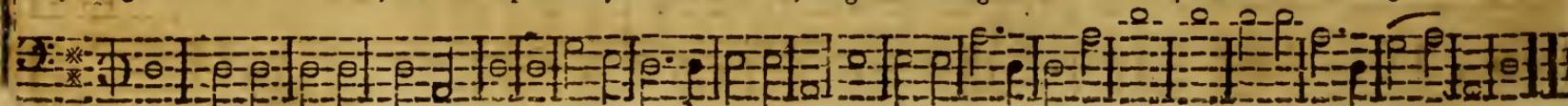
ARNHEIM.

L. M.

Holyoke.



All ye bright armies of the skies, Go worship where your Saviour lies; Angels and kings before him bow, Those Gods on high & Gods below.



## THE CONTRAST.

Handel.

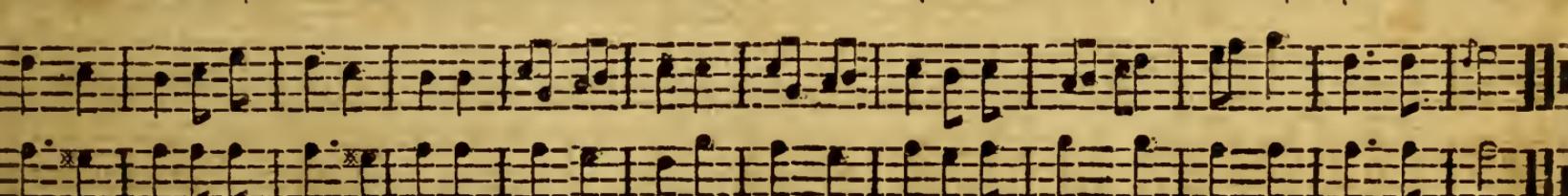
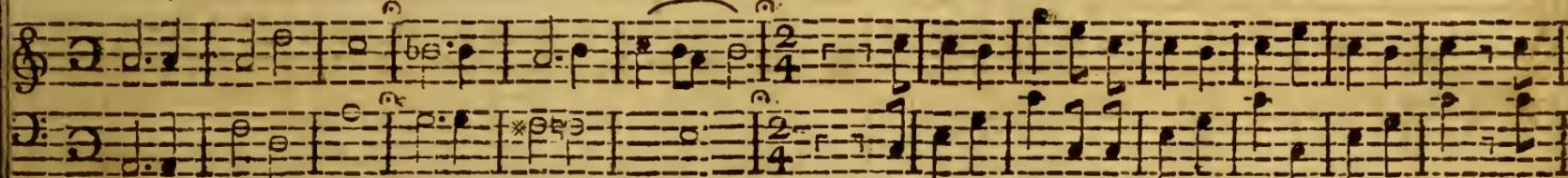
71

VIVACE.



Since by Man came Death, Since by Man came Death,

By Man came also the resurrection of the dead, By



Man came also the resurrection of the dead, By Man came also the resurrection of the dead.



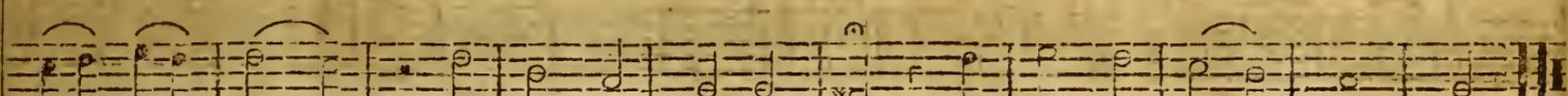
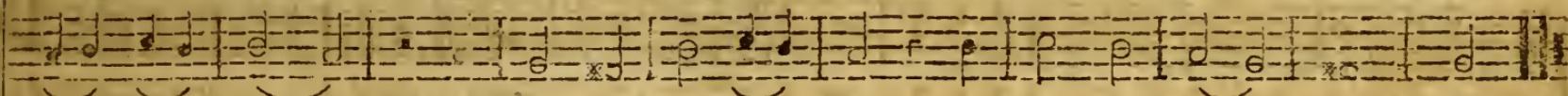
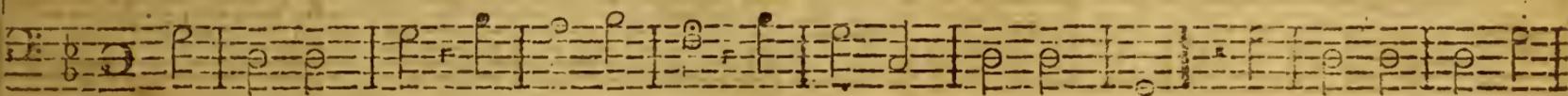
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood Contend with their Cre-a-tor, God?

Shall mortal worms presume to be More holy, wise, or just than he?

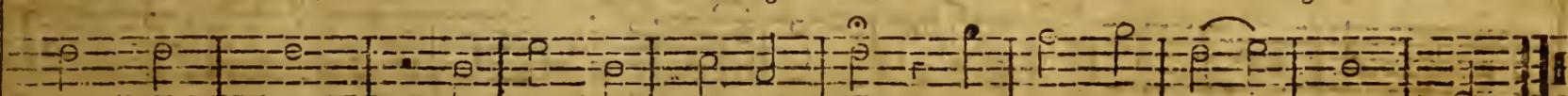
MADERATO.

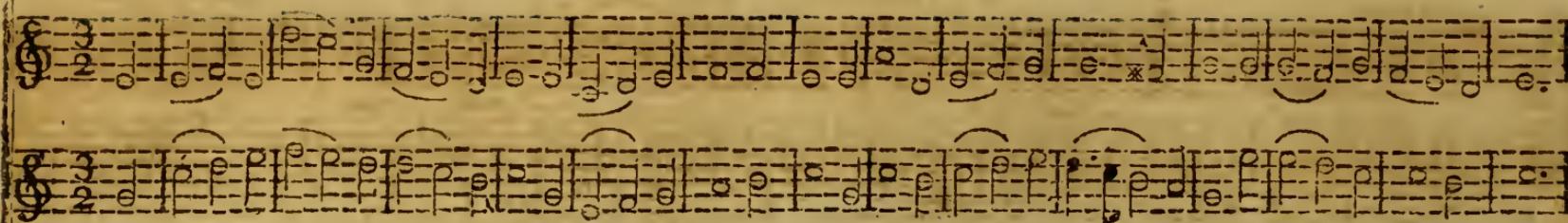


Life is a span, a fleeting hour, How soon the vapour flies! Man is a tender

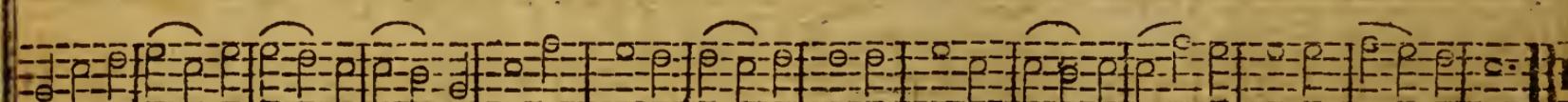
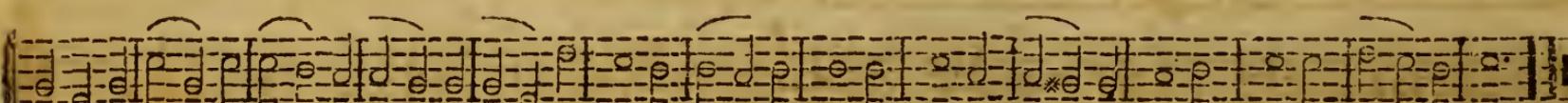
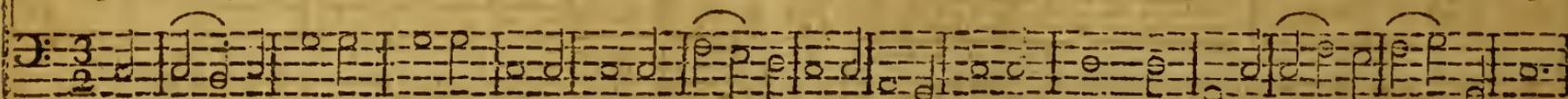


transient flow'r, That in the blooming dies, That in the blooming dies.

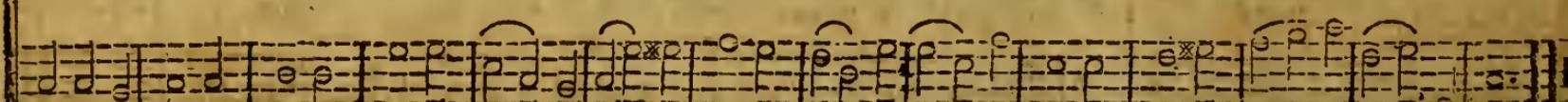




Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing ; The mighty works, or mightier name Of our eternal King.

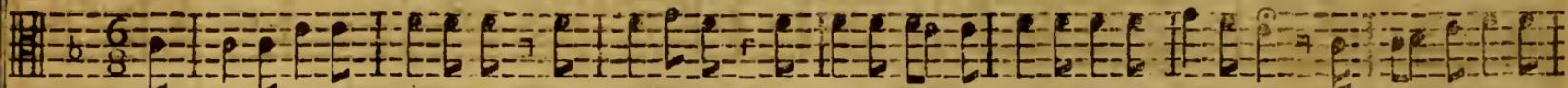


His very work of grace is strong As that which built the skies ; The voice which rolls the stars along, Speaks all the promises.

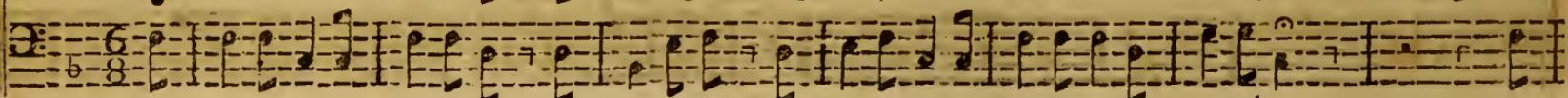


Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,  
Forgotten and unknown? In hell they meet thy  
dreadful fire, In heav'n thy glorious throne, In heav'n thy glorious throne.

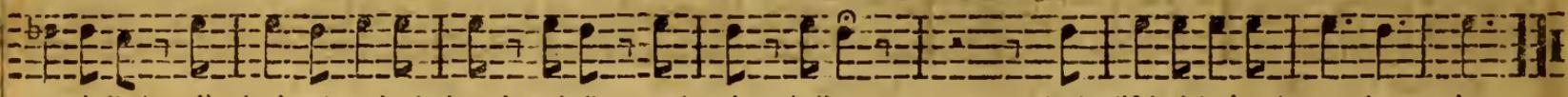
Slow.



Yet a few years or days, perhaps, Or moments, pass in silent lapse. And time to me shall be no more : No more the sun these



*Very slow.*

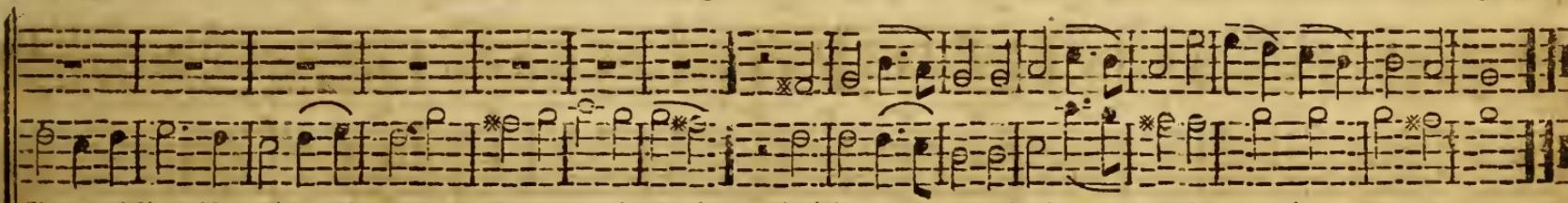


eyes shall view, Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew, her dust shall strew, And life's delusive dream be o'er.

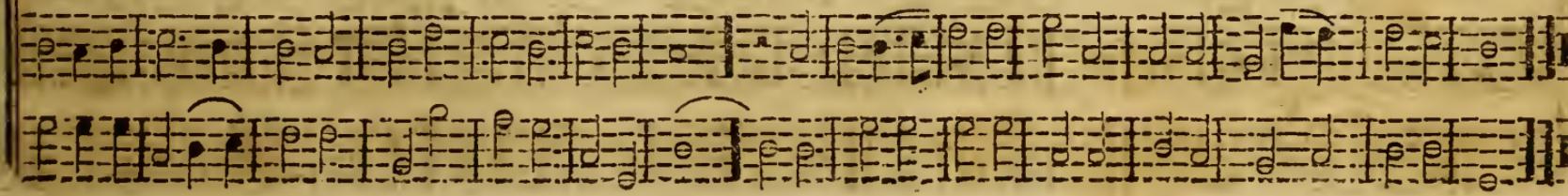




With my whole heart I've sought thy face, O let me never stray From thy commands, O God of grace. Nor tread the sinners way.



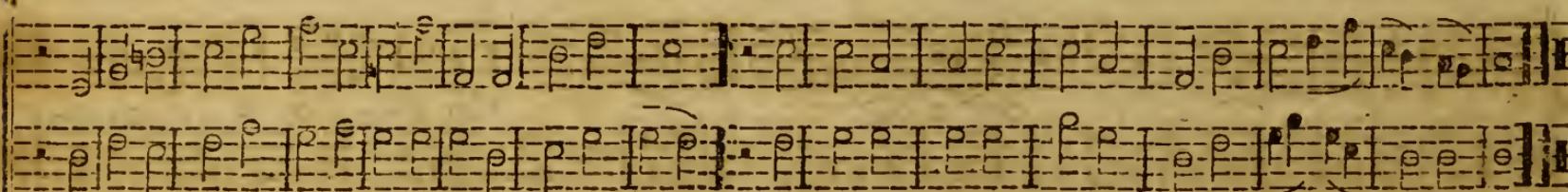
Thy word I've hid within my heart, To keep my conscience clean, And be an everlasting guard From ev'ry rising sin.





When fancy spreads her boldest wings, And wanders unconfin'd,

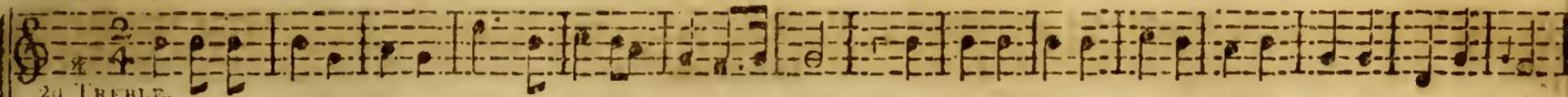
Amidst the varied scene of things Which entertain the mind;



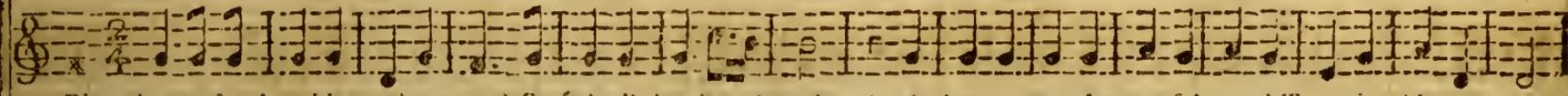
In vain we trace creation o'er, In search of sacred rest; The whole creation is too poor To make us fully blest.



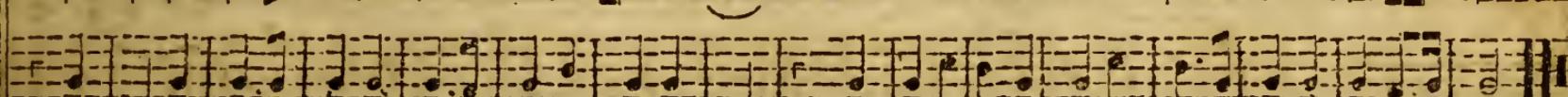
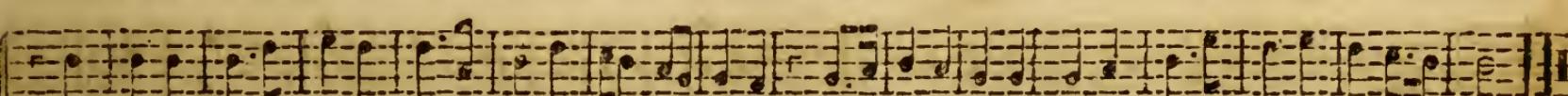
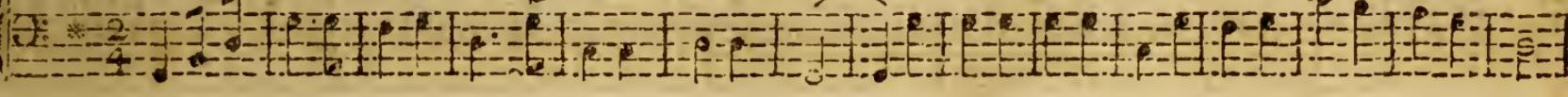
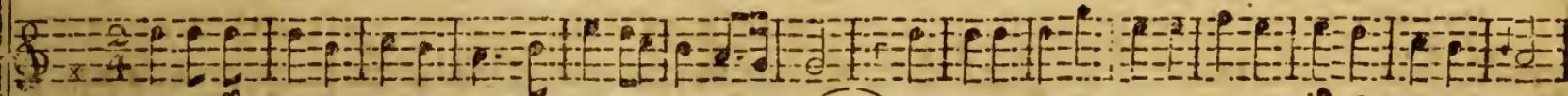
1ST TREBLE. VIVACE.



2D TREBLE.



Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground, Stretch all thy thoughts abroad; And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound To praise th' eternal God.



Long ere the lofty skies were spread, Jehovah fill'd his throne; Ere Adam form'd, or Angels made, The Maker liv'd alone.



Our Lord is risen from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high; The pow'rs of hell are captive led, Dragg'd to the portals

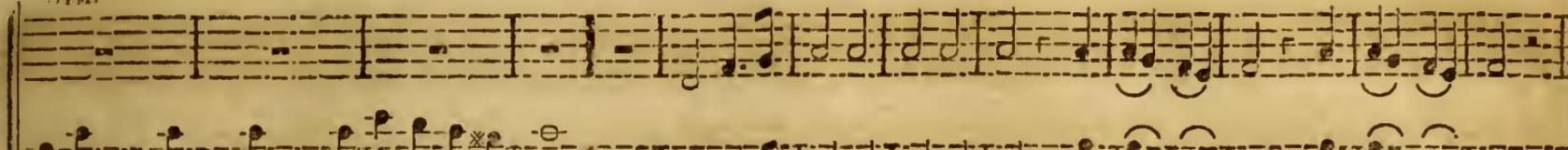
of the sky, The pow'rs of hell are captive led, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

of the sky, The pow'rs of hell are captive led, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

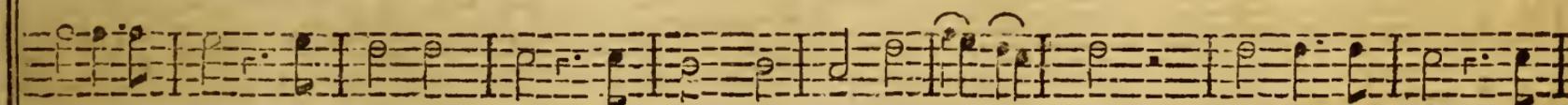
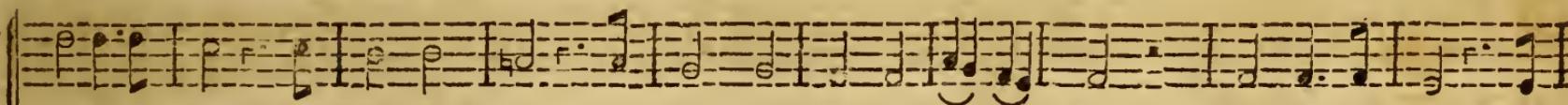
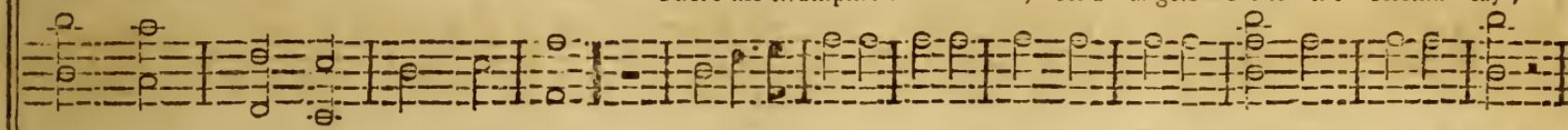
CHESHUNT *Continued.*

81

SYM.

*Loud.*

There his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay;



Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates! Ye ev - er - lasting doors, give way! Lift up your heads, ye



A. C.

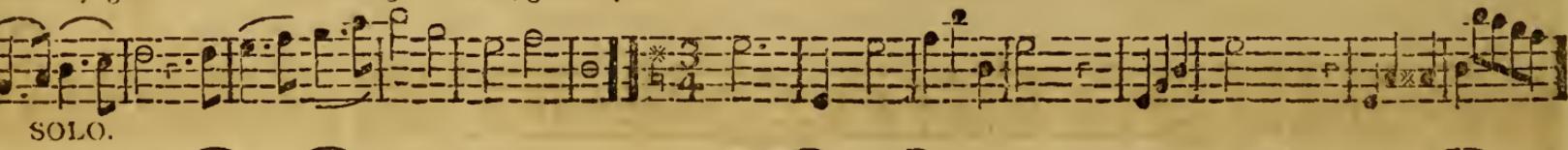
L

CHESHUNT *Continued.*

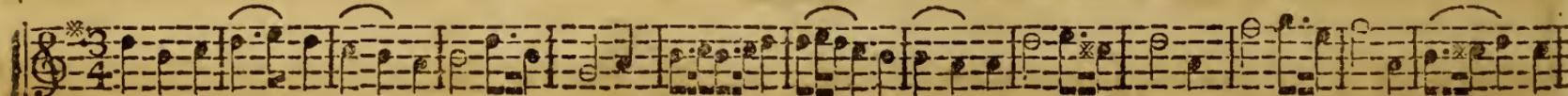
SYM



heav'ly gates! Ye everlasting doors, give way!



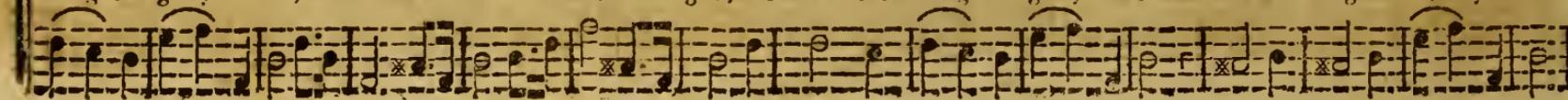
SOLO.



Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ; He claims these mansions as his right ; Receive the



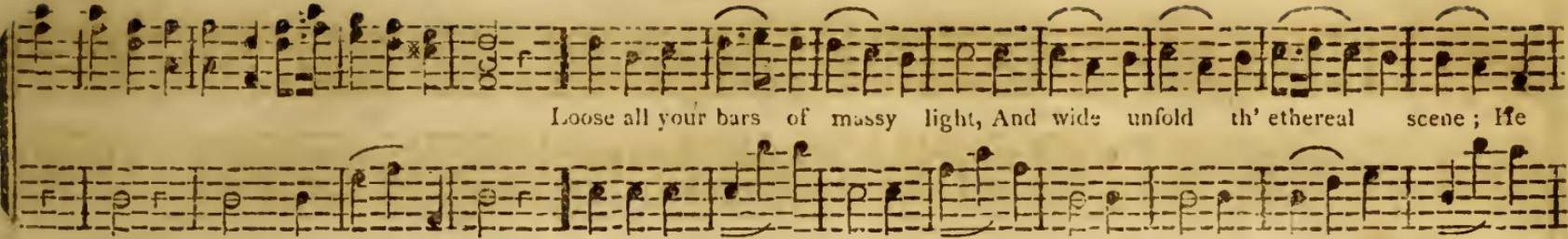
King of glory in ; He claims these mansions as his right ; Receive the King of glory in ! Receive the King of glory in !



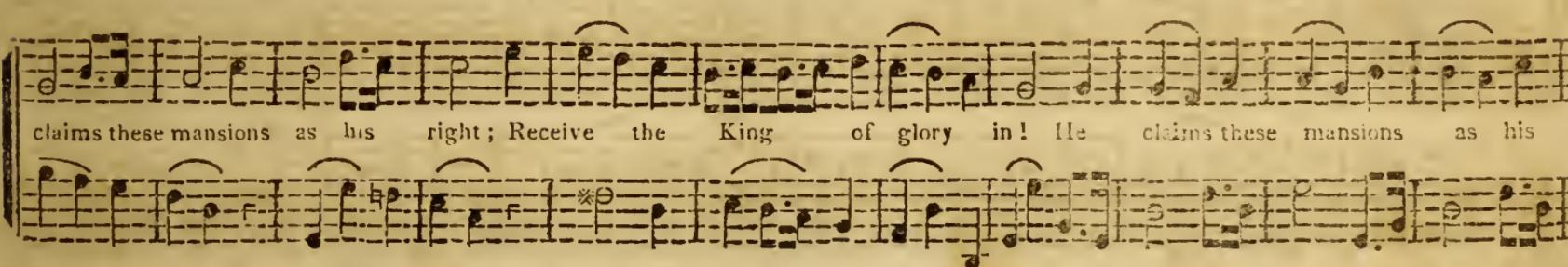
CHESHUNT *Continued.*

83

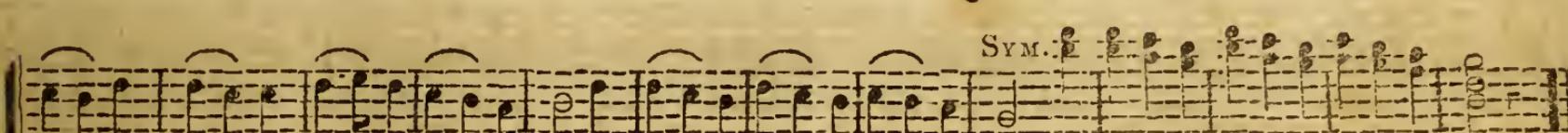
SYM.



Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ; He



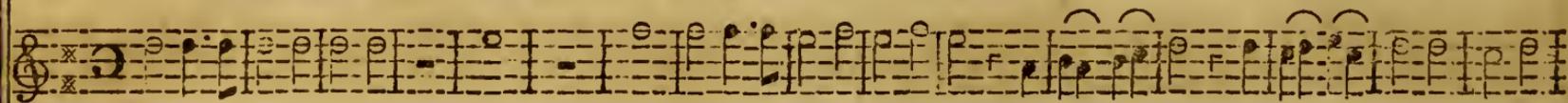
claims these mansions as his right ; Receive the King of glory in ! He claims these mansions as his



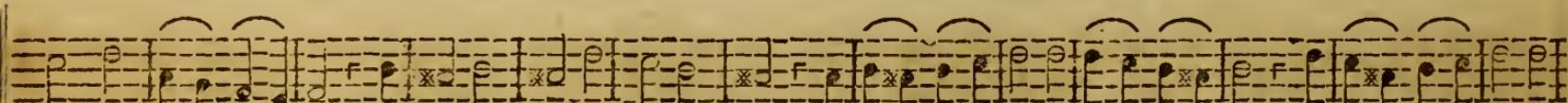
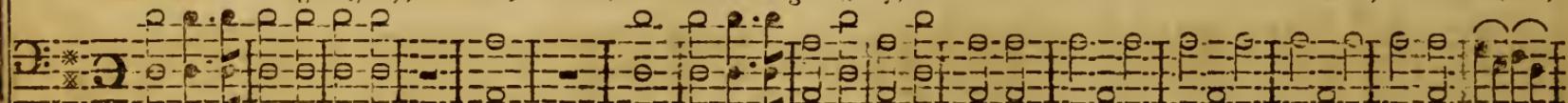
right, Receive the King of glory in ! Receive the King of glory in !

SYM.

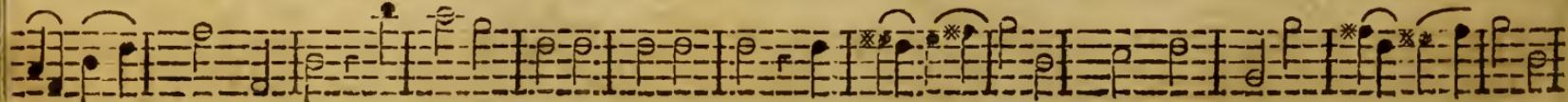
LOUD.



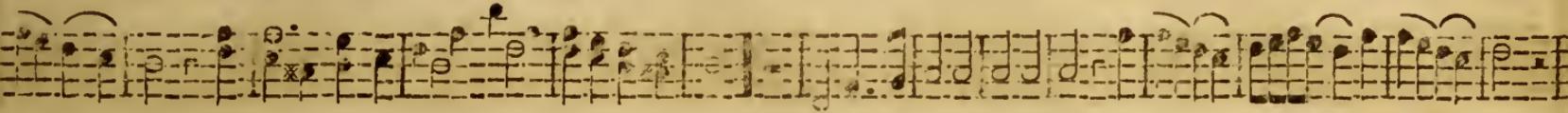
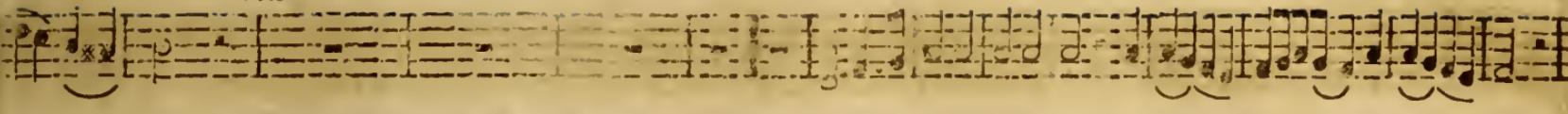
Who is this King of glory, who, who, who is this King of glory, who? The Lord who all his foes o'ercame, The world, sin,



death, and hell o'erthrew, And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name, And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name, And Jesus is the



SYM.



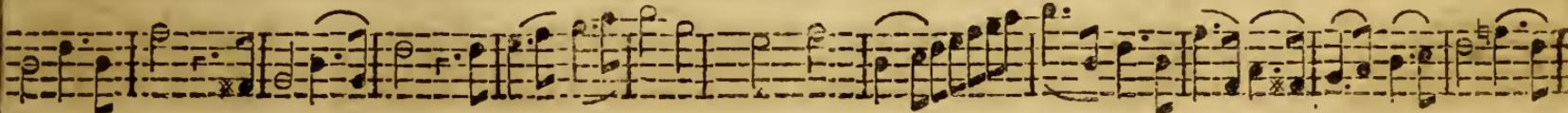
conqu'r'or's name

Lo! his triumphant chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn' lay.



Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates, Ye everlasting doors, give way!

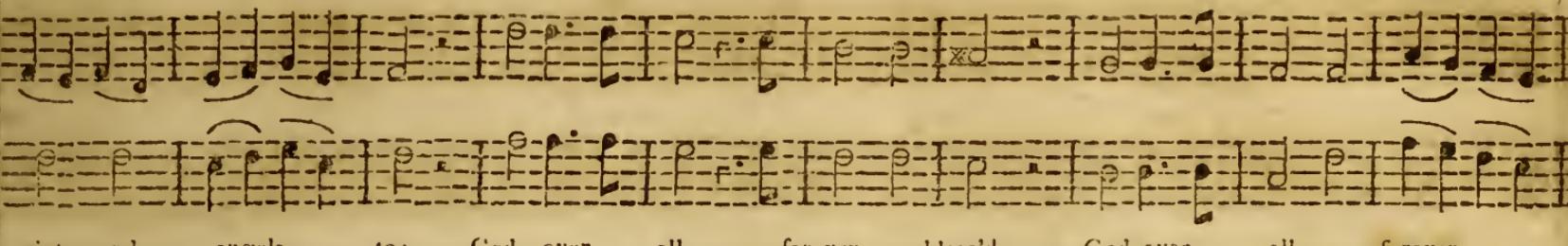
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates, Ye



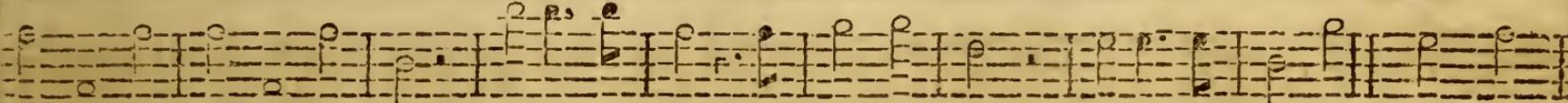
CHESHUNT *Continued.*

everlasting doors, give way ! Who is this King of glory, who, who, who,

Who is this King of glory, who? The Lord of glorious pow'r possess'd, The King of



saints and angels too, God over all, forever bless'd, God over all, forever

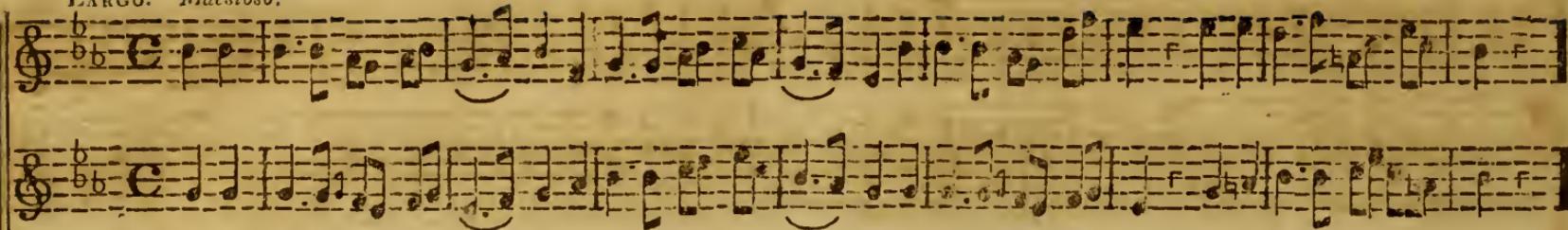


bless'd, God over all, forever bless'd, God over all, forever bless'd, forever bless'd.

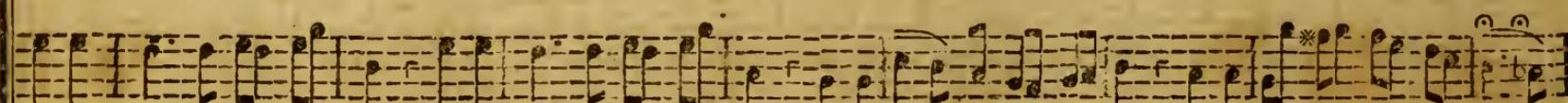
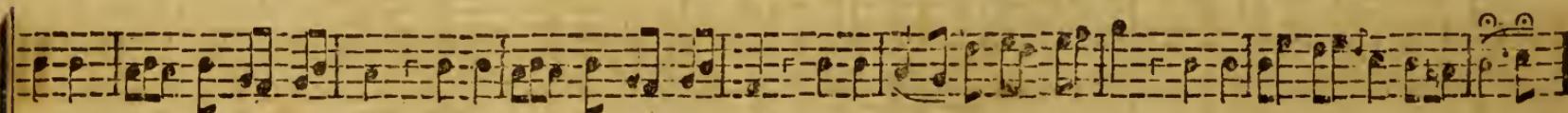
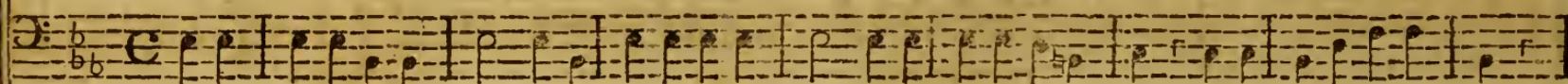
## FUTURITY.

7's.

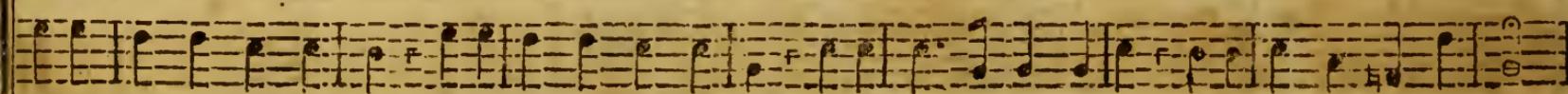
Hayden.

LARGO. *Musico.*

Gently gliding down life's stream, Basking under pleasure's beam, Present joys we still pursue, Future scenes are kept from view :



Till appears our mortal foe, Who his fatal dart doth throw; Then alarming scenes arise, Anxious doubts and strange surprise.



Trembling we await our doom, Endless joys or awful gloom. Mighty God, our hearts inspire, Be thy love our sole desire.

DELPHOS.      S. M.

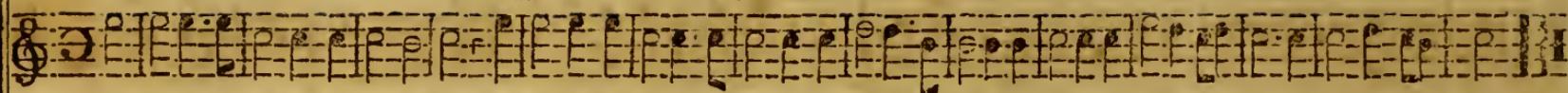
*Pool.*

To God the only wise, Our Saviour and our King, Let all the saints below the skies, Their humble praises bring.

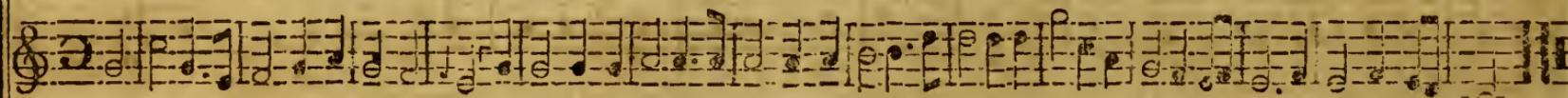
A. C.

M

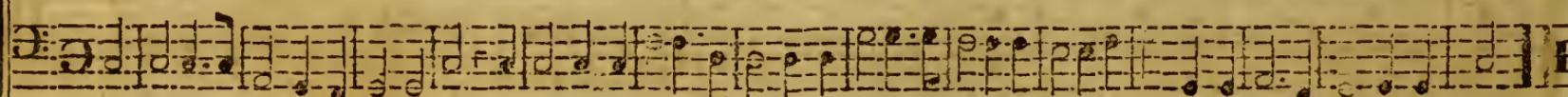
Pia.



O tell me no more Of this world's vain store !



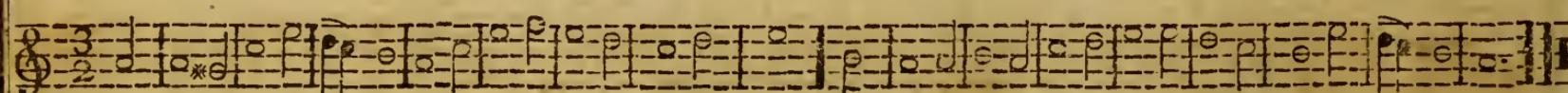
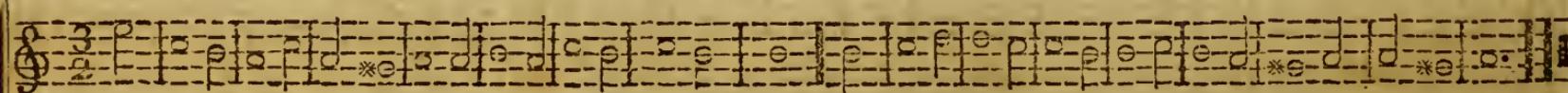
The time for such trifles, The time for such trifles, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er, with me now is o'er.



WENDELL.

L. M.

W. Shaw.



Death, like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ; An empty tale , a morning flow'r, Cut down and wither'd in an hour.



## DIALOGUE HYMN.

C. M.

C. Burney. 91

MEN.

WOMEN.



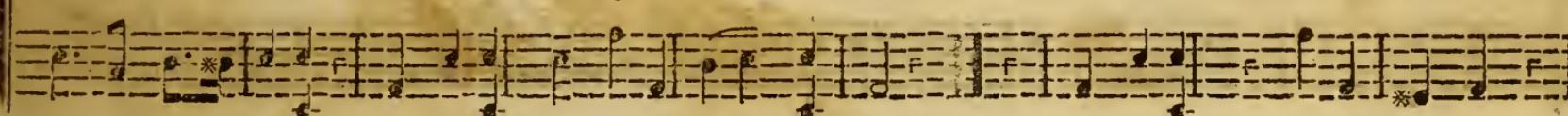
Tell us, tell us, O women, we would know Whither so fast ye move? We call'd to



MEN.



leave the world below, Are seeking, Are seeking one above. Whence came ye? Whence came ye? say, and



DIALOGUE HYMN *Continued.*

WOMEN.

what the place That ye are trav'ling from? From tribulation, we, trough grace, Are now, Are now, re-

ALLEGRO. CHORUS.

turning home. Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign ; Saviour, Saviour, we ask no more, we ask no

DIALOGUE HYMN *Continued.*

93

more! Hail, Lamb of God, for sinners slain! Whom heav'n and earth adore, Whom heav'n and earth a-  
dore, Whom heav'n and earth adore.

3

Is not your native country here?  
Like you not this abode?  
We seek a better country far,  
A city built by God.

4

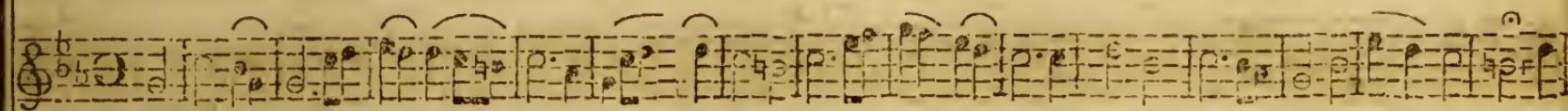
Thither we travel, nor intend  
Short of that bliss to rest.  
Nor we, till in the sinner's Friend  
Our weary sou's are bless'd.

Pia.

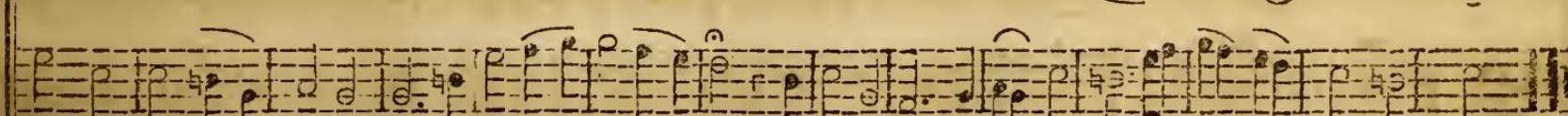
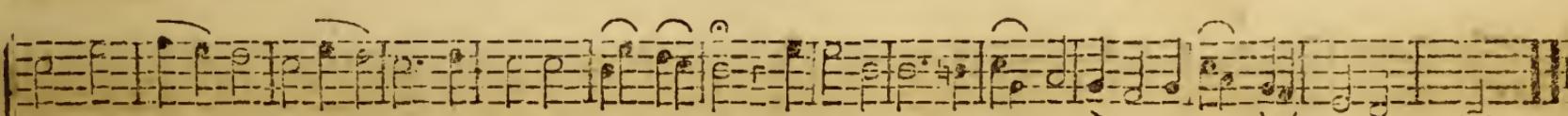
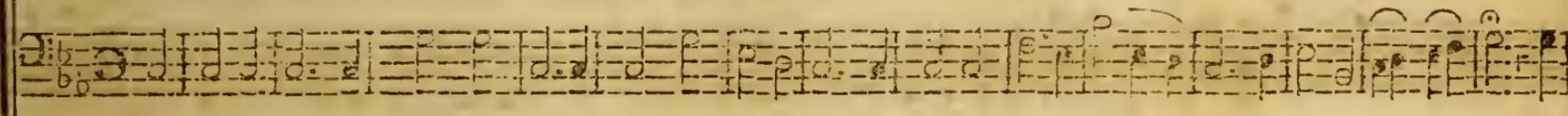
How glorious the Lamb Is seen on the throne ! His labors are o'er, His conquests put on: A kingdom is given In-

For.

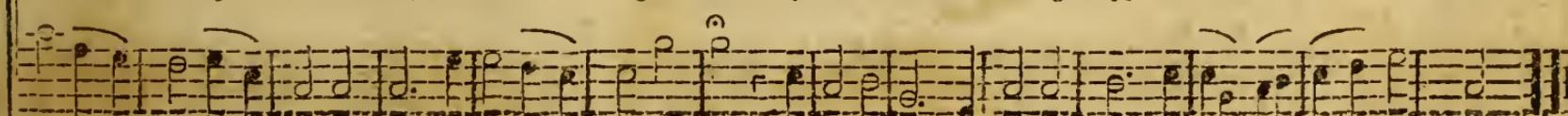
to the Lamb's hand, In earth and in heaven, Forever to stand, In earth and in heaven, Forever to stand.



Behold the wretch whose lust and wine Had wasted his estate, He begs a share among the swine, To taste the husks they eat. I

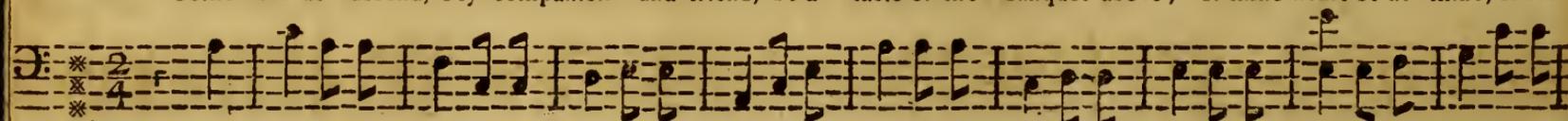


die with hunger here, he cries, I starve in foreign lands; My father's house has large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.



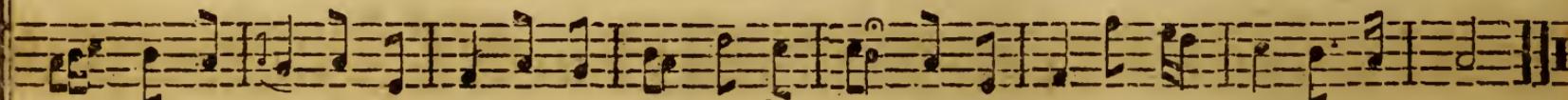
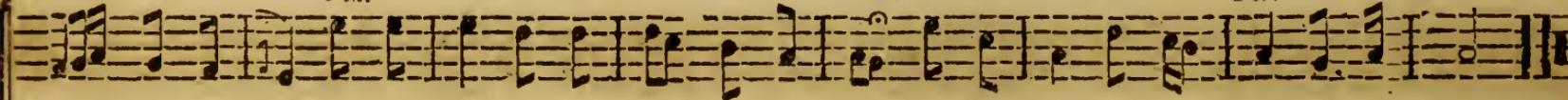


Come let us ascend, My companion and friend, To a taste of the banquet above; If thine heart be as mine, If for



Pia.

Per.



Jesus it pine, Come up into the chariot of love, Come up into the chariot of love.



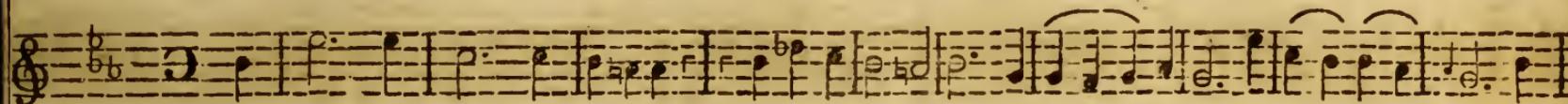
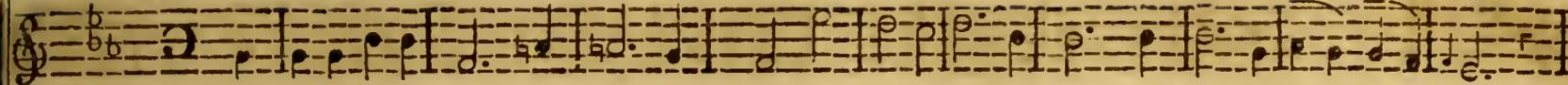
## FITCHBURGH.

## C. M.

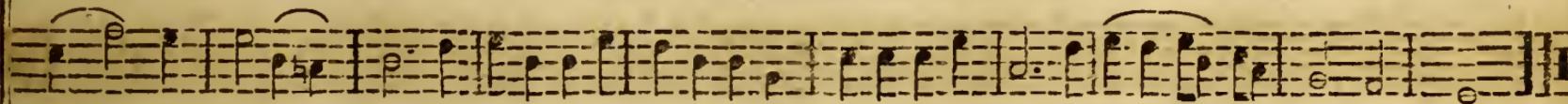
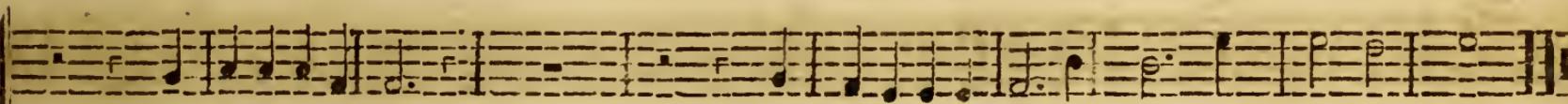
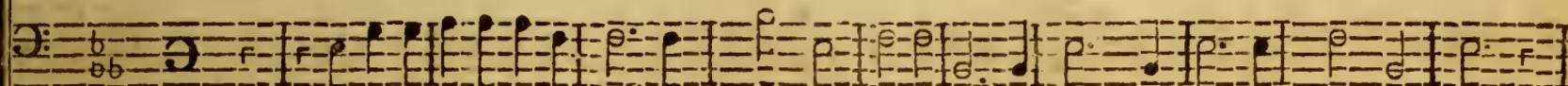
*J. Holbrook.*

97

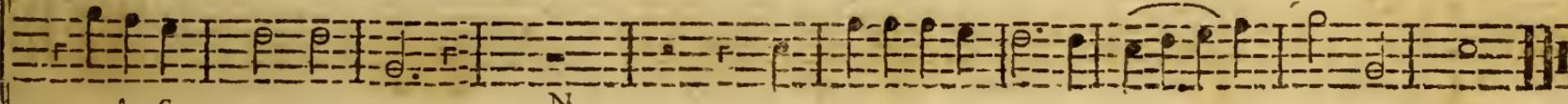
VIVACE.



Let Zion and her sons rejoice ; Behold the promis'd hour ; Her God hath heard her mourning voice, And



will exalt his pow'r. Her God hath heard her mourning voice, And will exalt his pow'r, And will exalt his pow'r.



A. C.

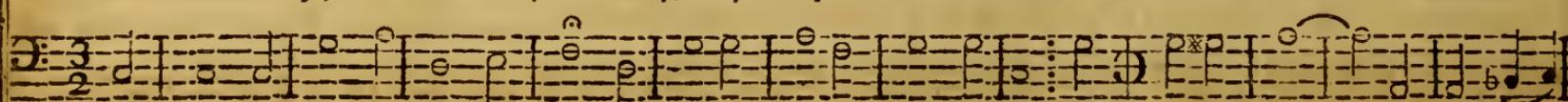
N



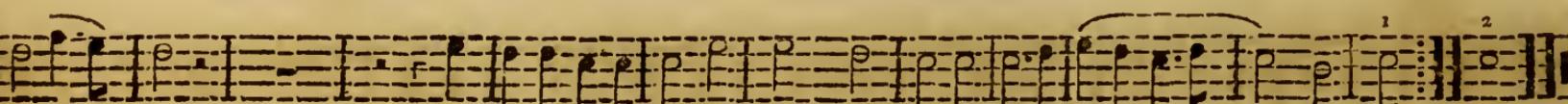
False as—



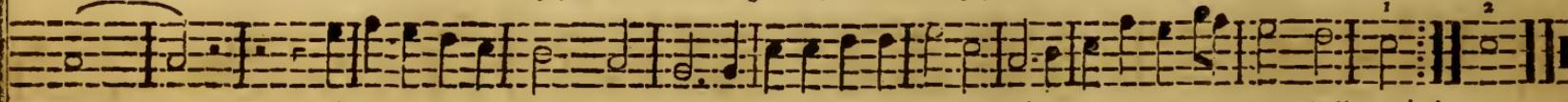
I send the joys of earth away; Away, ye tempters of the mind; False as the smooth deceitful



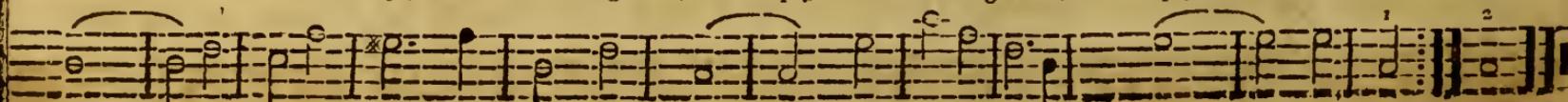
False as the smooth deceitful



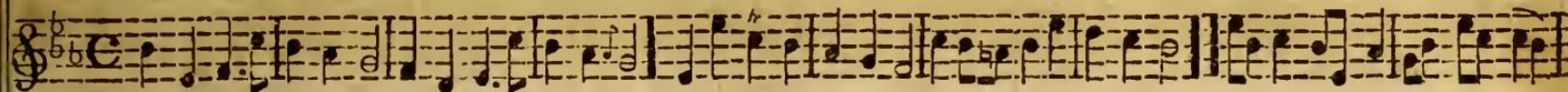
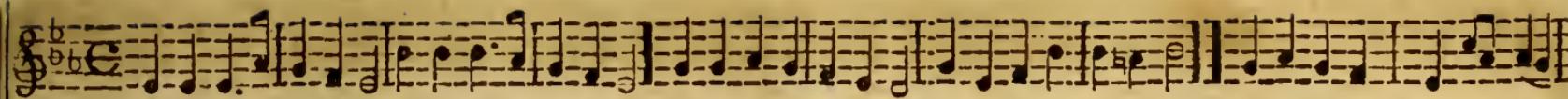
And empty as the whistling wind, And empty—



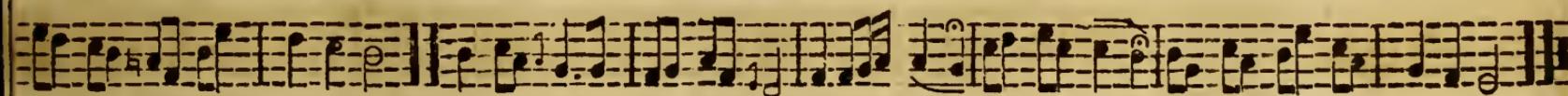
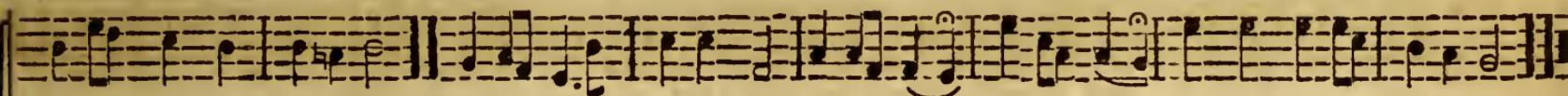
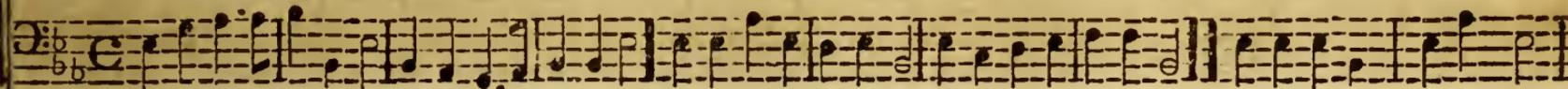
sea, And empty as the whistling wind, And empty as the whistling wind, And empty as the whistling wind.



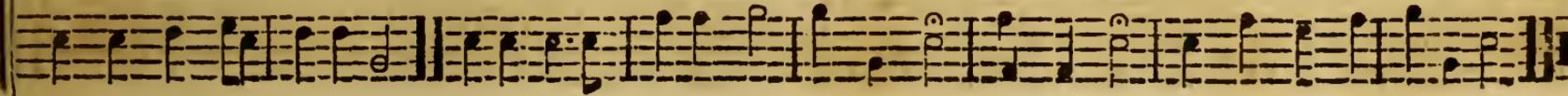
sea, And empty as the whistling wind, And empty—

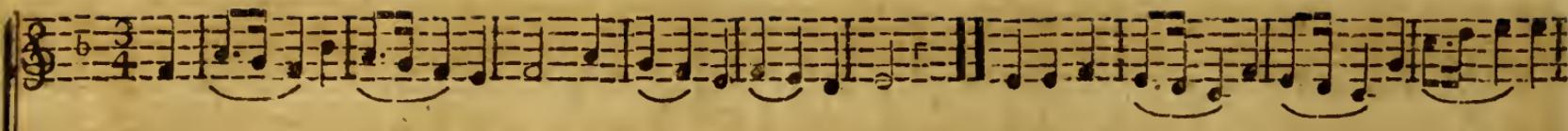


Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is nigh. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,

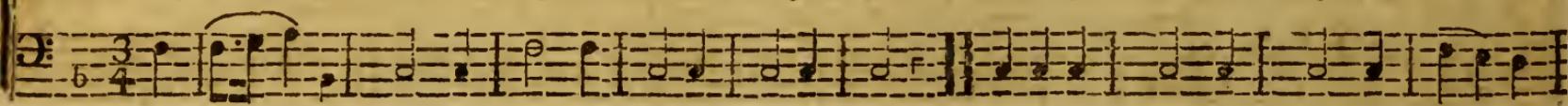


'Till the storm of life is past; Safe into thy haven guide, O receive, O receive, O receive my soul at last.

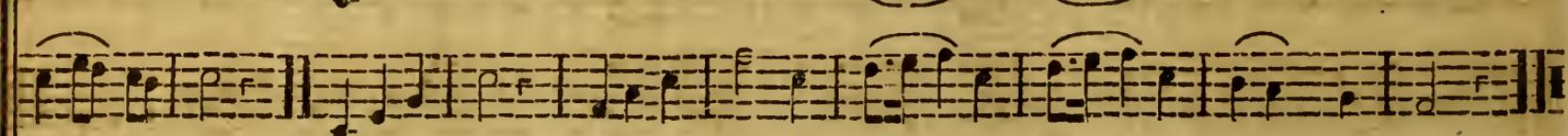
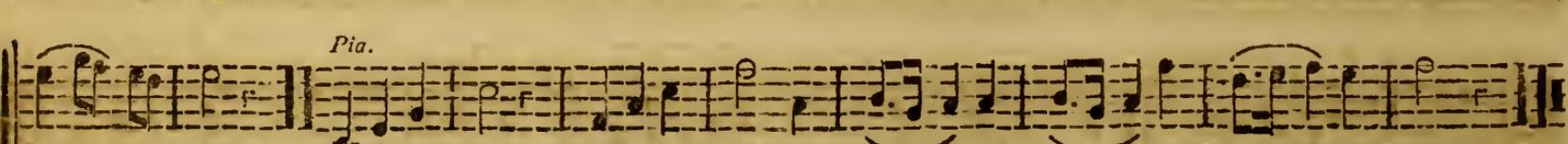




Rejoice, the Lord is King ; Your Lord and King adore : Mortals, give thanks and sing, And triumph



*Pia.*



evermore. Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Rejoice, again I say rejoice.



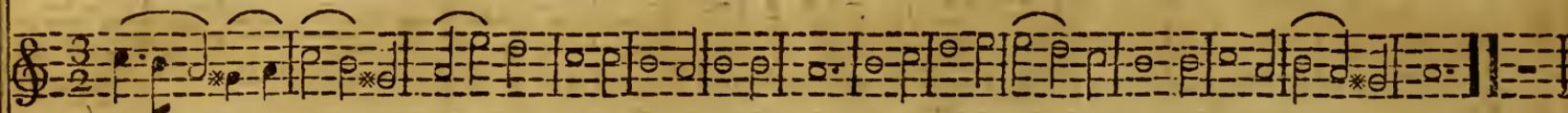
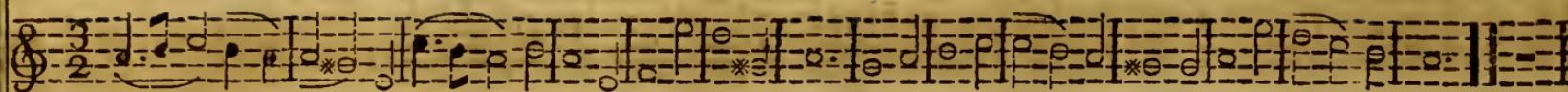


Hail the day, that saw him rise, Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ! Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n, Reascends his native heav'n.

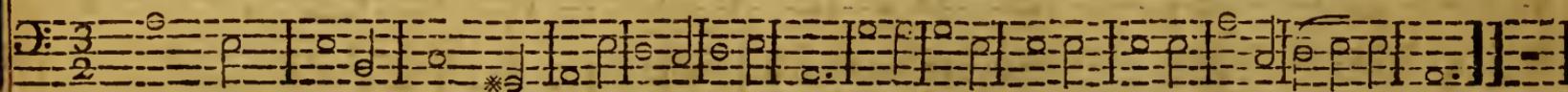


There the pompous triumph waits, Lift your heads eternal gates; Wide unfold the radiant scene, Take the King of Glory in.

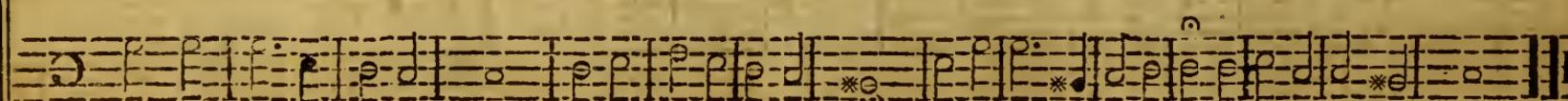
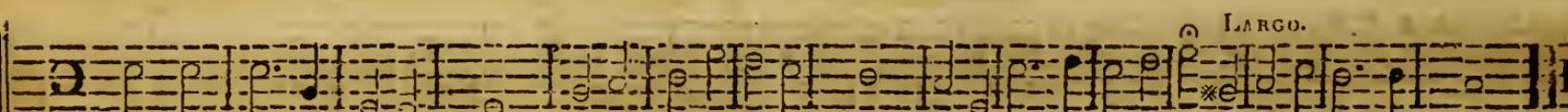




Jesus drinks the bitter cup; The wine press treads alone; Tears the graves and mounts up, By his expiring groan.



LARGO.



Lo! the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes, Nature in convulsions lies; Earth's profoundest centre quakes, The great Jehovah dies.

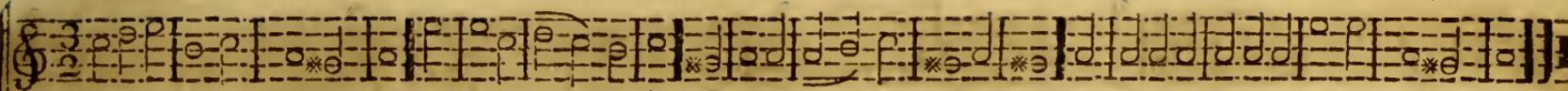


## ROCKINGHAM.

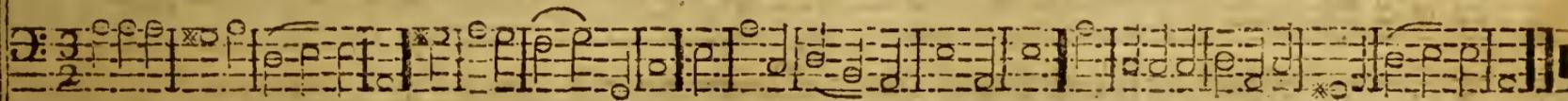
C. M.

*W. Burney.*

103



He is a God of sovereign love That promis'd heav'n to me, And taught my tho'ts to soar above, Where happy, where happy, where happy spirits be.



## RONDEAU.

*Fine.*

C. M.

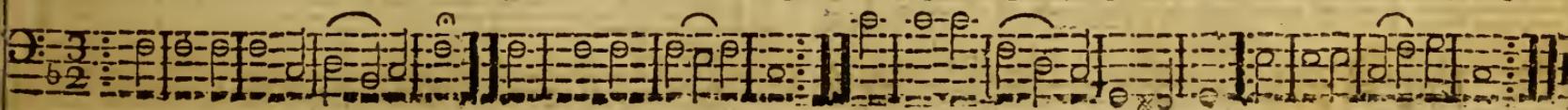
Sweet is, &amp;c.

*Giardini.*

Sweet is, &amp;c.

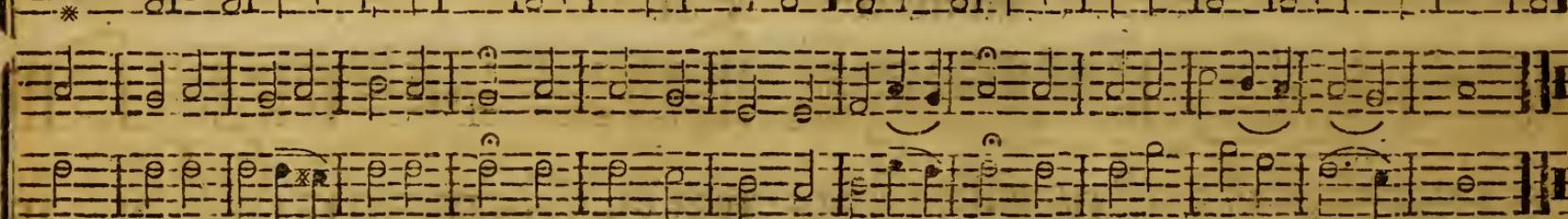


Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God, my heav'ly King ! Let age to age thy righteousness In sounds of glory sing.





Great God what do I see and bear, The end of things created; The Judge of mankind does appear, On clouds of glory seated.



The trumpet sounds, the graves restore The dead which they contain'd before; Prepare my soul to meet him.



## HURON.

C. M.

J. Holbrook.

105

ANDANTE.



Raise thee, my soul, fly up and run Through ev'ry heav'nly street, And say there's nougat below the sun, That's worthy of thy feet.



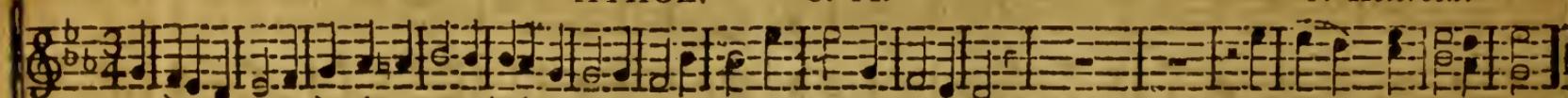
Thus will we mount on sacred wings, And tread the courts above ; Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things, Shall tempt our meane love.



A. C.



Awake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy daily course of duty run: Shake off dull sloth, and early rise, To pay thy morning sacrifice.

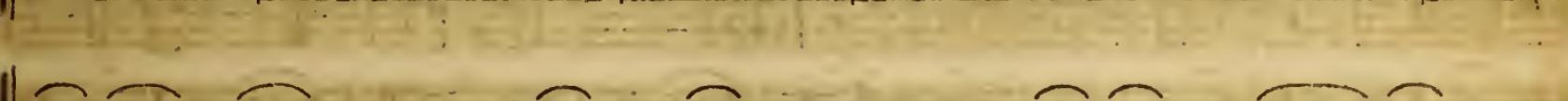


What empty things are all the skies, And this inferior clod; There's nothing here deserves my joys, There's nothing like my God, There's—

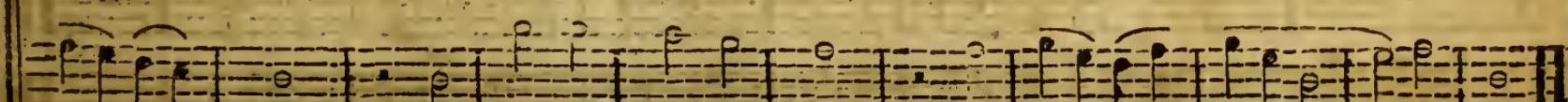




The Lord, the only God, is great, And worthy to be prais'd; In Zion, on whose



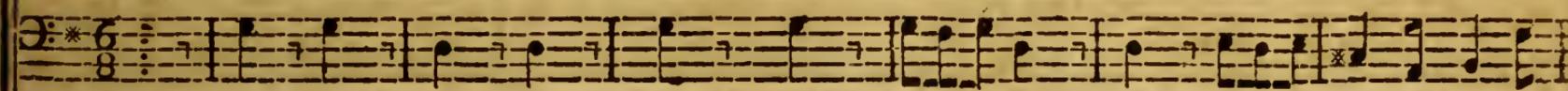
happy mount, His sacred throne is rais'd, His sacred throne is rais'd.



O God of my salvation hear My nightly groans, my daily pray'r, That still employ my wasting breath : My soul, declining to the grave, Implores thy sovereign pow'r to save From dark despair and gloomy death.



Come, let us anew Our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, Roll round with the year, And never stand still Till our Master appear, And

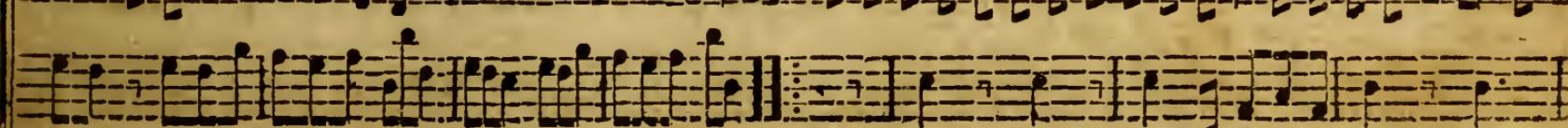


SYM.



never stand still Till our Master appear.

His adorable will Let us gladly fulfil, And our talents improve, Our





talents improve, By the patience of hope And the labour of love, By the patience of hope And the labour of love, The patience of hope And the

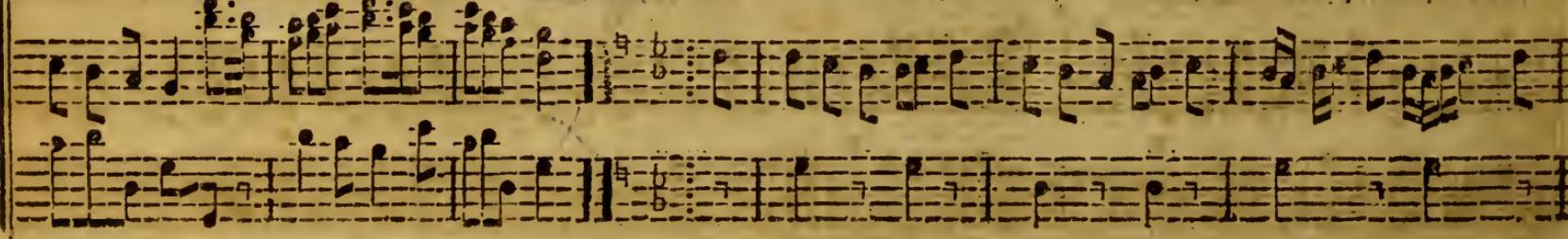


Gym.

SLOW.

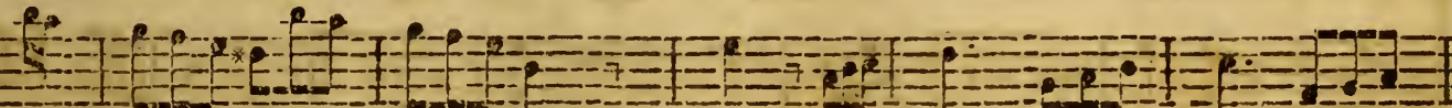
labour of love.

Our life is a dream, Our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly away, Glides ..

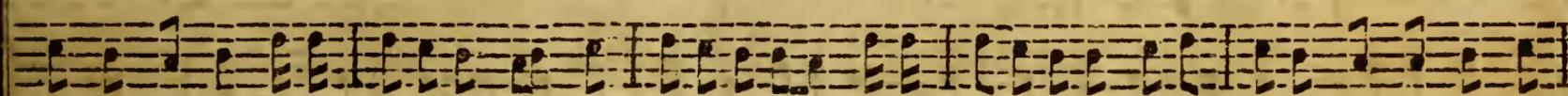




swif - tly away, And the fugi - tive moment Refuses to stay. The arrow is - flown, The moment is gone, The mil - lenial year Rushes



on to our view, And e - ter - ni - ty's here, E - ter - ni - ty's here, The mil - lenial year, Rushes on to our view, And e -



Sym.

ter - ni - ty's here, e - ter - ni - ty's here, e - ter - ni - ty's here, e - ter - ni - ty's here.

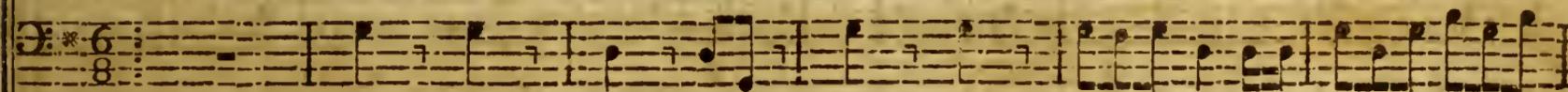
SOLO.

O that each in the day Of his coming may say, I have fought my way through, Have fought my way through ; I have

finish'd the work Thou didst give me to do, Have finish'd the work Thou didst give me to do.



O that each from the Lord May receive the glad word, " Well and faithfully done, faithfully done, Enter into my joy, And sit



down on my throne, Enter into my joy, And sit down on my throne, Enter into my joy, And sit down on my throne, And sit down on my throne.



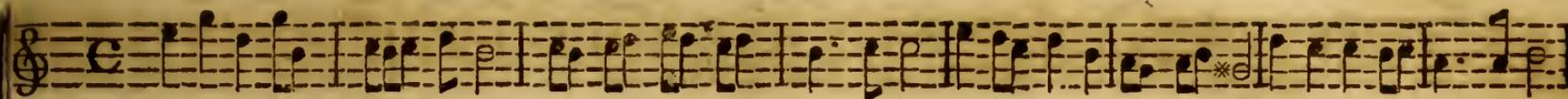
MODERATO.

Teach me the measure of my days, Thou maker of my frame; I would survey life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am.

A SONG FROM HANDEL'S ORATORIO OF SAUL.

Recitative.

Already see the daughters of the land, In joyful dance, with instruments of music, Come to congratulate the victory.



Welcome, welcome, mighty king ; Welcome, all who conquest bring ; Welcome, David, warlike boy, Author of our present joy.



*Pia.*

*For.*

*Adagio.*



Welcome to thy friends again ;

Ten thousand praises are his due,

Ten thousand praises, ~~are~~ his due.

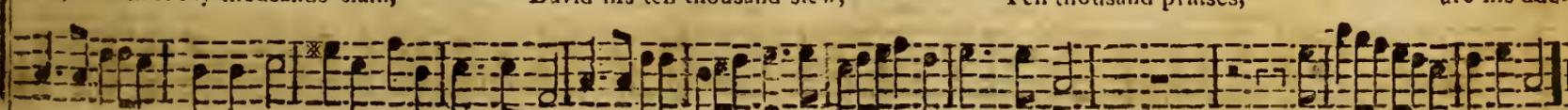


Saul, who hast thy thousands slain,

David his ten thousand slew,

Ten thousand praises,

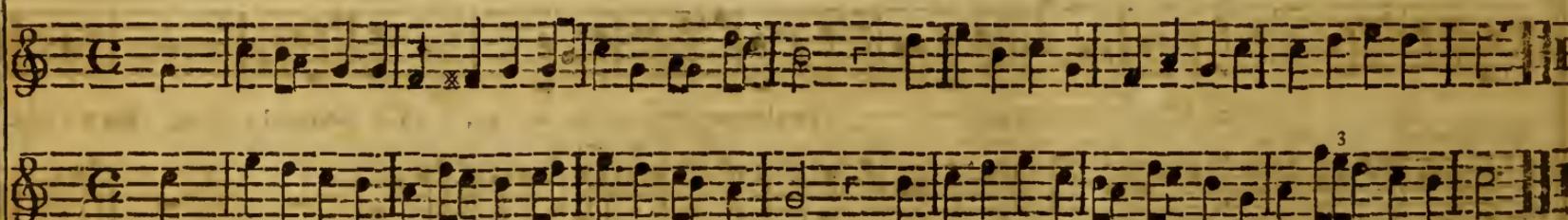
are his due.



Ten thousand praises are his due.



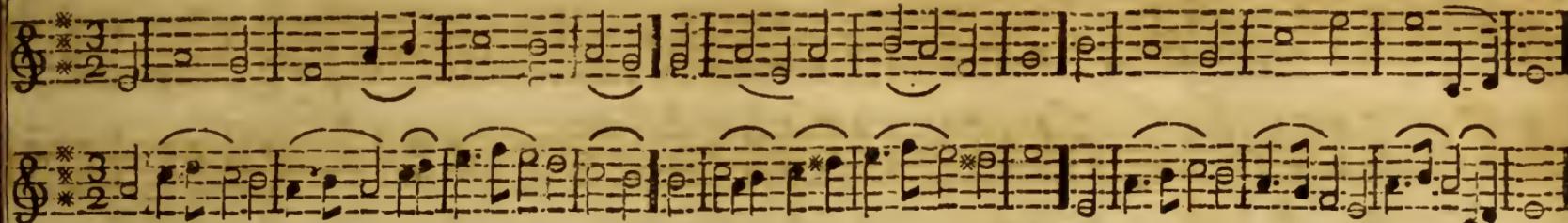
Shall we go on to sin, Because thy grace abounds? Or crucify the Lord ag'in, And open all his wounds?



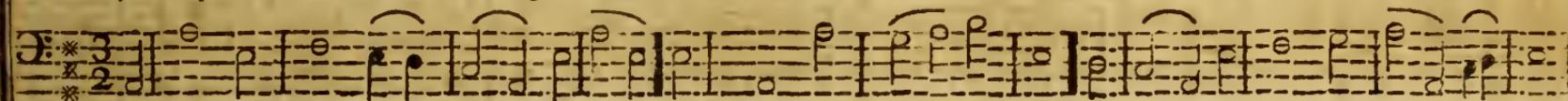
In innocence I wash my hands, And so encompass round, Thine altar with the sacred bands, Whose tongues thy praises sound.



Pia.



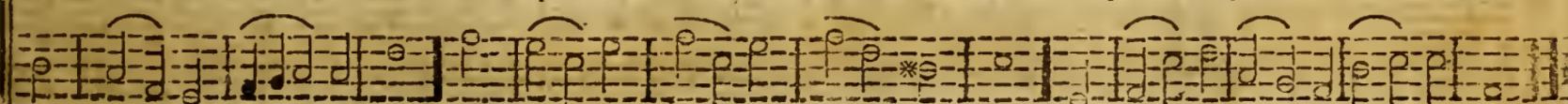
My Shepherd is the living Lord, I therefore nothing need; In pastures fair near waters calm,



For.



He placeth me to feed. In pastures fair near waters calm, He placeth, placeth me to feed.



## EDMUND. A CHORUS.

Hans Gram.

*Pia.*
  
*Pia.* <img alt="Continuation of the musical score for Edmund. A Chorus. The score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the piano (Pia.), the middle staff is for the organ (For.), and the bottom staff is for the piano (Pia.). The music is in common time (indicated by '2' over '4

EDMUND *Continued.* *Pia.**Fer.*

119

Immortal crowns of majesty,

songs, And everlast - ing songs;

CLOWNS,

Belong to our Redeemer God. And everlasting

Immortal crowns of majesty,

songs,

crowns,

*Fortiss.**Pia.**Forte.*

crowns of majesty, Immortal crowns

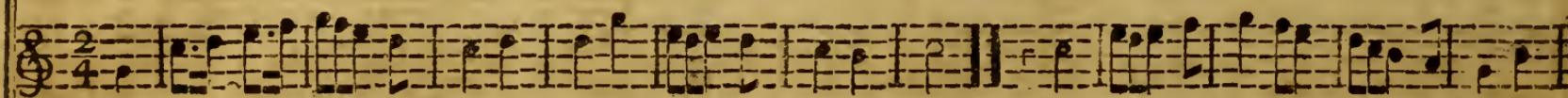
songs,

crowns,

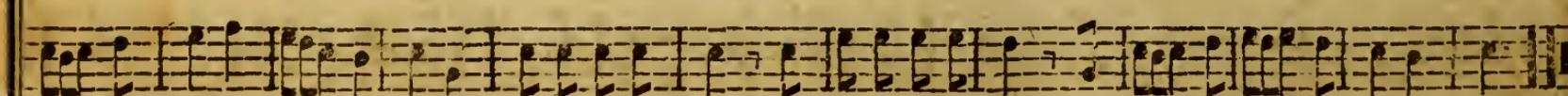
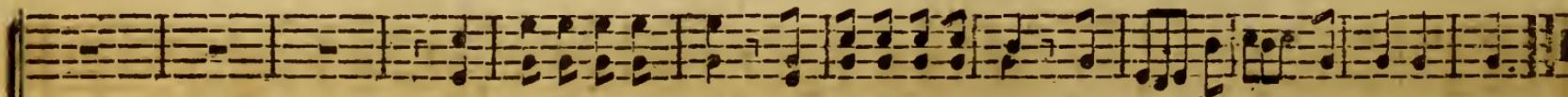
And wisdom and pow'r, And everlasting songs Belong to our Redeemer God.

crowns of majesty, Immortal crowns,

CLOWNS



There is a land of pure delight, Where saints and angels reign; In - fi - nite day excludes the night, In-



fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain, And pleasures banish pain, And pleasures, pleasures banish pain.



Since of thy goodness all partake, With what assurance should the just,

Thy f' sting wing their refuse make, And saints in thy protection trust.

A. C. Q.

## MELTON MOWBRAY.

Lockhart.

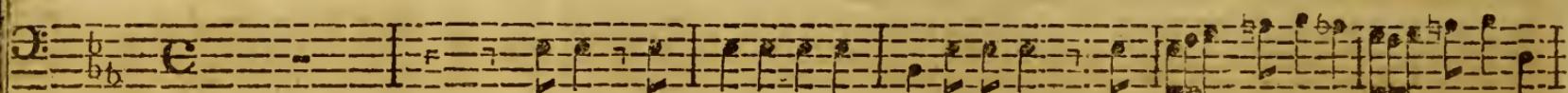
ANDANTE. MAESTOSO.

SYM.

SYM.

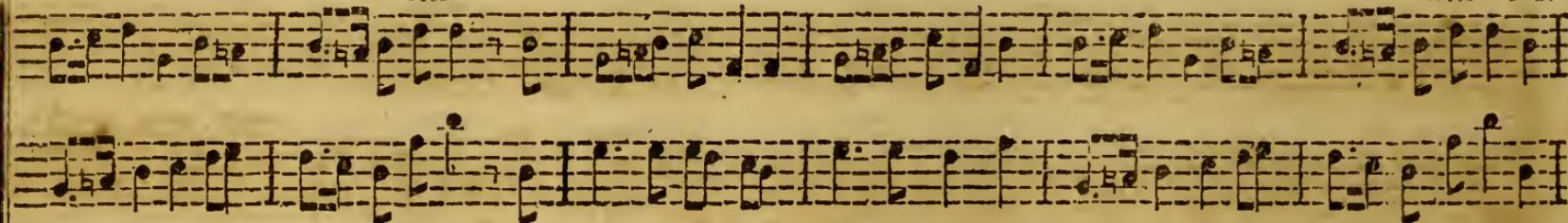


Head of the church triumphant,      We joyfully adore thee;      Till thou appear Thy members here Shall



SYM.

SYM. Pia.



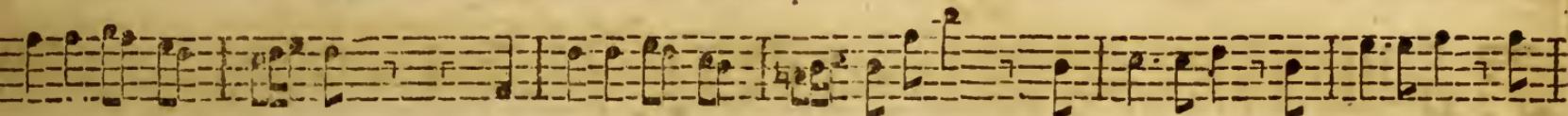
sing like those in      glory.      Till thou appear, Thy members here Shall sing like those in      glory.      We



MELTON MOWBRAY *Continued.*

123

SYM. For.



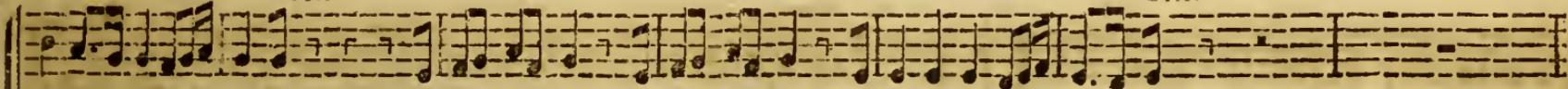
lift our hearts and voices, With blest anticipation, And cry aloud, And give to God The



And cry—

SYM.

SYM.

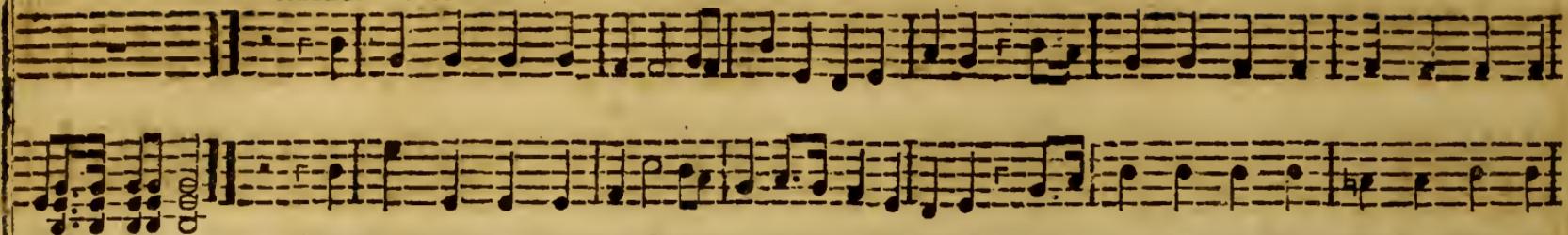


praise of our salvation, And cry aloud, And give to God The praise of our salvation.



MELTON MOWBRAY *Continued.*

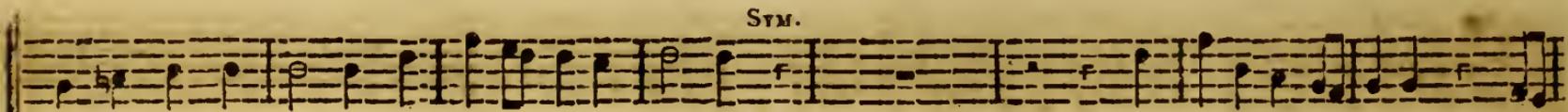
ALLEGRO. MOD.



Thou dost conduct thy people Through torrents of temptation; Nor will we fear, While thou art near, The



SYM.

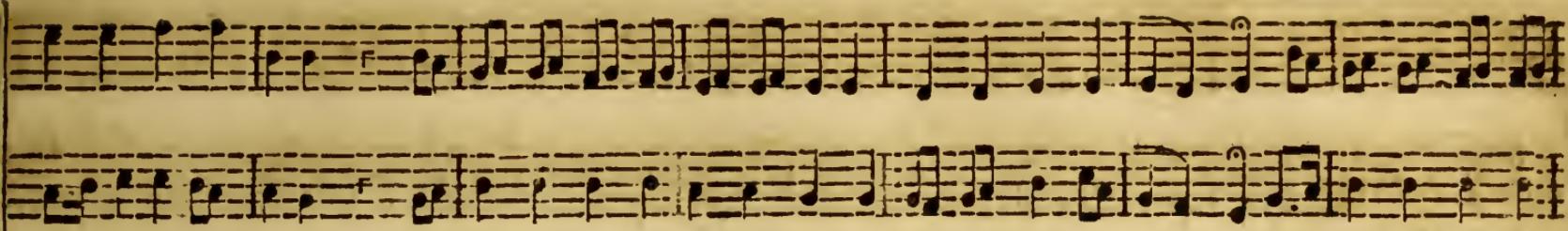


fire of tribulation,

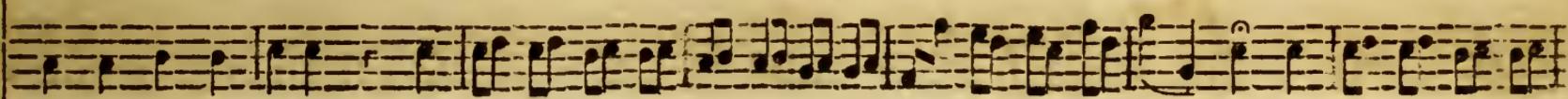
The fire of tribulation.

The world with sin and Satan, In

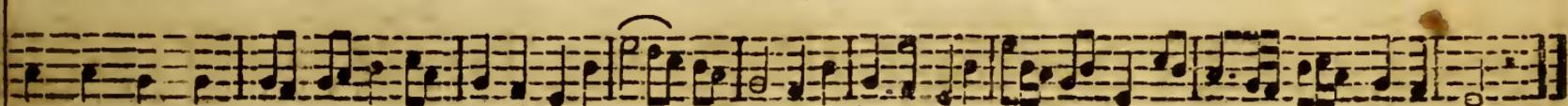
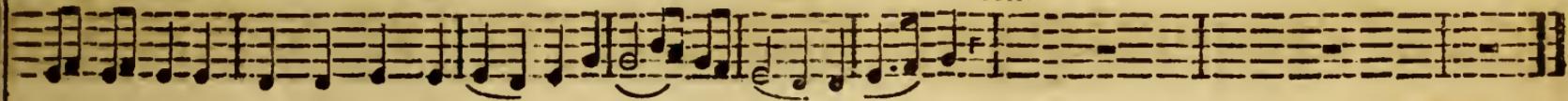




vain our march opposes ; By thee we shall break through them all, And sing the song of Moses ; By thee we shall break



Sym.

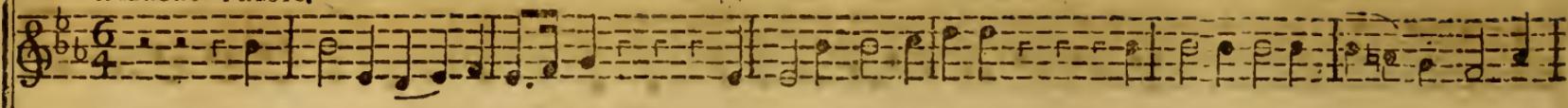


through them all, And sing the song of Moses, And sing the song of Moses.

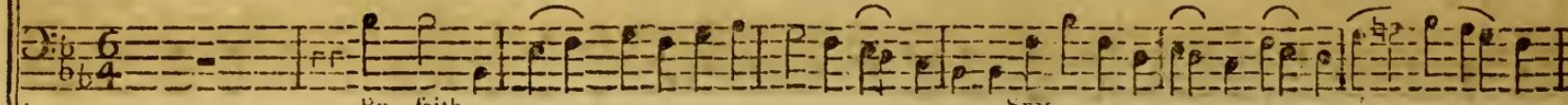


MELTON MOWBRAY *Continued.*

ALLEGRO. PRESTO.



By faith we see the glory To which thou shalt restore us, The cross despise, For that high prize Which



By faith—

SYM.

SYM.



thou hast set before us, The cross despise, For that high prize Which thou hast set before us.

SYM.

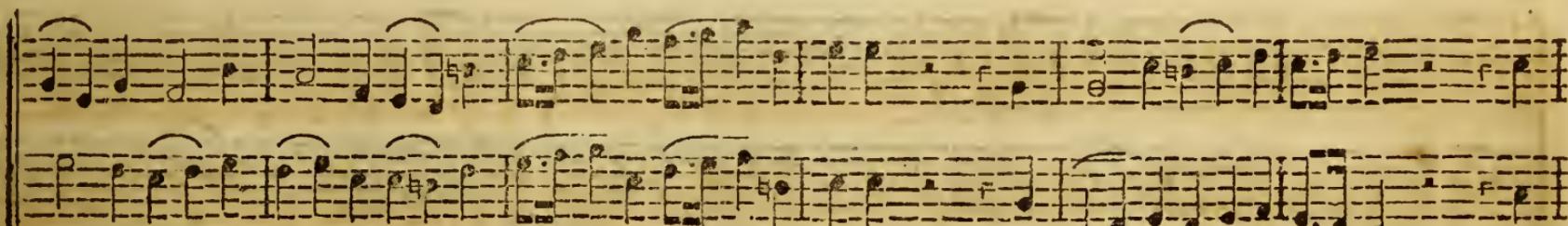


And if thou count us worthy, We each as dying Stephen, Shall



And if—

SYM.



see thee stand At God's right hand, To take us up to heaven. By faith we see the glory, To



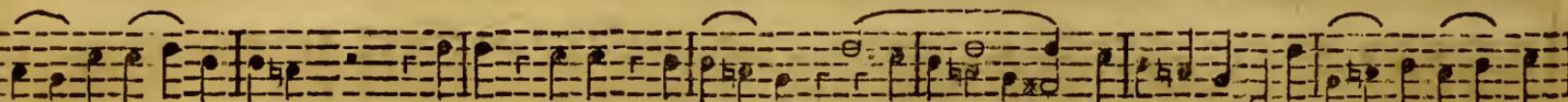
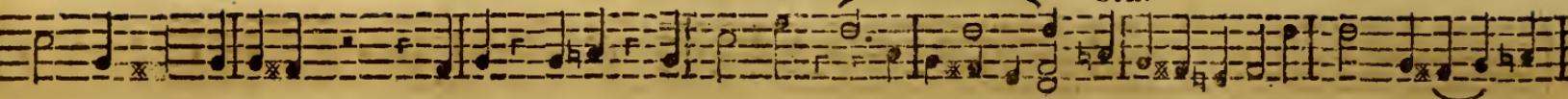
SYM.

By faith—

MELTON MOWBRAY *Continued.*

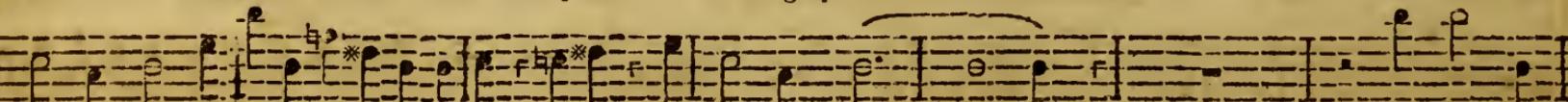
Pia.

Sym.



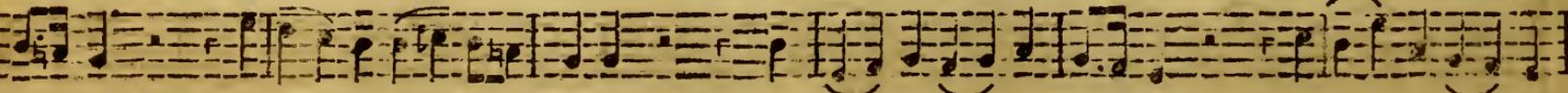
which thou shalt restore us; The cross despise, For that high prize

Which thou hast set be-



Sym.

Which thou—

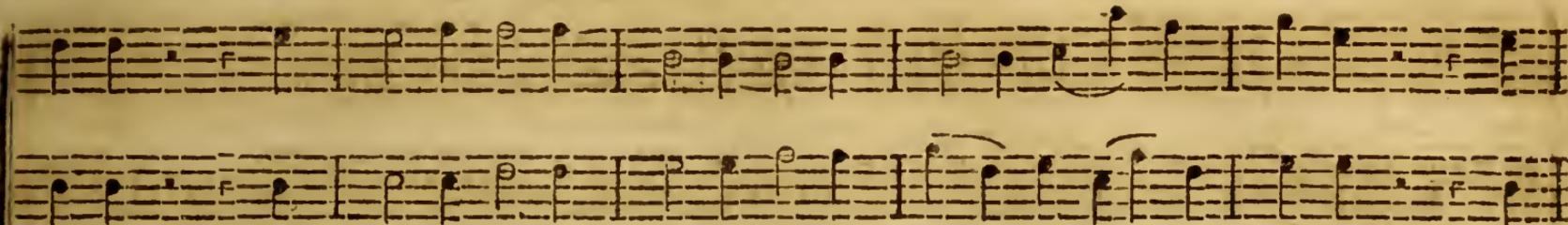


fore us, Which thou hast set before us. And if thou count us worthy, We each as dying



Sym.

And if—

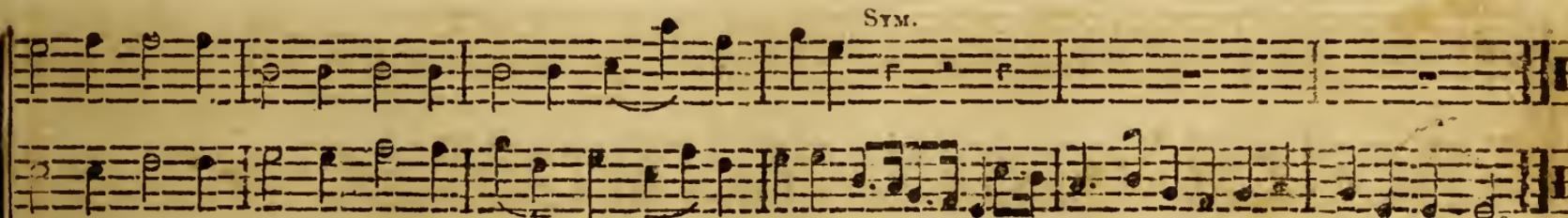


Stephen, Shall see thee stand At God's right hand, To take us up to heaven, Shall

SYM.

SYM.

SYM.

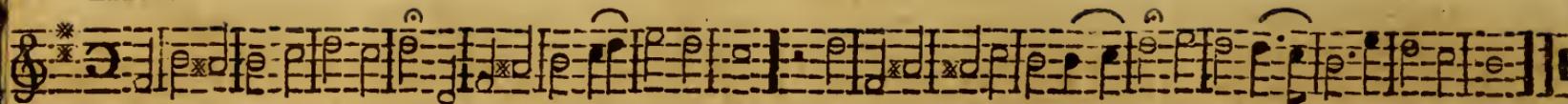


see thee stand At God's right hand, To take us up to heaven.

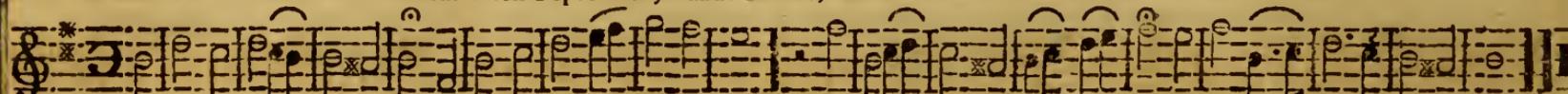
A. C.

R

LARGO.

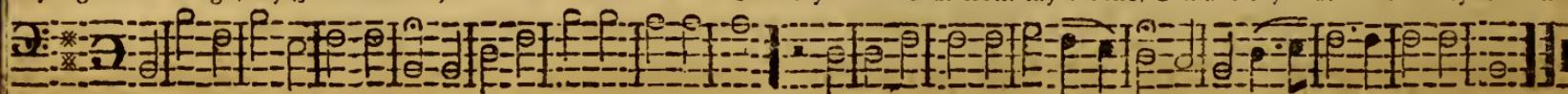


Hear when I spread my hands abroad,



My righteous Judge, my gracious God,

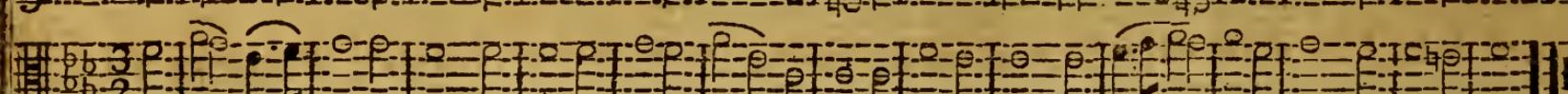
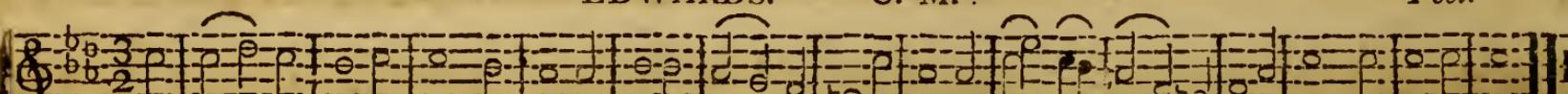
And cry for succour from thy throne, O make thy truth and mercy known.



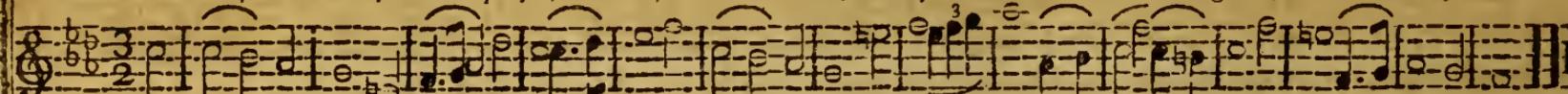
EDWARDS.

C. M.

Pool.



When I pour out my soul in pray'r, Do thou, O Lord, attend ; To thy eternal throne of grace, Let my sad cry ascend.



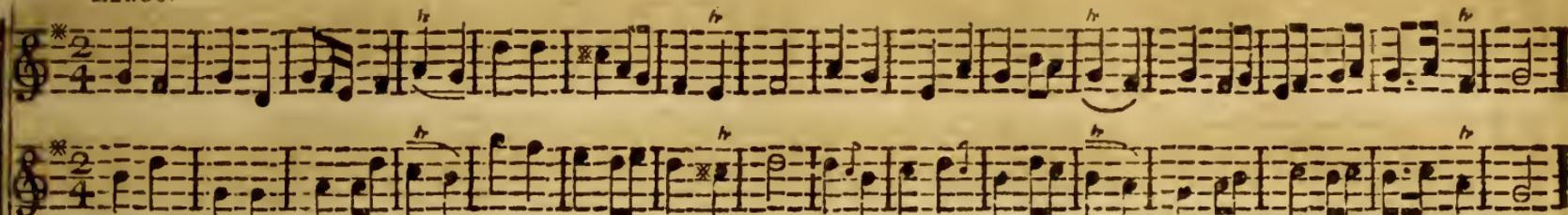
## CHELMARK.

7's.

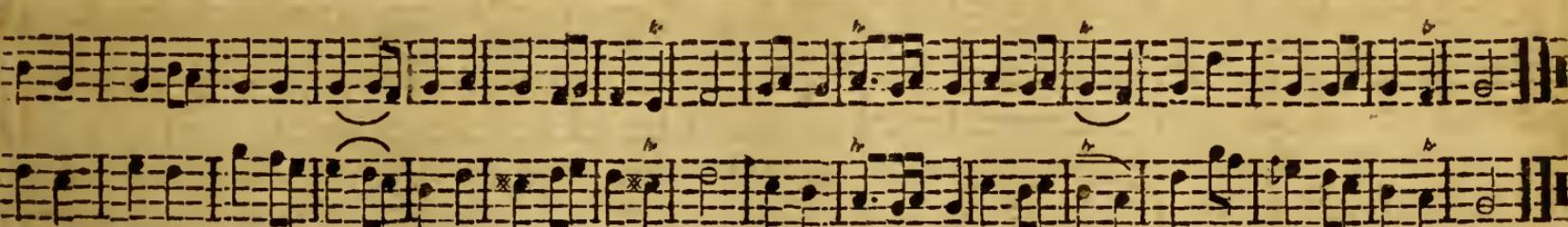
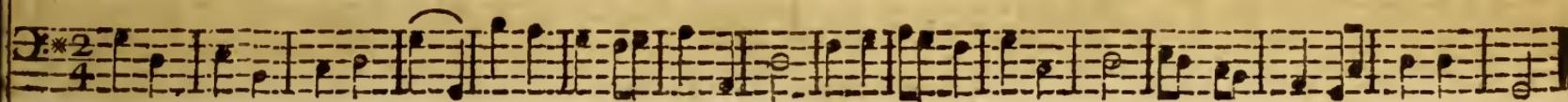
Gluck.

131

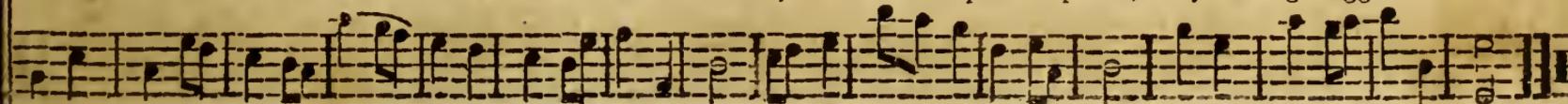
LARGO.



Praise, O praise the name divine, Praise it at the hallow'd shrine ; Let the firmament on high, To its Maker's name reply.



Let each tongue, and let each chord, Praise the name of Jacob's Lord ; Let his acts and pow'r supreme, To your songs suggest a theme.



## JUBILATE.

Kent.

ALLEGRETTO.

Handwritten musical score for 'JUBILATE' in Allegretto tempo. The score consists of three staves of music and lyrics. The first staff (bass) starts with a whole note followed by a half note. The second staff (bass) starts with a half note. The third staff (treble) starts with a half note. The lyrics 'O be joyful, O be joyful in the Lord all ye lands, be joy - - - ful,' are written below the music. The score continues with more musical notation and lyrics: 'be joy - - - ful, O be joyful, be joyful in the Lord all ye lands.'

JUBILATE *Continued.*

132

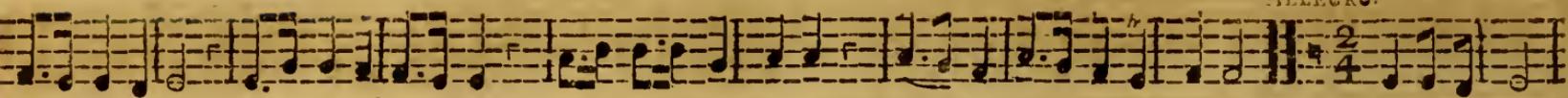
Serve the Lord with glad - ness, Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence, come before his

## ANDANTE.

presence with a song. Be ye sure that the Lord he is God, it is he, it is he that hath made us and

JUBILATE *Continued.*

ALLEGRO.



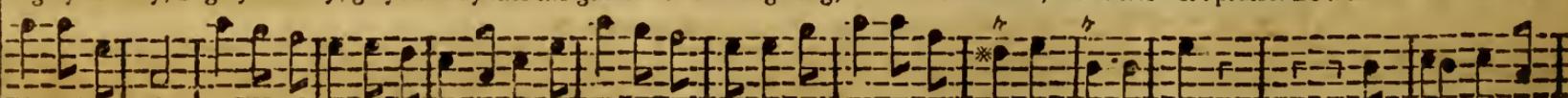
not we ourselves; we are his people, we are his people and the sheep of his pasture, O go your way,



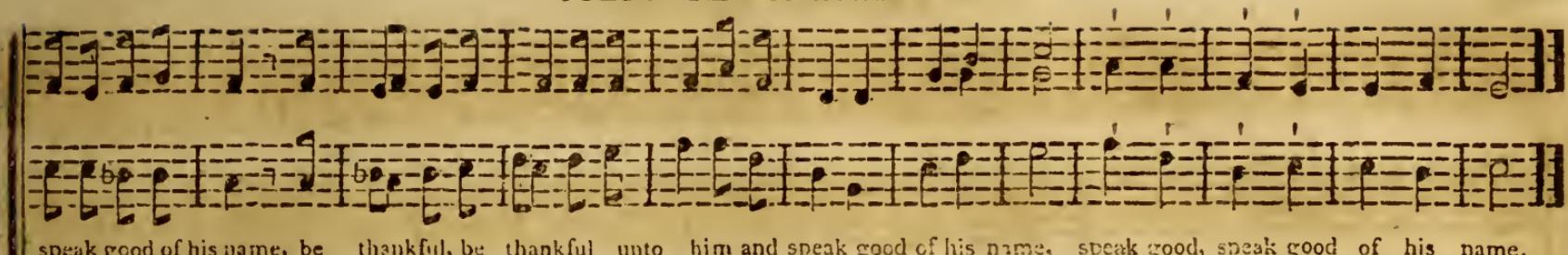
unto—



O go your way, O go your way, go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts, his courts with praise. Be thankful unto him and



unto—

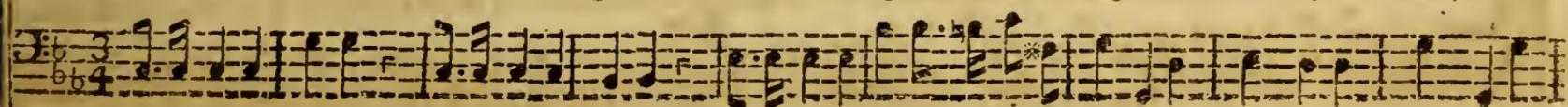


speak good of his name, be thankful, be thankful unto him and speak good of his name, speak good, speak good of his name.

## ANDANTE.



For the Lord is gracious, For the Lord is gracious, For the Lord is gracious, the Lord is gracious, his mercy, his mercy, his

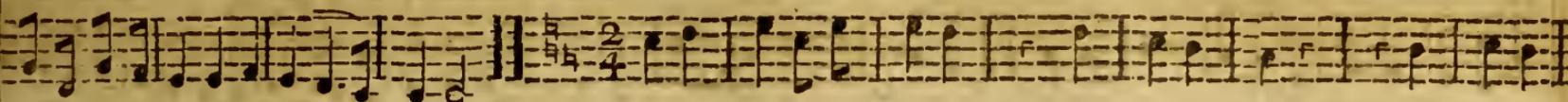


mercy, his mercy is everlasting, is everlasting. And his truth endureth, his truth endureth, his truth en-

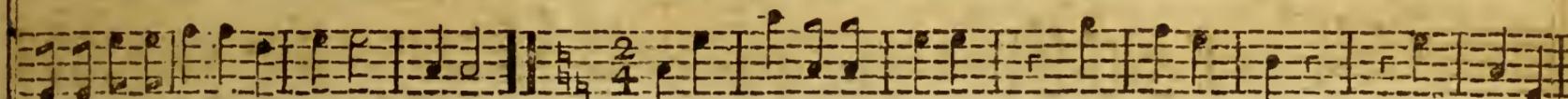
dureth from generation to generation, from generation to generation, from generation to gener - a -

JUBILATE *Continued.*  
CHORUS. MODERATO.

137



tion, from generation to generation.      Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the



Holy Ghost.      As it was in the beginning, As it was in the beginning, is now, is now and ever shall be,



A. C.

As it—  
S

As it—

Is now—

JUBILATE *Continued.*

without end, world—

world without end, Amen, without end, Amen, Amen, Amen, world without end, Amen, world without end, Amen, world without end, world—

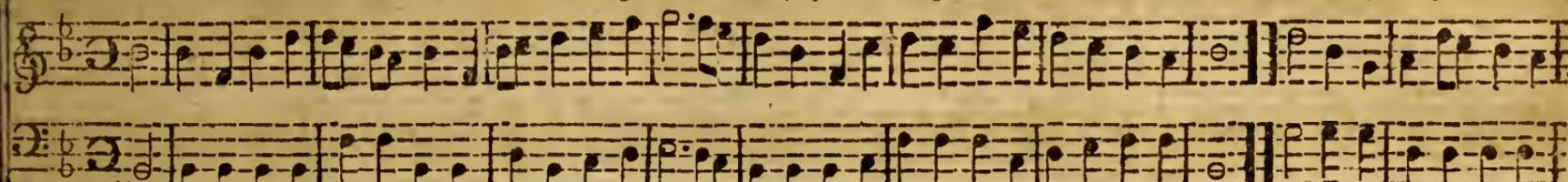
world without end, Amen, Amen, Amen,

world— world—

end, Amen, Amen, world without end, world without end, without end, A - - - men, Amen.



There is a house not made with hands, Eternal and on high, And here my spirit waiting stands, 'Till God shall b. d it fly. Shortly this prison of my



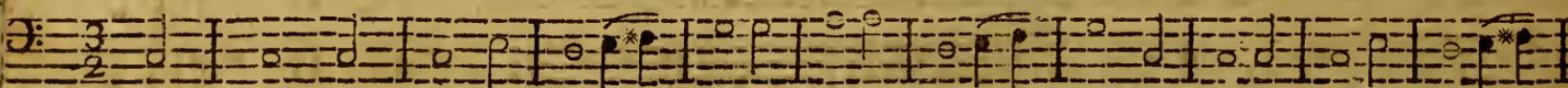
clay Must be dissolv'd and fall ; Then O my soul, with joy obey Thy heav'nly Father's call, Then O my soul—



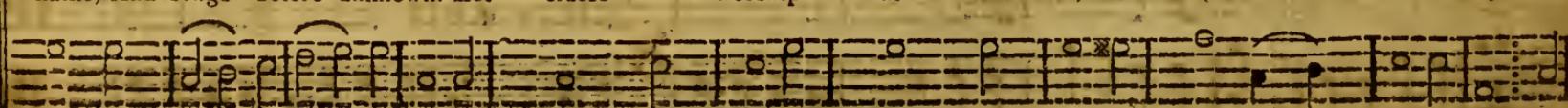
ANDANTE.



Behold the glories of the Lamb, Amidst his Father's throne; Prepare new honors for his



name, And songs before unknown. Let elders worship at his feet, The church adore around; With



UDOLPHO *Continued.*

141

Pia.

Cres.

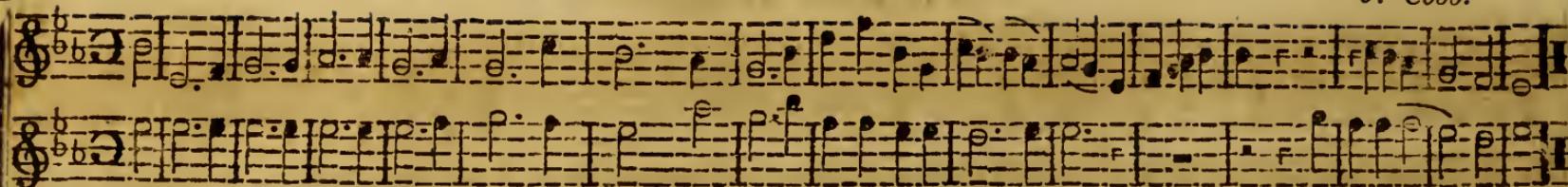
3

vials full of odours sweet, And harps of sweetest sound, And harps of sweetest sound.

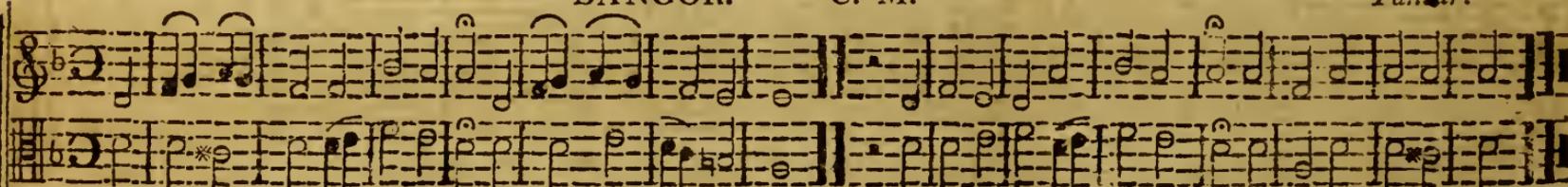
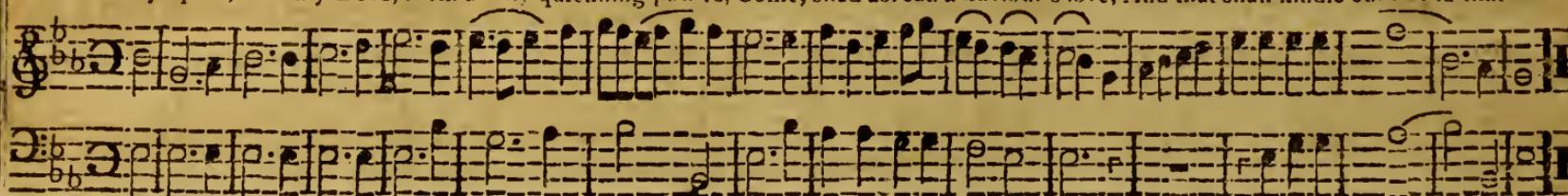
ELDEN. C. M.

Holyoke.

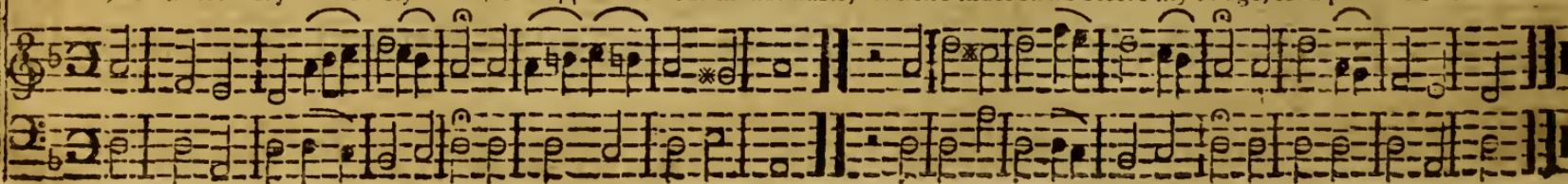
O God of mercy hear my call, My loads of guilt remove ; Break down this separating wall, That bars me from thy love.



Come Holy Spirit, heav'ly Dove, With all thy quickning pow'r, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours. And that—



That awful day will surely come, Th' appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn test.



## HYMN OF THANKSGIVING FOR DELIVERANCE IN A STORM.

Our little bark, on boist'rous seas, By cruel tempest toss'd, Without one cheerful beam of hope,

*N. B. The Hallelujahs to be sung only at the end of the fifth and sixth verses.*

Ex - pecting to be lost. Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, A - - men.

2 We to the Lord in humble pray'r  
Breath'd out our sad distress;  
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts  
We begg'd return of peace.

5 Oh ! may our grateful, trembling hearts  
Sweet hallelujahs sing  
To him who hath our lives preserv'd.

3 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and (O amazing love !)  
He came to our relief.

4 The stormy winds did cease to blow,  
The waves no more did roll;  
And soon again a placid sea  
Spoke comfort to each soul.

6 Let us proclaim to all the world,  
With heart and voice, again,  
And tell the wonders he hath done

Fla.

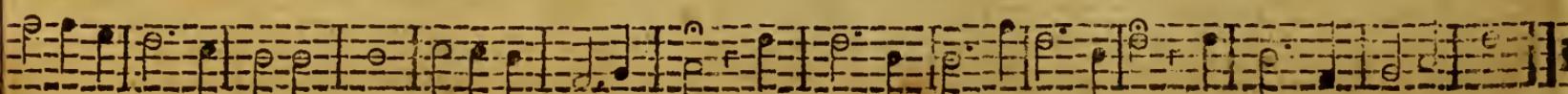


Oh, if my soul were form'd for woe, How would I vent my sighs ! Repentance should like rivers flow From both my streaming eyes.

Cres.



'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord Hung on the cursed tree, And groan'd away a dying life For thee, my soul, for thee.

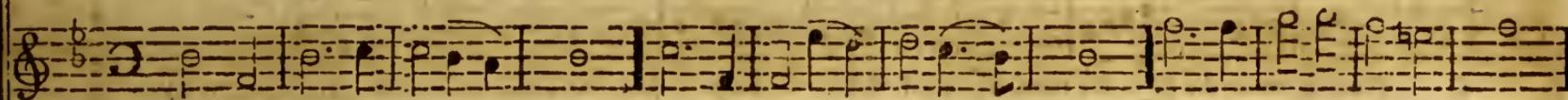
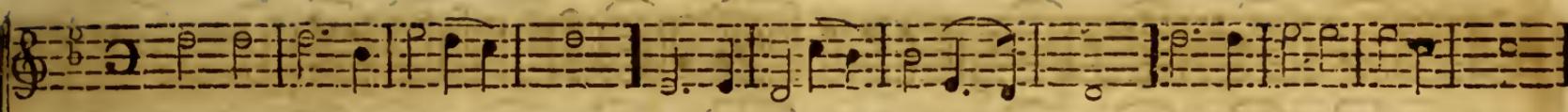


## RESURRECTION.

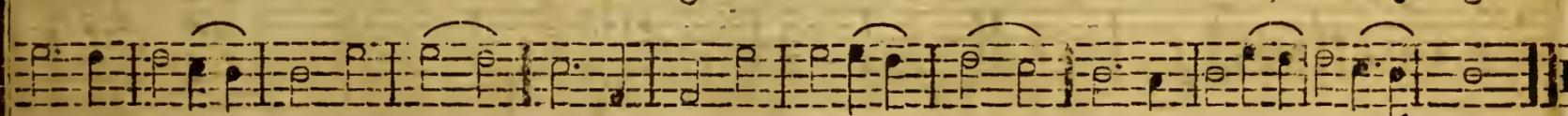
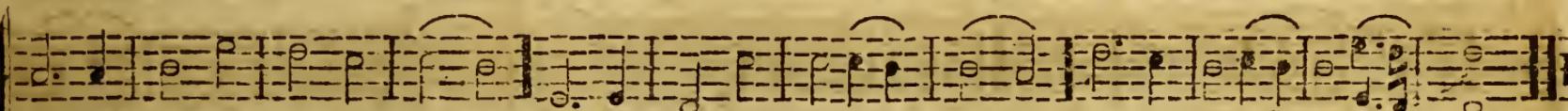
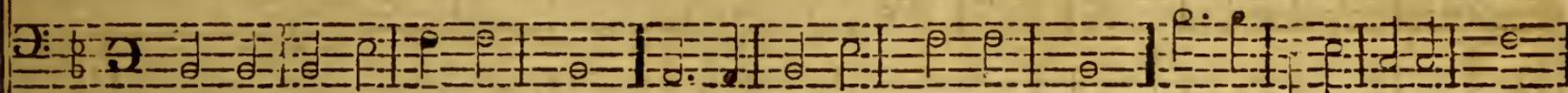
7's

J. Holbrook.

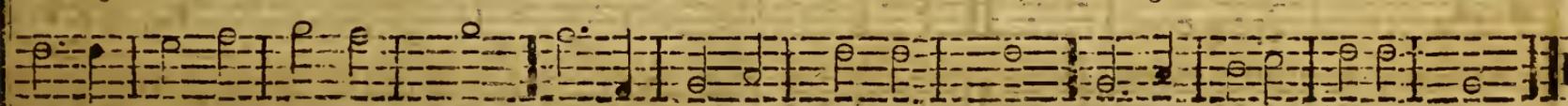
145



Angels, roll the stone away ; Death, give up thy mighty prey : See ! he rises from the tomb,



Shining in immortal bloom ! See ! he rises from the tomb, Shining in immortal bloom !



A. C.

T

## WICKHAM. (See LIMESTONE.)

C. Burney.

O Thou, in whom the Gentiles trust, Thou only holy, only just, Oh, tune our souls to praise thy name, Jesus un-

holy, only just,

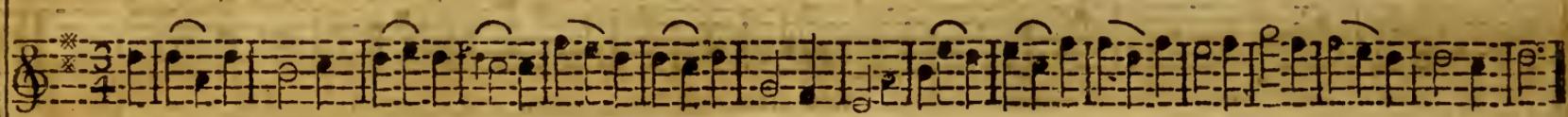
changeable, unchangeable the same ! If angels, whilst to thee they sing, Wrap up their faces in their

wings, How shall we ... sinful dust, draw nigh The great, the awful De - i - ty.

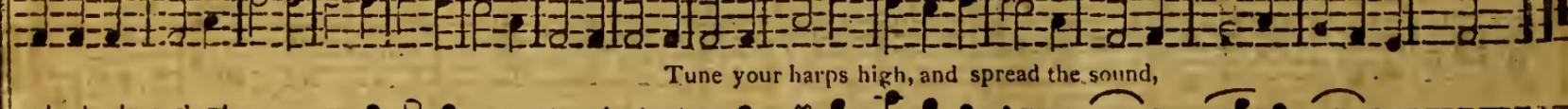
HAGUE. C. M.

*Holyoke.*

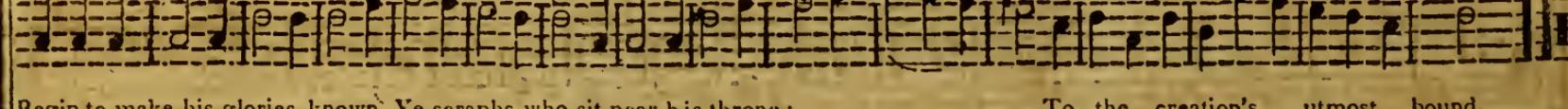
Stoop down, my thoughts that use to rise, Converse a while with death ; Think how a gasping mortal lies, And pants away his breath.



Nature with all her pow'rs shall sing God the Creator, and the King; Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas, Deny the tribute of their praise.



Tune your harps high, and spread the sound,



Begin to make his glories known; Ye seraphs who sit near his throne;

To the creation's utmost bound.



Let songs of joy to God ascend, Whose love nor limit knows no end ; But O what tongue in equal lay, His acts can speak, his praise display.

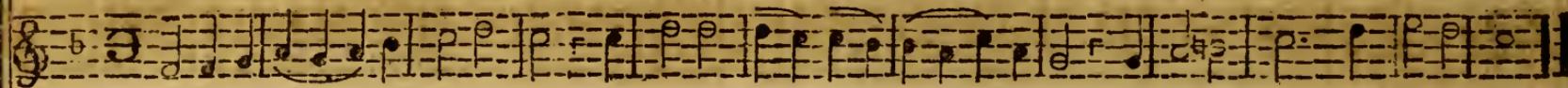
## DEPRAVITY.

## C. M.

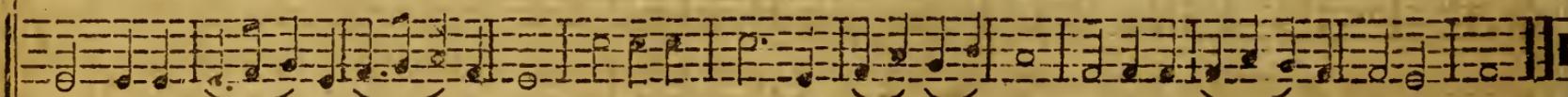
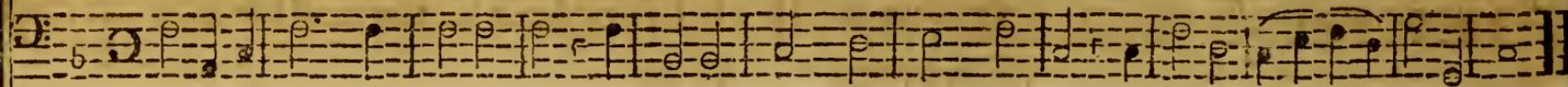
*J. Holbrook.*

EXPRESSIVO.

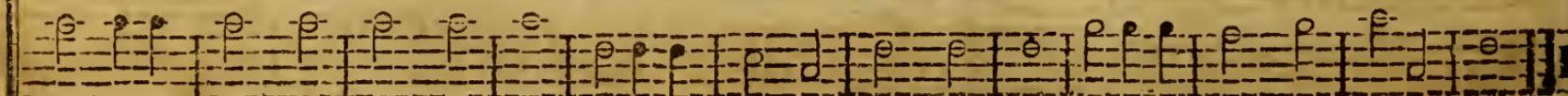
How sad our state by nature is ! Our sin, how deep it stains ! And Satan binds our captive minds Fast in his slavish chains.



Thou, whom my soul admires above All earthly joy and earthly love, All earthly joy and earthly love;



Tell me dear Shepherd let me know, Where do thy sweetest pastures grow? Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?



God, my supporter and my hope, My help forever near; Thine arm of mercy held me up, When sinking in despair.

Let me but hear my Saviour say, Strength shall be equal to the day; Then I rejoice in deep distress, Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

CON FURIA.

No change of time shall ever shock      My firm affection Lord to thee; My firm affection Lord to thee;

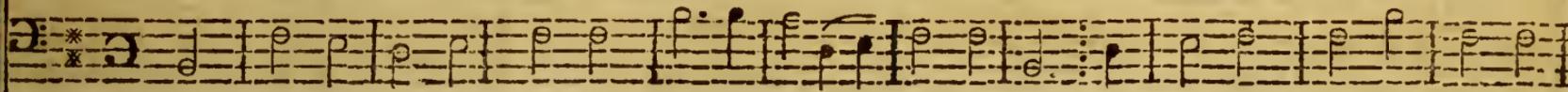
Pia.

For.

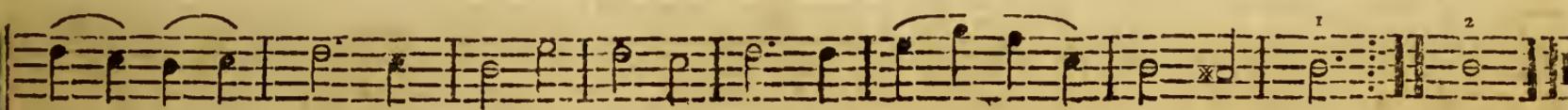
For thou hast always been a rock, For thou hast always been a rock, A fortress and defence to me.



Save me, O Lord, the swelling flood, Breaks in upon my soul; I sink, and sorrows



I sink, and sorrows o'er my



o'er my head, Like mighty waters roll, Like mighty waters roll.

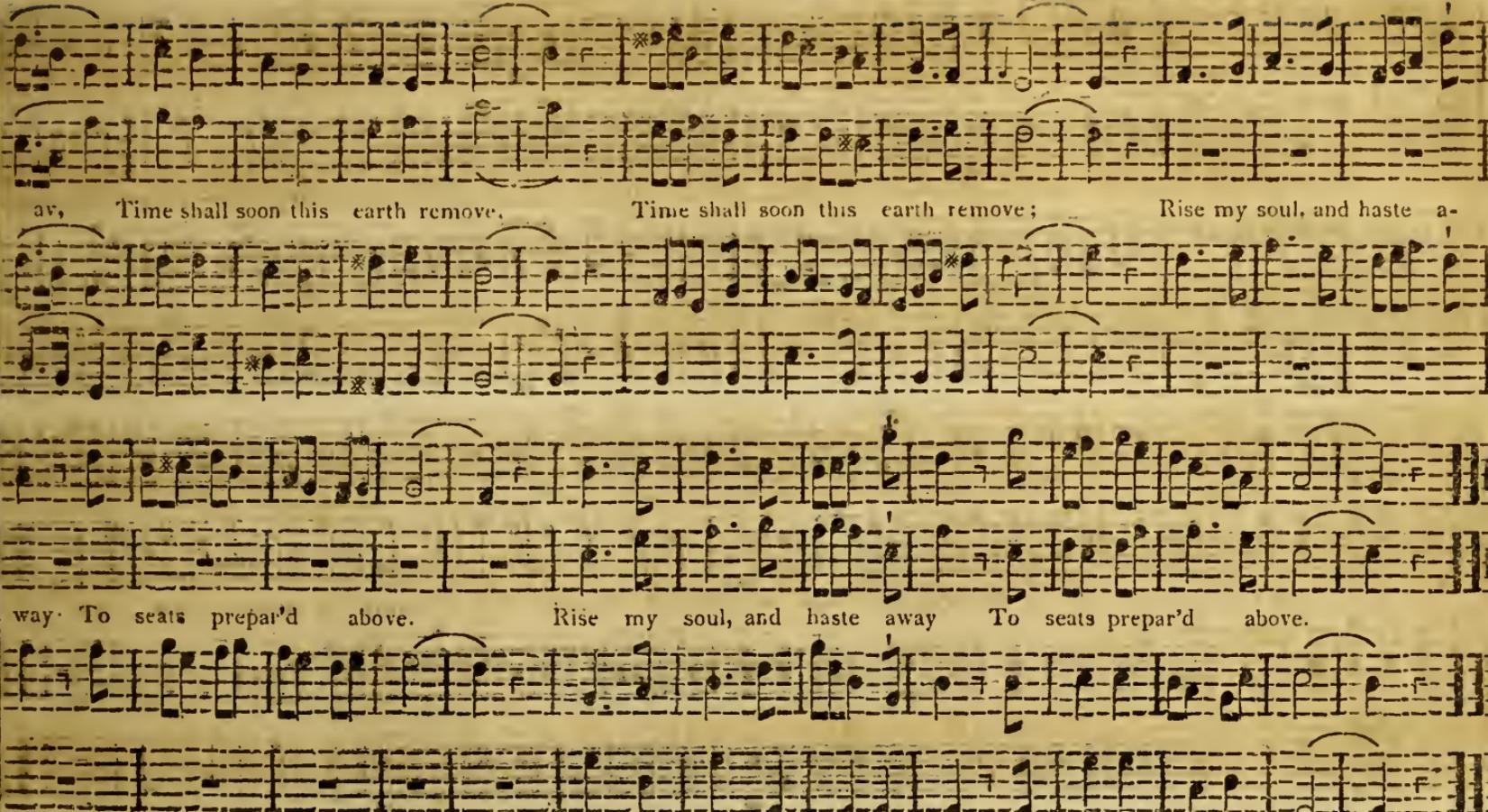
head, Like

Like

The musical score consists of two staves of handwritten notation. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a '4') and the bottom staff is in 2/4 time. The notation uses a mix of vertical stems and horizontal strokes for note heads. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the notes. The first line of lyrics is: "Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace!" The second line is: "Rise from transitory things, Tow'rds". The third line is: "heav'n thy native place." The fourth line is: "Rise from transitory things, Tow'rds heav'n thy native place." The fifth line is: "Sun and moon and stars de-". The music concludes with a final line of notes on the bottom staff.

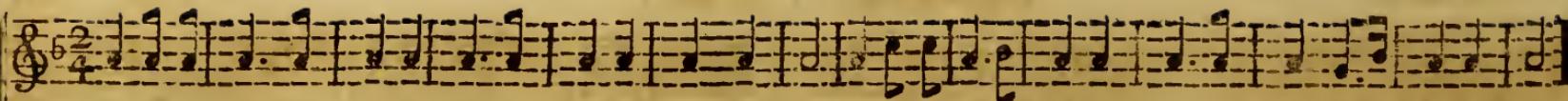
THE PILGRIM *Continued.*

155

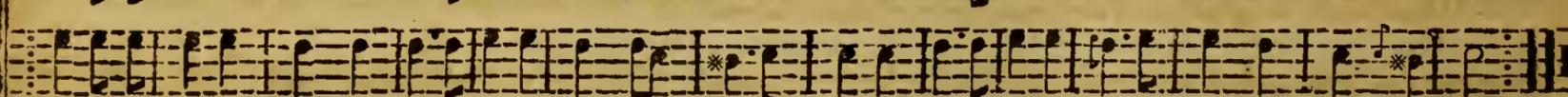
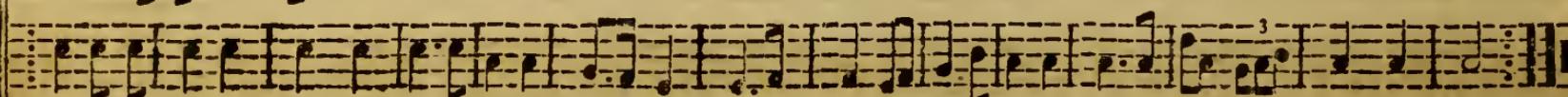
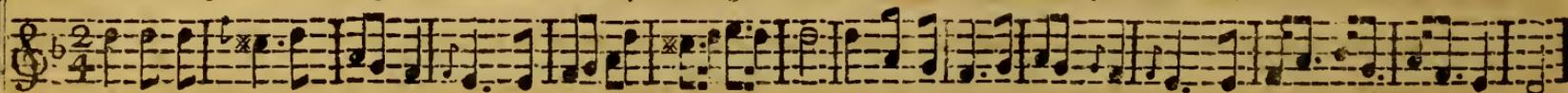


av, Time shall soon this earth remove. Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise my soul, and haste a-

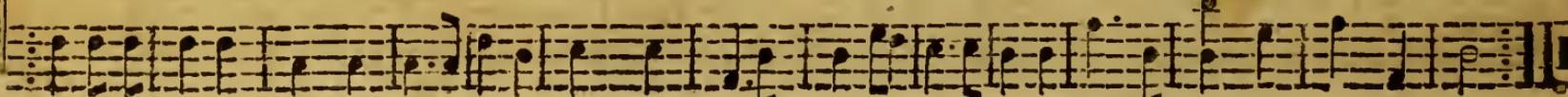
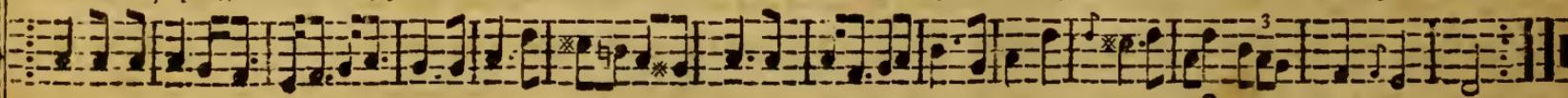
way. To seats prepar'd above. Rise my soul, and haste away To seats prepar'd above.



Infinite grief! amazing woe! Behold my bleeding Lord! Hell and the Jews conspire his death, And use the Roman sword.



O the sharp pangs of smarting pain, My dear Redeemer bore, When knotty whips and ragged thorns, His sacred body tore.



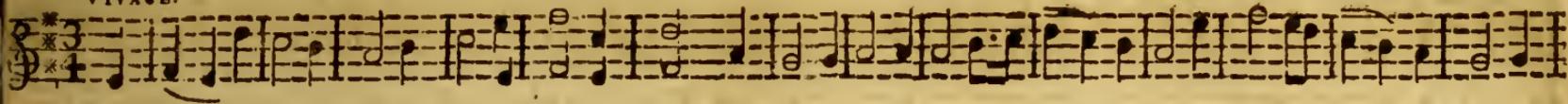
## PALMYRA.

C. M.

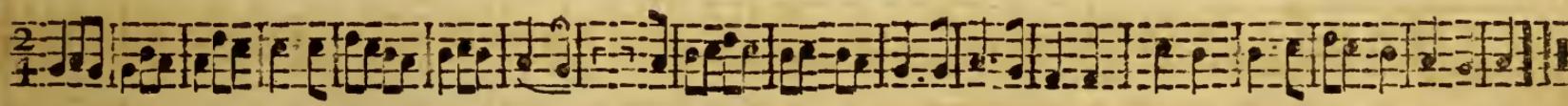
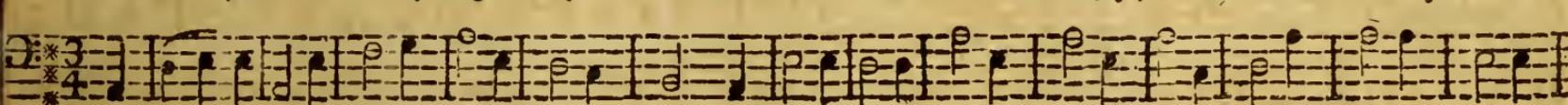
Pool.

VIVACE.

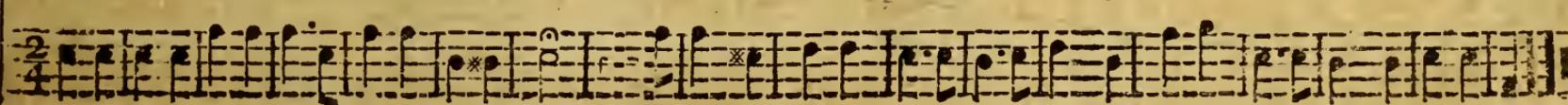
167



Awake my heart, arise my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice; In God the life of all my joys, Aloud will I rejoice. 'Tis



he adorn'd my naked soul, And made salvation mine; Upon a poor polluted worm He makes his graces shine, He makes his graces shine.



ADAGIO.

## DIRGE.

Pia.

For.

Handel.

Pia.

Few are our days, those few we dream away ; Sure is our fate, to moulder in the clay.      Rise immortal soul, above thine earthly

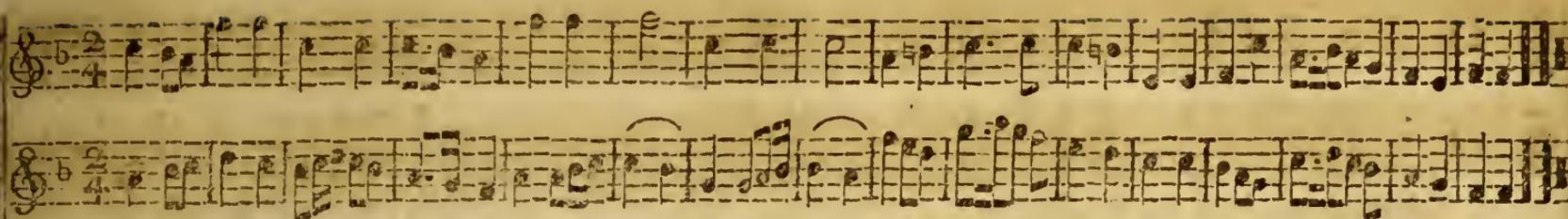
For.

Pia.

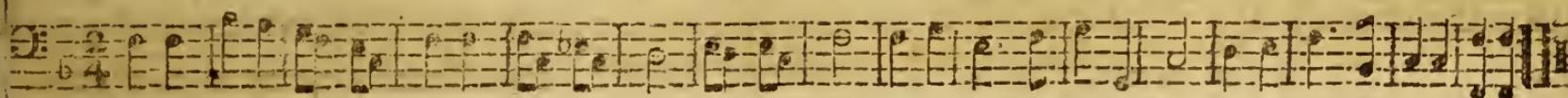
fate, Time yet is thine, but soon it is too late.

Lo ! midnight gloom invites the pensive mind,  
Pale is the scene, but shadows there you'll find ;  
Rise immortal soul, shun glooms, pursue thy flight,  
Lest hence thy fate, be like the gloomy night.

Hark from the graves, oblivion's doleful tones,  
There shall our names be moulder'd like our bones ;  
Rise immortal soul, that hence thy fame may shine,  
Time flies and ends, eternity is thine.



Praise be to the Father given ; Christ he gave, Us to save, Now the heirs, the heirs of heaven, Now the heirs, the heirs of heaven.

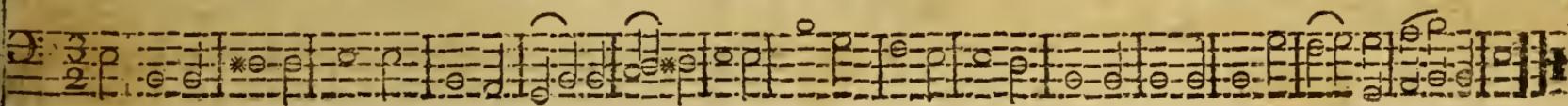


Our punishment he took, he bore ;



'Twas with our griefs Messiah groan'd ; 'Twas with our guilt his soul was try'd ;

And sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd.



## BEDFORD.

6. 4.

Pia.



Jesus, our Lord and God, Bore sin's tremendous load, Praise ye his name: Tell what his arm hath done:

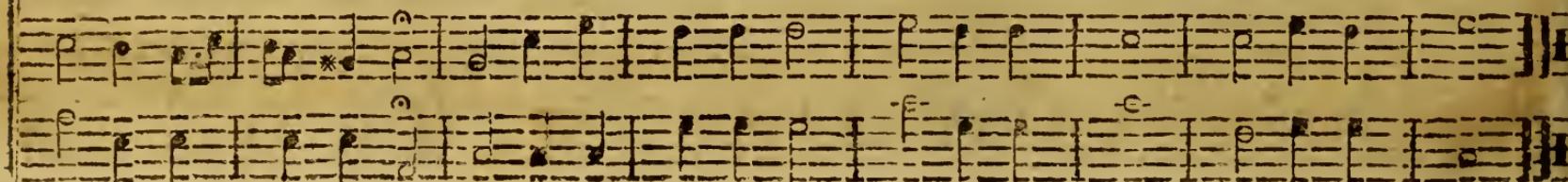
For.

Pia.

For.



What spoils from death he won; Sing his great name alone; Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb.

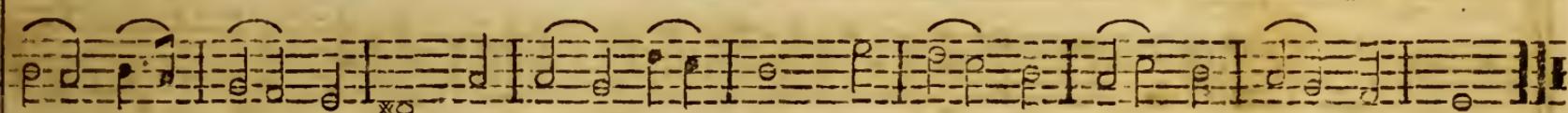
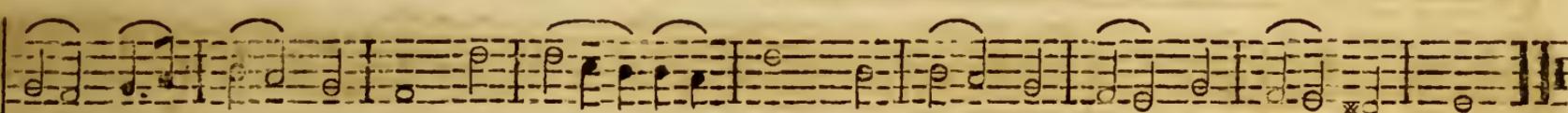


Pia.

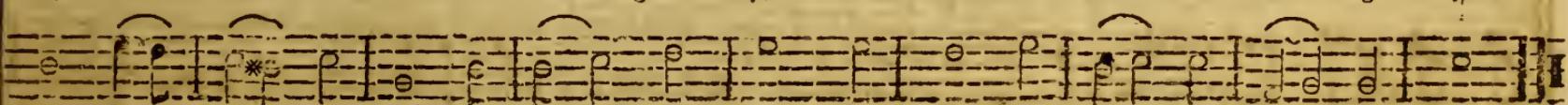
Pool.



And didst thou Lord, for sinners bleed? And could the sun behold the deed? No he withdrew his sick'ning



ray, And darkness veil'd the mourning day, And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

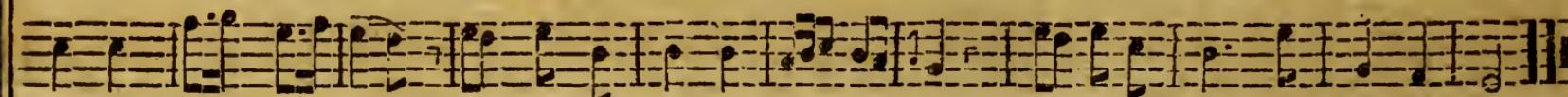
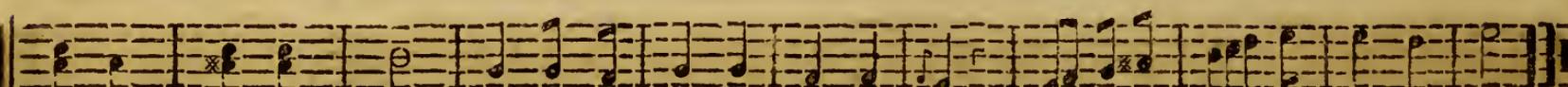
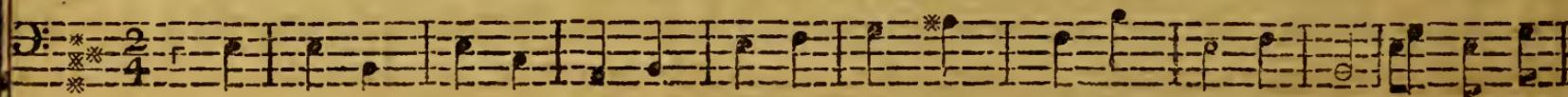


## CALIFORNIA. L. M.

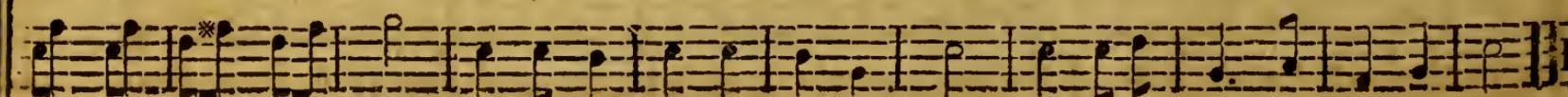
Kimbalk.



Thou, whom my soul admires above All earthly joys, and earthly love; Tell me dear

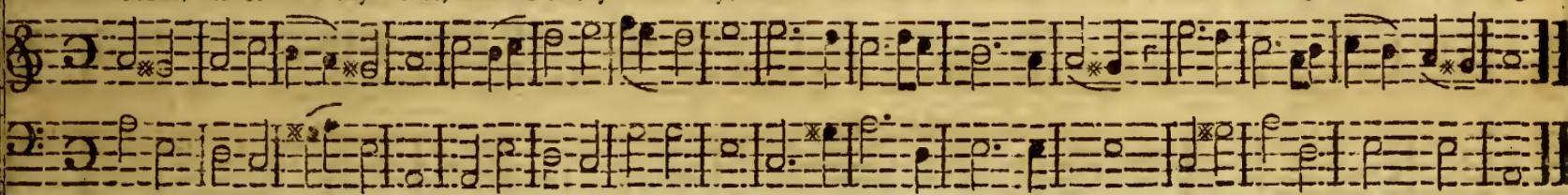


Shepherd, let me know, Where do thy sweetest pastures grow, Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?





Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is nigh:



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe into thy haven guide, O receive my soul at last.



SLOW.

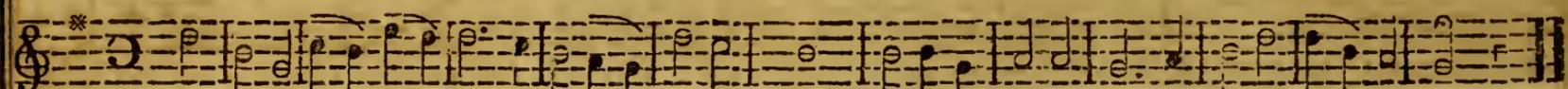
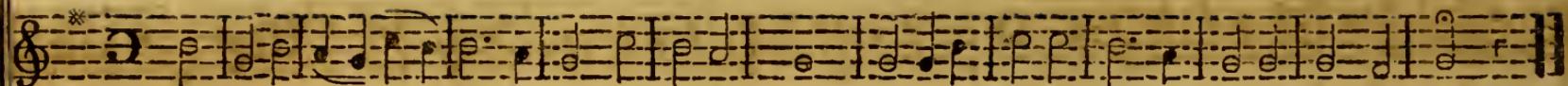
The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The first two staves are in common time, while the third and fourth staves are in 6/8 time. The music is composed of various note heads, including open circles, solid circles, and crosses, with stems and bar lines. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staves. The first two staves correspond to the first two lines of the lyrics: 'Shed tears, ye men, your dearest friend, The holy, wise, the best of men, Was despis'd, by men condemn'd, Dies a horrid, shameful death.' The third and fourth staves correspond to the last two lines of the lyrics: 'Dry your tears, happy men, For his death was crown'd with triumph, And now he reigns ex - al - ted high with'.

Shed tears, ye men, your dearest friend, The holy, wise, the best of men, Was despis'd, by men condemn'd, Dies a horrid, shameful death.

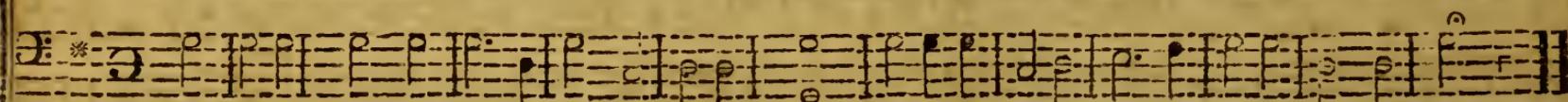
Dry your tears, happy men, For his death was crown'd with triumph, And now he reigns ex - al - ted high with

God. For his death was crown'd with triumph, And now he reigns exalted high with God, he reigns exalted high with God,

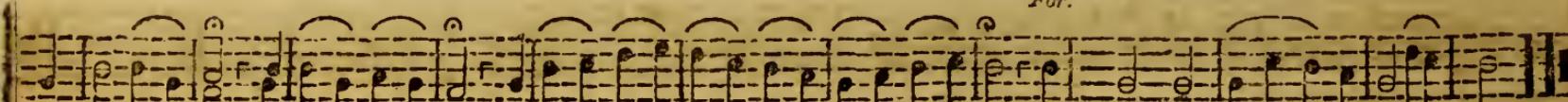
he reigns exalted, Crown'd with triumph, high with God he reigns, exalted high with God.



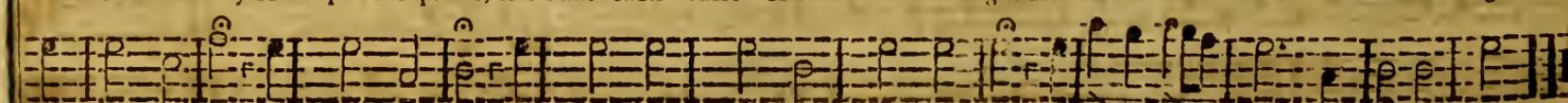
Let all the nations fear The God that rules above; He brings his people near, And makes them taste his love.



*For.*



While earth and sky Attempt his praise, His saints shall raise His honors high, His saints shall raise His honors high.

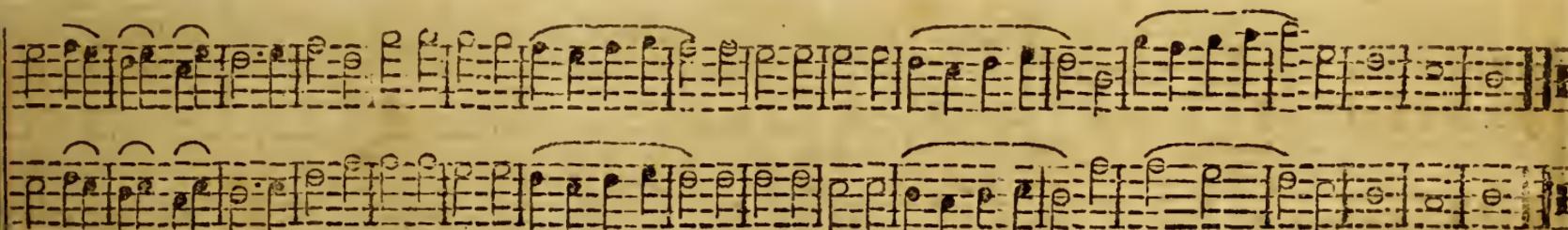


COUNTER.



'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of eternal pow'r ! The sea grows calm at thy command, The

'Tis by the mountains



sea grows calm at thy command, And tempests cease to roar, And tempests cease to roar, And tempests cease to roar.

## SYRACUSE.

L. M.

Pool.

Behold—

Deep in our hearts let us record, The deeper sorrows of our Lord;

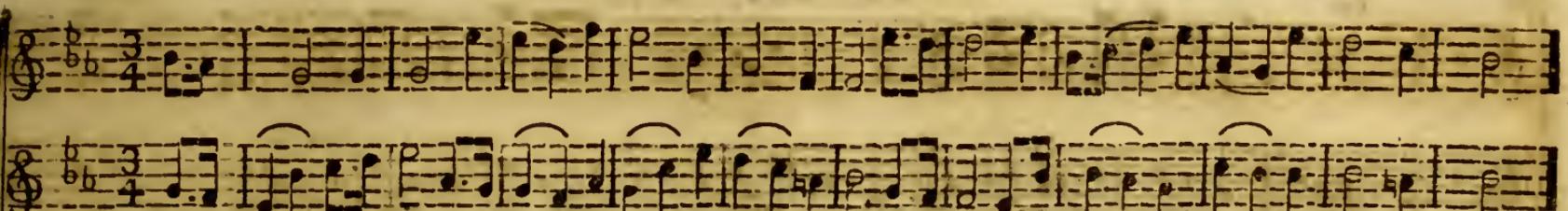
Behold the rising billows roll, To overwhelm his holy soul.

Behold—

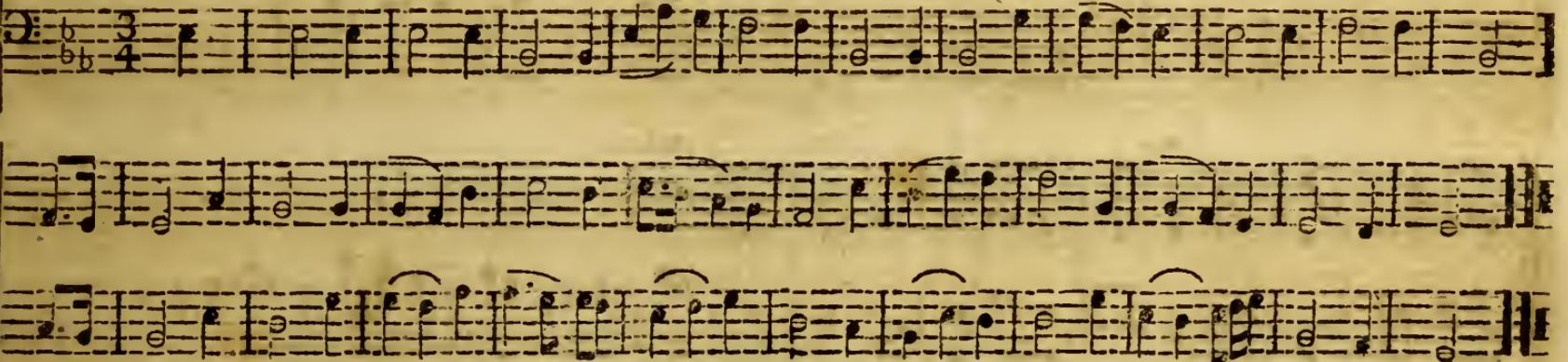
WINCHENDON. L. M.

J. Holbrook.

Infinite leagues beyond the sky, The great Eternal reigns alone; Where neither wings nor souls can fly, Nor Angels climb the topless throne.



No war or battle sound Was heard the world around; No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;



But peaceful was the night, In which the Prince of light, His reign of peace upon the earth began.

## THE NATIVITY.

7's.

Pia.

For.

C. Burney.

Pia.

Hark! hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and  
mercy mild; God and sinners reconcil'd!

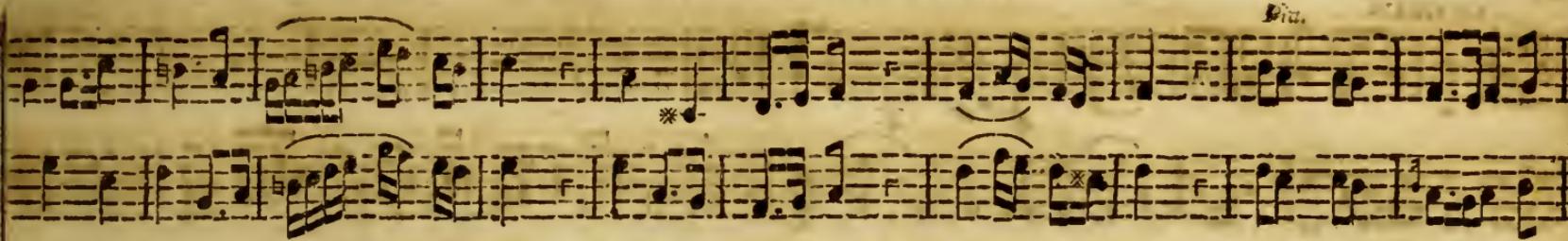
For.

ORGAN.

mercy mild; God and sinners reconcil'd!

THE NATIVITY *Continued.*

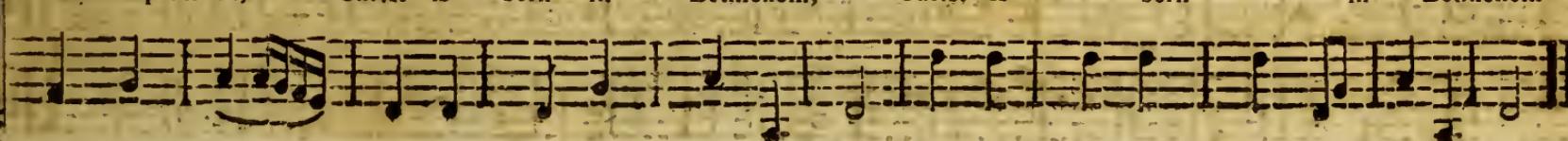
171



Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumphs of the skies; With th' angelic

*For.**Pia.*

host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem, Christ is born in Bethlehem.



## CHORUS.

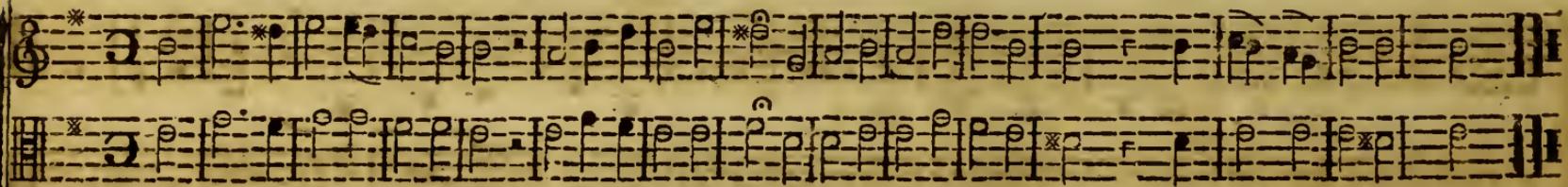


Hark ! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King !

## FUNERAL HYMN.

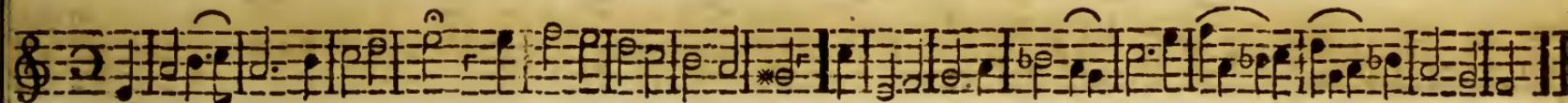
C. M.

Dr. Miller.



The righteous souls, that take their flight, Far from this world of pain, In God's paternal bosom blest, Forever shall remain.



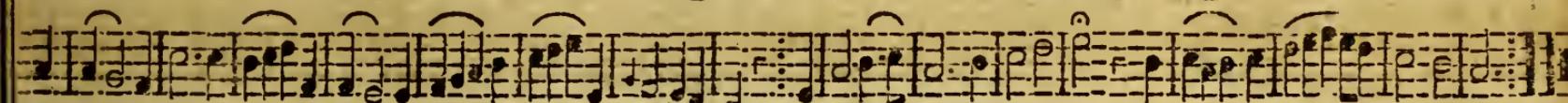
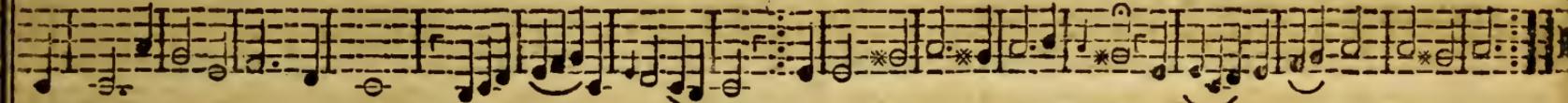


Sweet is the work, O God, our King, To praise thy name, give thanks & sing ; To shew thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.



*Pia.*

*For.*



Sweet is the day of sacred rest ; No mortal care should seize our breast ; O may our hearts in tune be found, Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

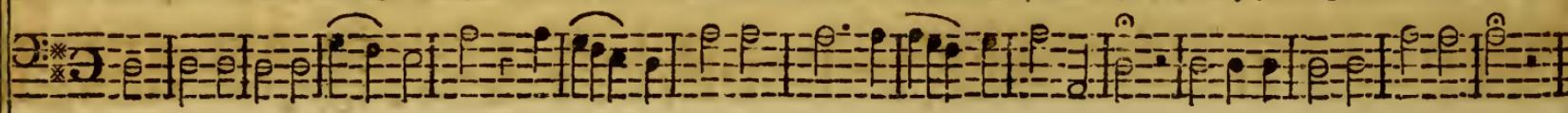


VIVACE.

Pia.



Mortals, awake, with angels sing, And chant the solemn lay, And chant the solemn lay ; Love, joy and gratitude combine,

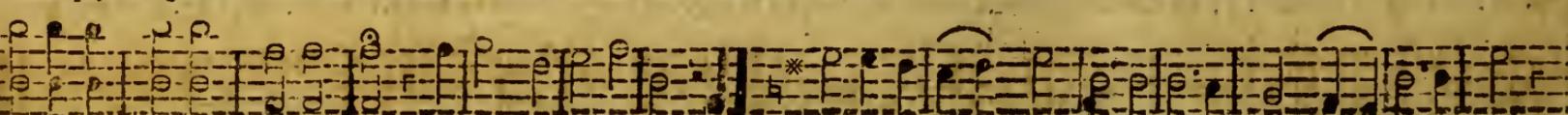


Pia.

F. or. Fortis.



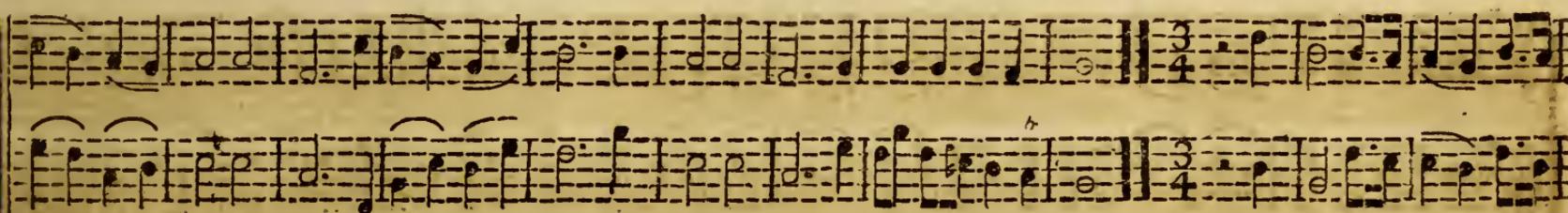
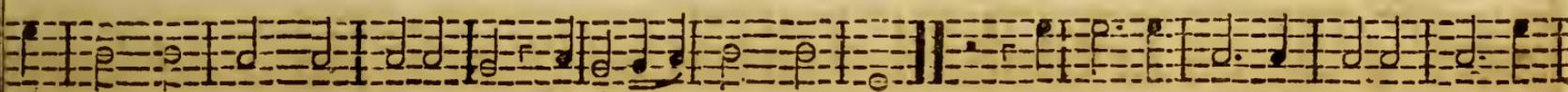
Love, joy and gratitude combine To hail th' auspicious day. In heav'n the rapt'rous song began ; And sweet seraphic fire,





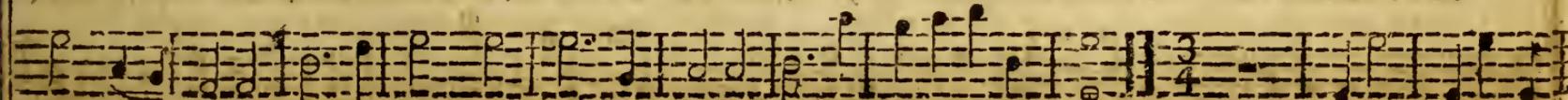
Through all the shining regions ran, And tun'd each sounding lyre.

The theme, the song, the joy was new To



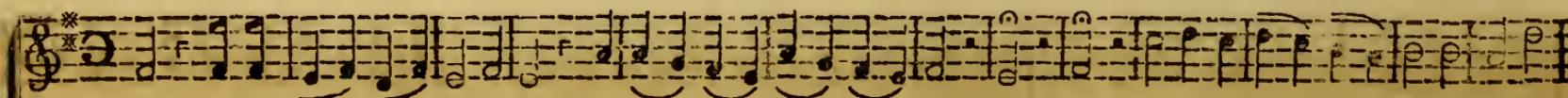
each angelic tongue; Swif through the realms of light it flew, And loud the echo ran.

Down through the portals

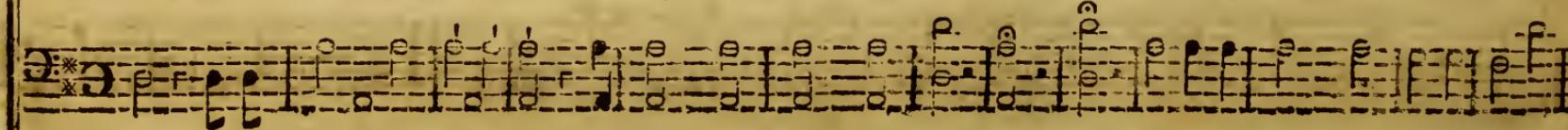


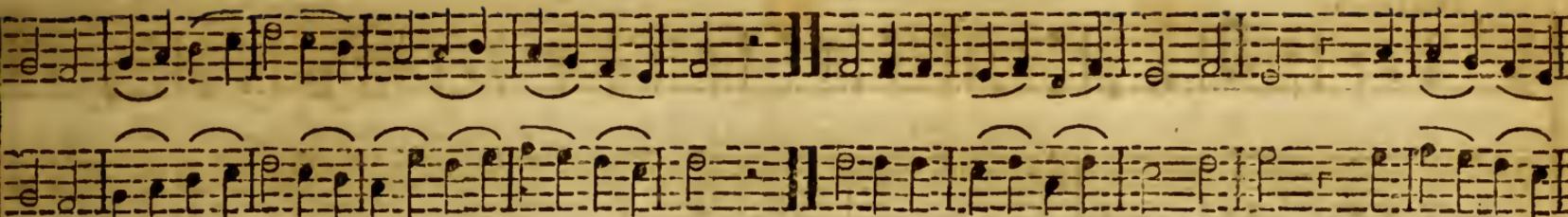


of the sky The pealing anthem ran; And angels flew with eager joy, To bear the news to man.

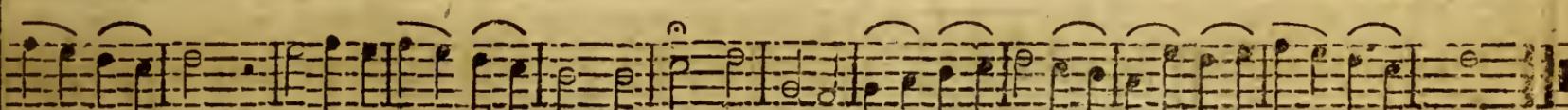
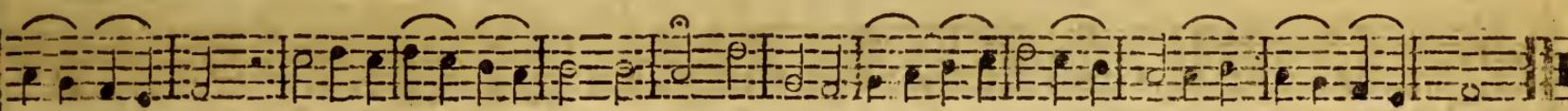


Hark! the cher - u - bic armies shout, And glory leads the song; Hark! Hark! Peace and salvation swell the note Of

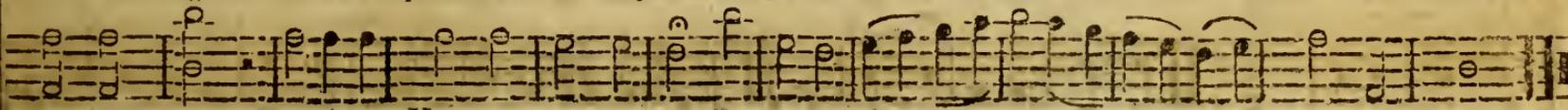




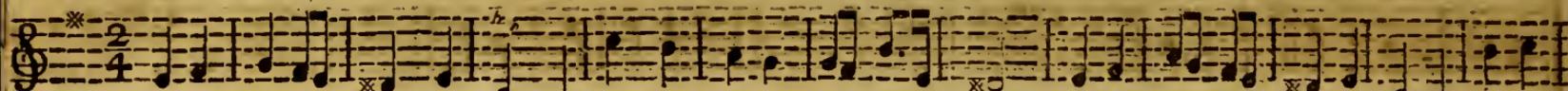
all the heav'ny throng, Of all the heav'ny throng. With joy the chorus we'll repeat; Glory to



God on high; Good will and peace are now complete, Jesus is born to die, Jesus is born to die.



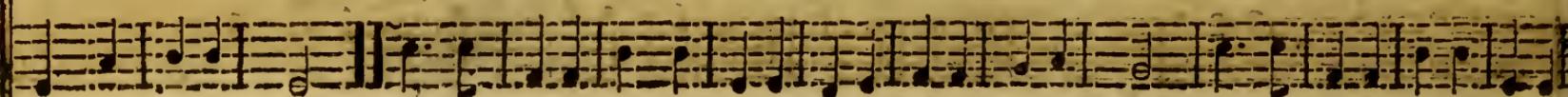
MODERATO.



Hail, thou once despised      Jesus ! Hail, thou      Galilean      King ! Who didst suffer to release us, Who didst



free salvation bring. Hail, thou glorious God and Saviour ; Thou hast borne our sins and shame ; Through thy merit we find favor,



BENNINGTON *Continued.**Pia.**For.*

179

*Pia.*

Life is given through thy name, Life is giv'n, Life is giv'n, Life is given through thy name, Hail, thou glorious God and Saviour !



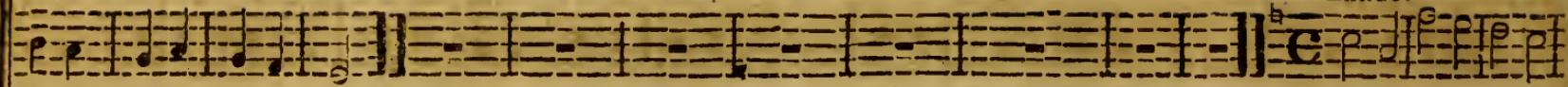
Thou hast borne our sin and shame, Thro' thy merit we find favour ; Life is given through thy name, Life is giv'n, Life is giv'n,



BENNINGTON *Continued.*

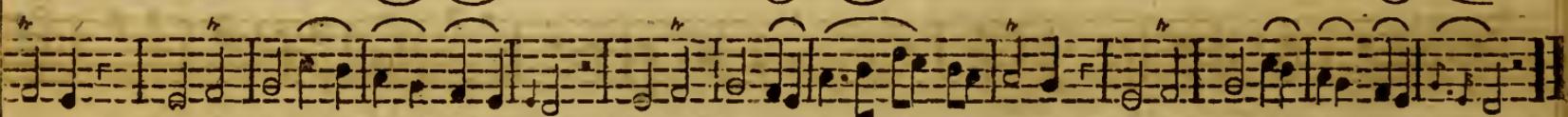
ORGAN.

LARGO.



life is given through thy name.

Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in



glory, There forever to abide ; All the heav'nly host adore thee, Seated at thy Father's side.





There for sinners thou art pleading, Spare them yet another year; There for saints art interceding, Till in glory they ap-

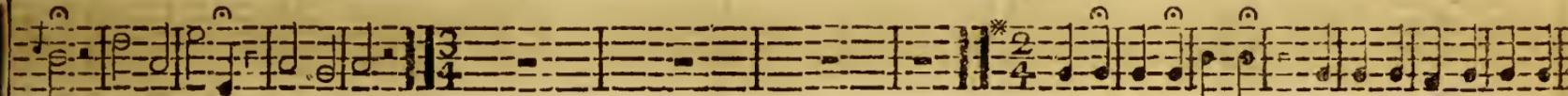


Pianis.

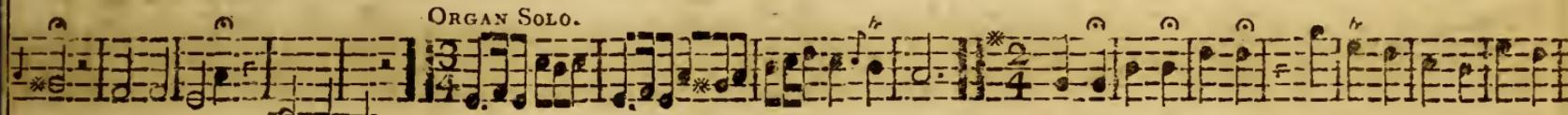
ANDANTE.

CHORUS. For.

Pia. Med.

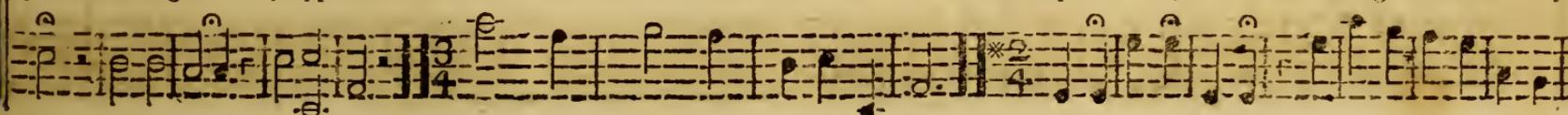


ORGAN SOLO.



pear, Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honour, power, And blessing, Christ is worthy



BENNINGTON *Continued.**For.*

Meet it is for us to gi - - - - ve,

ORG.

ORG. Sola.

to receive; Loudest praises, without ceasing, Meet it is for us to give,

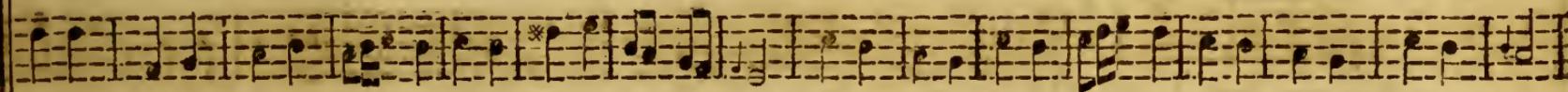
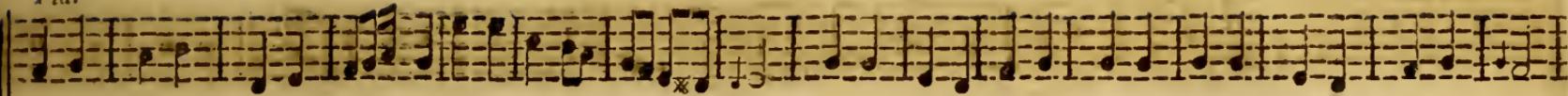
ORGAN.

*For.*

Loudest praises, without ceasing Meet it is for us to give.

BENNINGTON *Continued.*

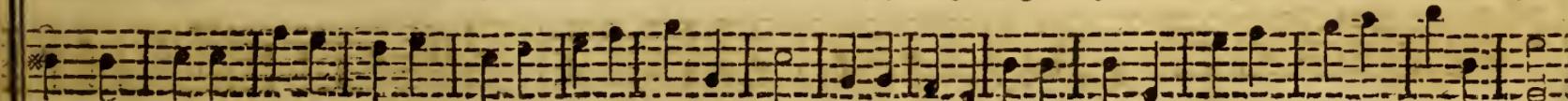
183

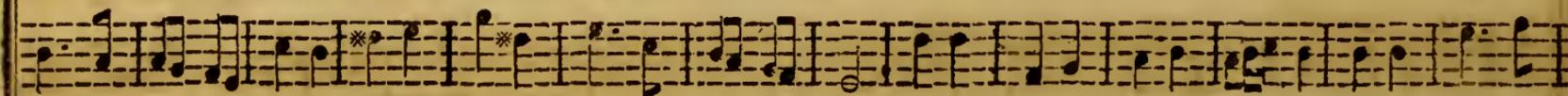
*Pia.*

Help, ye bright angelic spirits ; Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ; Help to sing our Jesus' merits, Help to chant Immanuel's praise ;

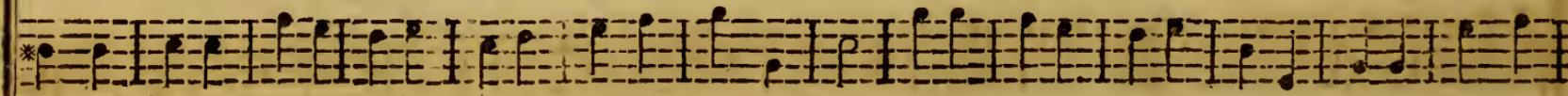
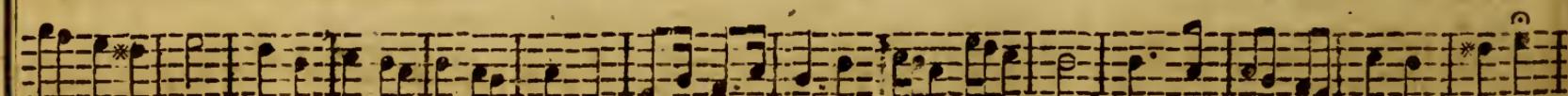
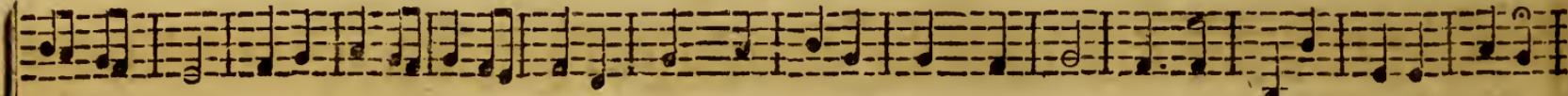
*For.**Pia.*

Help to sing our Jesus' merits, Help to chant Immanuel's praise. Help ye bright angelic spirits ; Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;

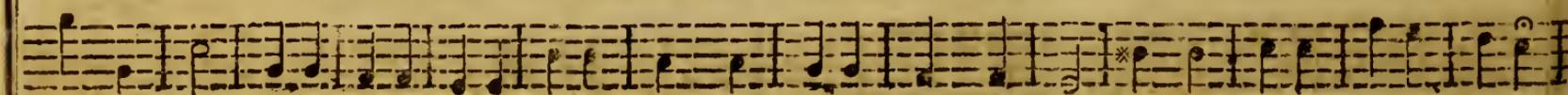


BENNINGTON *Continued.**Pia.*

Help to sing our Jesus' merits, Help to chant Immanuel's praise. Help, ye bright angelic spirits; Bring your sweetest,

*For.*

noblest lays; Help to sing our Jesus' merits, Help to chant Immanuel's praise; Help to sing our Jesus' merits,



BENNINGTON *Continued.*

SYM.

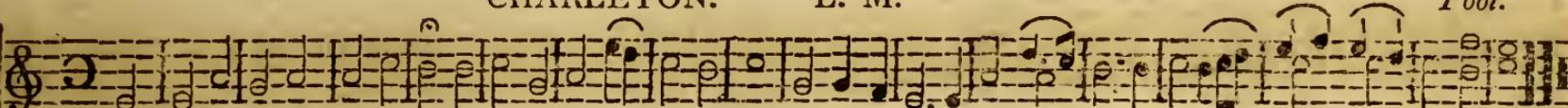
185



Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

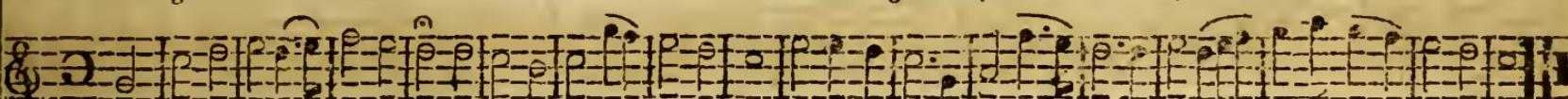
CHARLETON. L. M.

Pool.



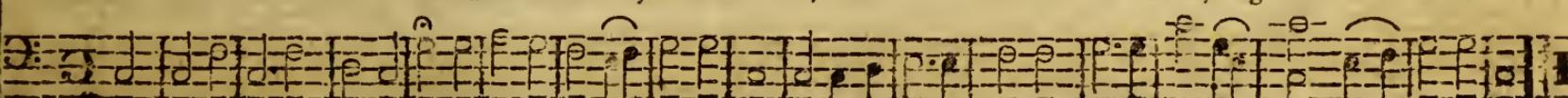
When strangers stand and hear me tell

Where he is gone they fain would know,



What beauties in my Saviour dwell;

That they might seek and love him too.



A. C.

Z

## MONTPELIER.

7's.

Slow.

Lock Hos.

Pia.

Glory be to God on high, God, whose glory fills the sky; Peace on earth to man forgiv-en,

## CHORUS.

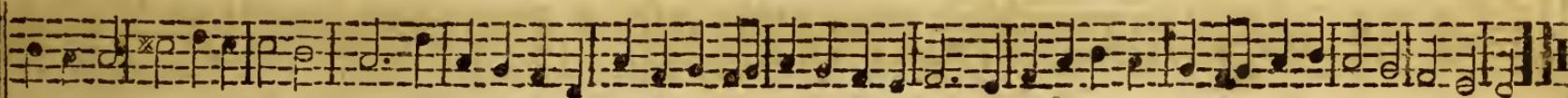
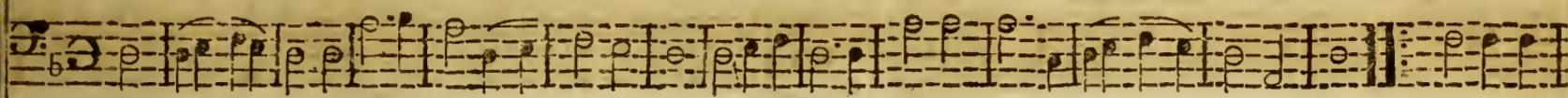
Man, the well belov'd of heav'n.      Glory be to God on high, God whose glory fills the sky.

Christ our Lord and God we own ;  
Lamb of God, for sinners slain ;  
Glory be to God on high,

Christ the Father's only Son ;  
Saviour of offending men.  
God whose glory fills the sky.

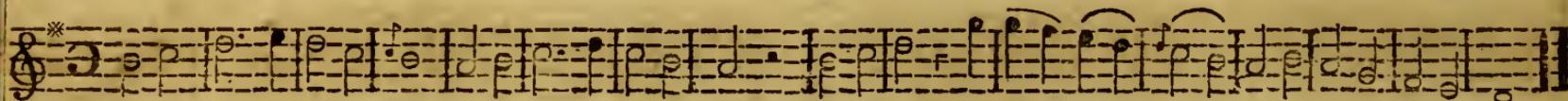


When overwhelm'd with grief, My heart within me dies; Helpless, and far from all relief, To heav'n I lift my eyes. O lead me

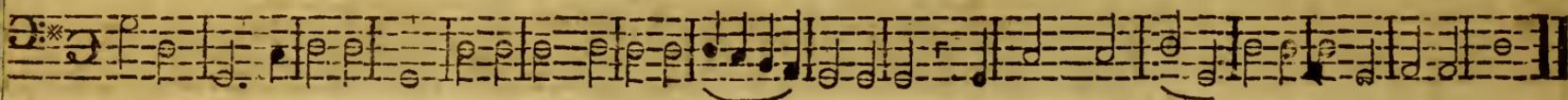


to the Rock That's high above my head, And make the covert of thy wings My shelter and my shade, And make—

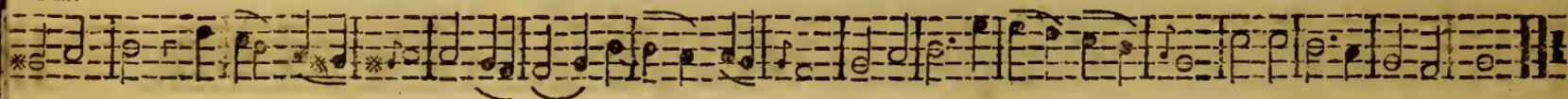




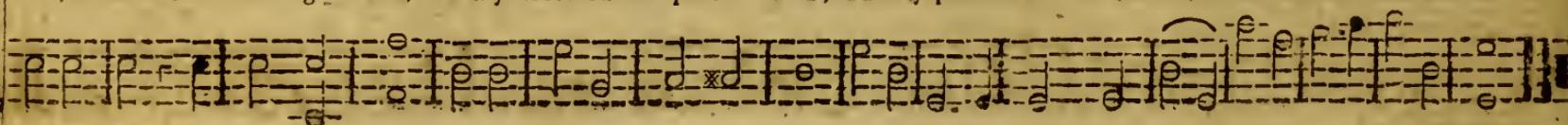
Holy Lamb, who thee receive, Who in thee begin to live, Day and night they cry to thee. As thou art, so let us be.



Pia.



Fix, O fix each wav'ring mind; To thy cross our spirit bind; Earthly passions far remove; Perfect all our souls in love.

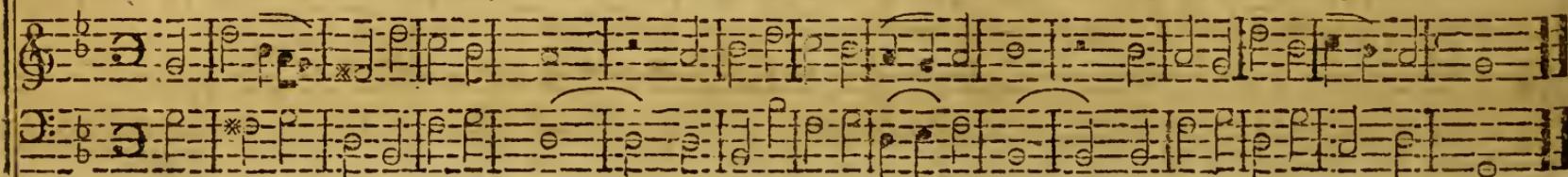


SLOW.

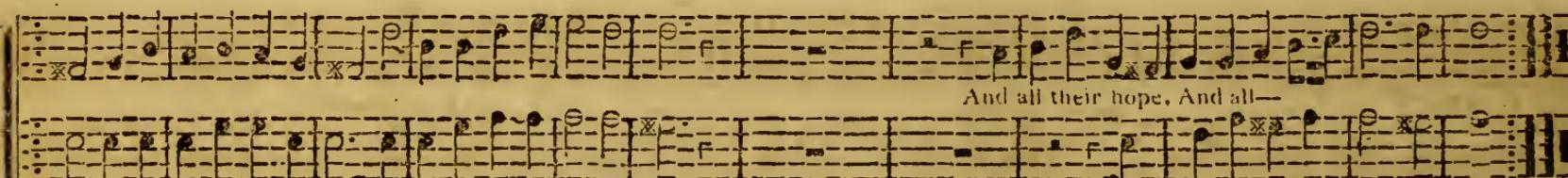
Alas, 'twas brittle clay That built our body first; And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day 'Tis mould'ring back to dust. And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.



Ill tidings never can surprise His heart, that fix'd on God relies, Though waves and tempests roar around :

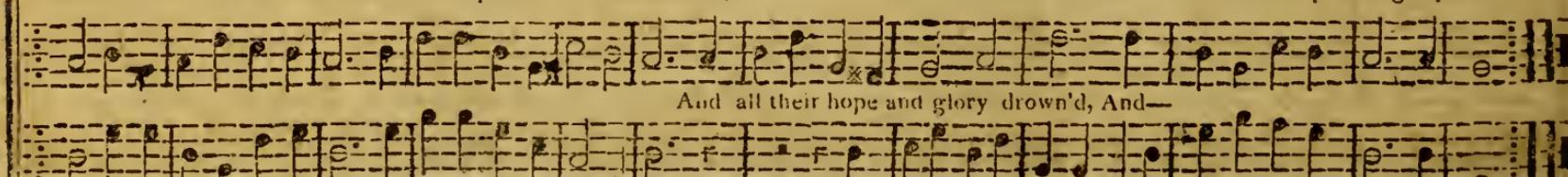


And all their hope, And all—



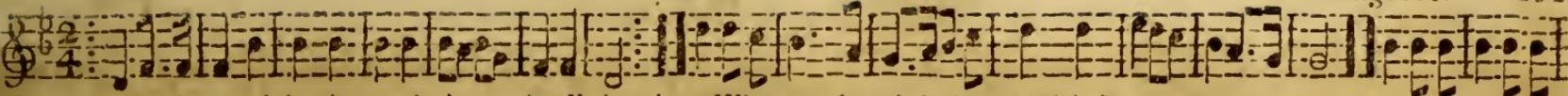
Safe on a rock he sits and sees The shipwreck of his enemies,

And all their hope and glory drown'd.

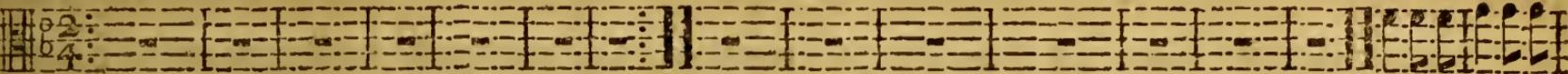


And all their hope and glory drown'd, And—

And all their hope and glory drown'd, And—

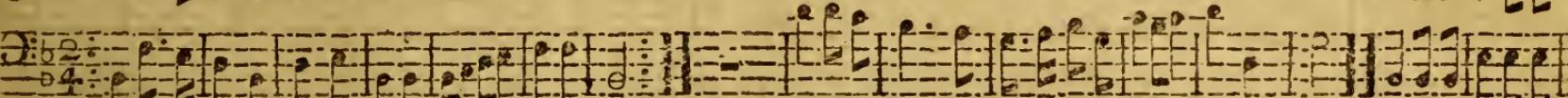
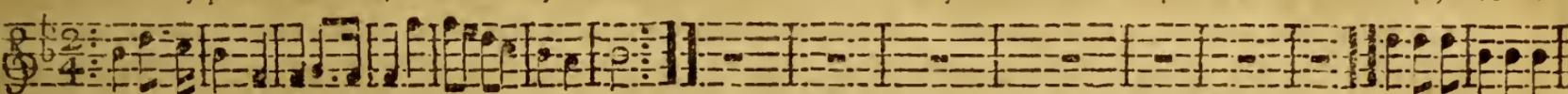


Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne, And near thy Father sit ; What wond' is shal. thy gospel do !



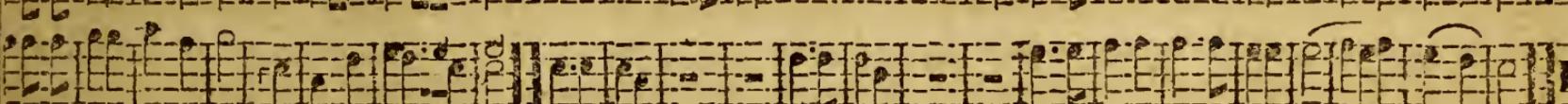
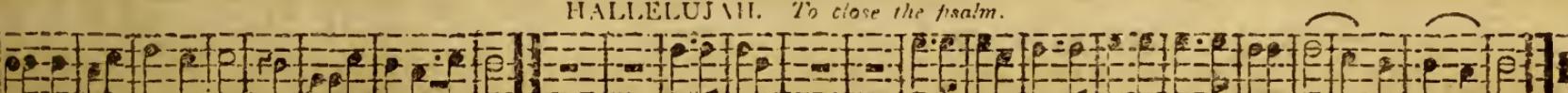
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known, And make thy foes submit.

Thy converts shall surpass The num'rous drops, num'rous

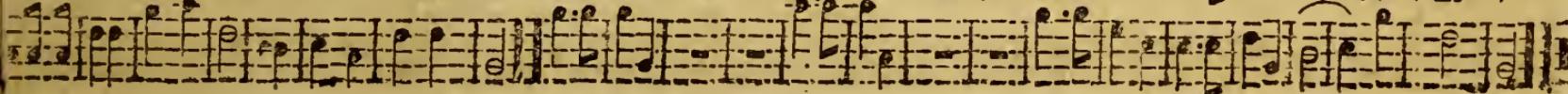
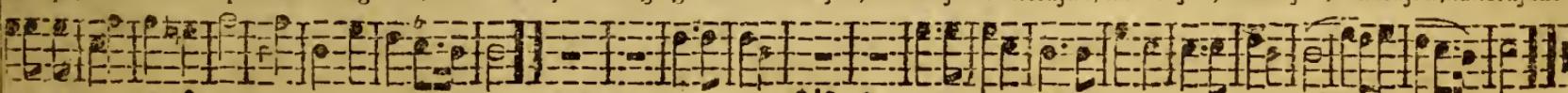


What wonders—

HALLELUJAH. To close the psalm.



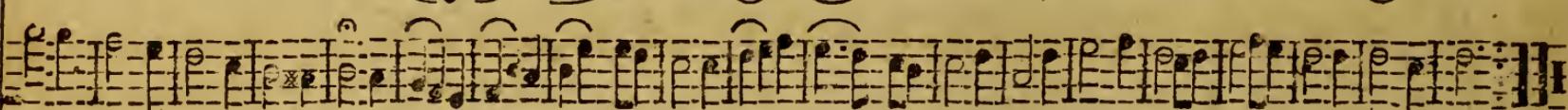
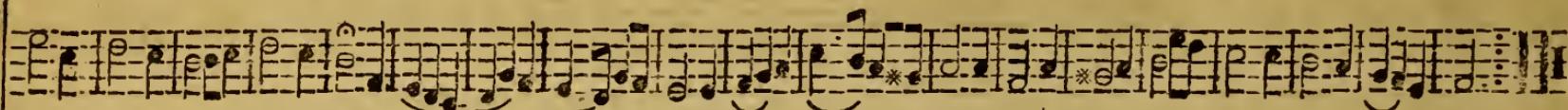
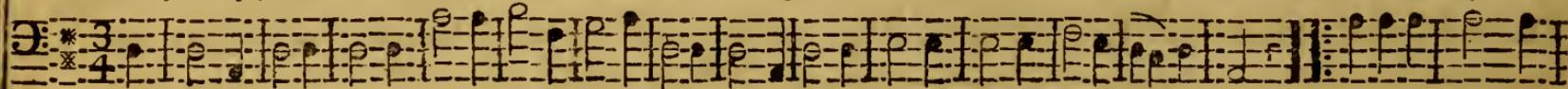
drops, num'rous drops of morning dew, And own thy sov'reign grace. Hallelujah, hallelujah hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah.



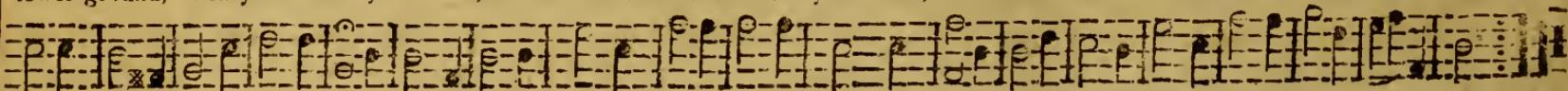
ALLEGRO.



Come let us join a joyful tune To our exalted Lord ; Ye saints on high around his throne, And we around his board. While once upon this

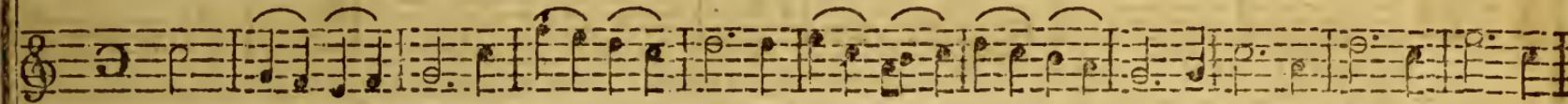


lower ground, Weary and faint you stood, What dear refreshment here you found, From this immortal food ! What dear—

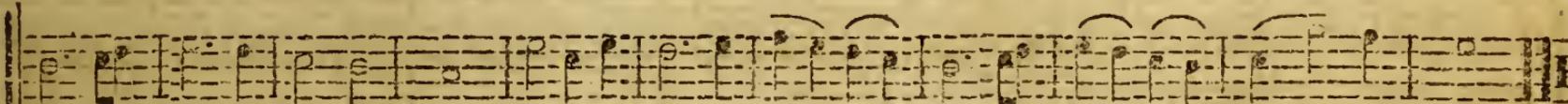
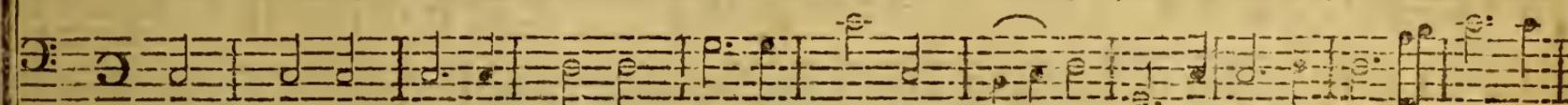


1 The tree of life which near the throne,  
In heav'n's high garden grows,  
La len with grace, bends gently down  
Its ever smiling boughs.

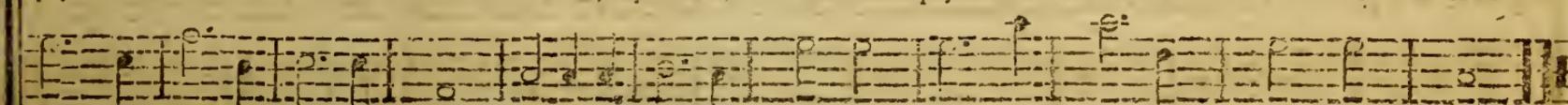
4 Hov'ring among the leaves, there stands  
The sweet celestial Dove;  
While Jesus on the branches hangs  
The banner of his love.

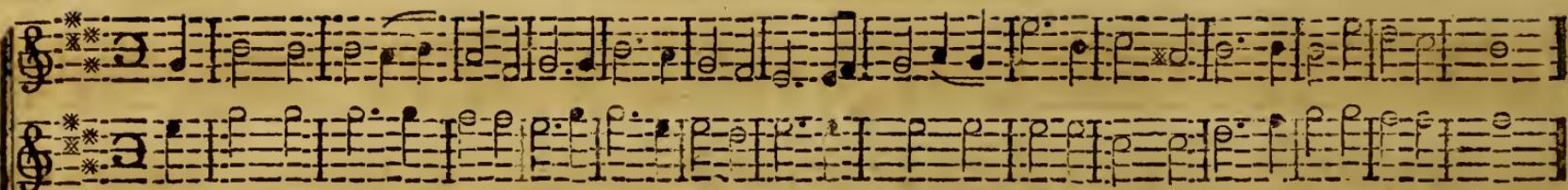


Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes my waking eyes, Once more, my voice, the tribute

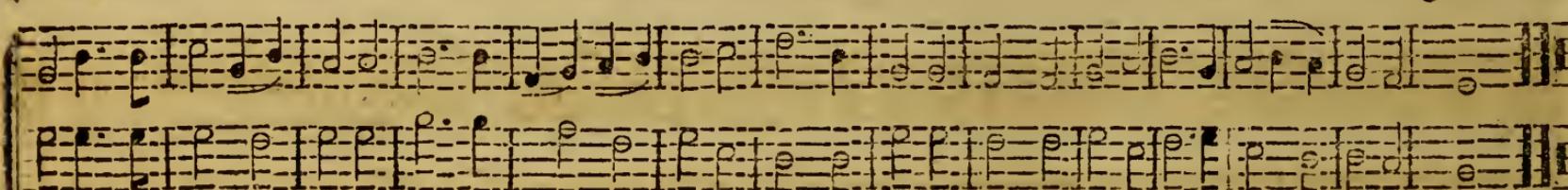
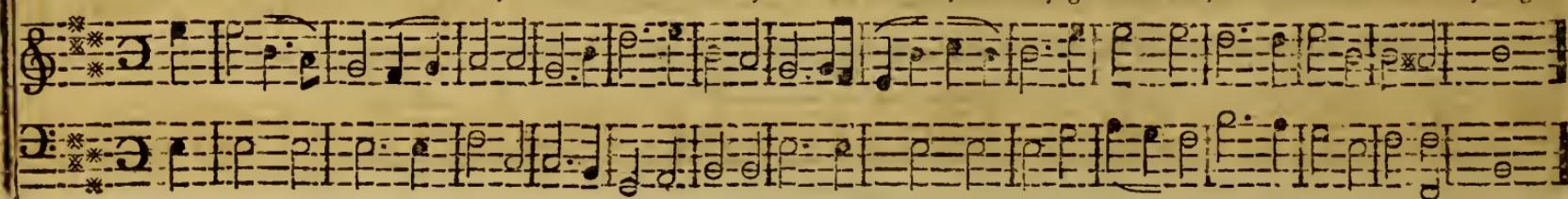


pay To him who rolls the skies. Once more, my soul, the tribute pay To him who rolls the skies.





Be thou exalted O my God, Above the starry train ; Diffuse thy heav'nly grace abroad, And teach the world thy reign.



So shall thy chosen sons rejoice, And throng thy courts above ; While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice, And taste redeeming love.

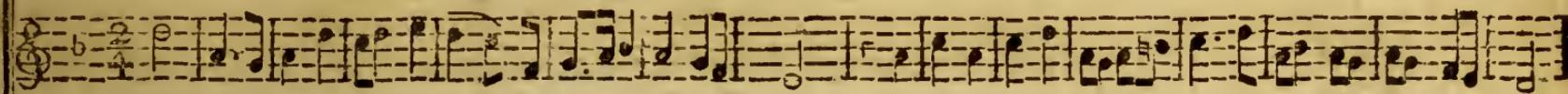


## ATONEMENT.

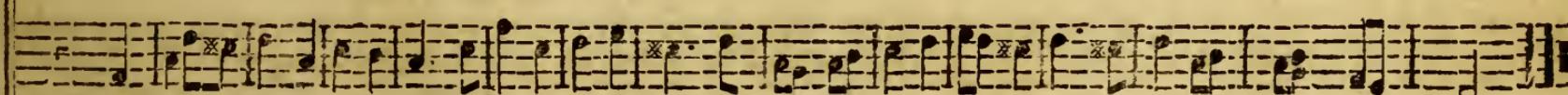
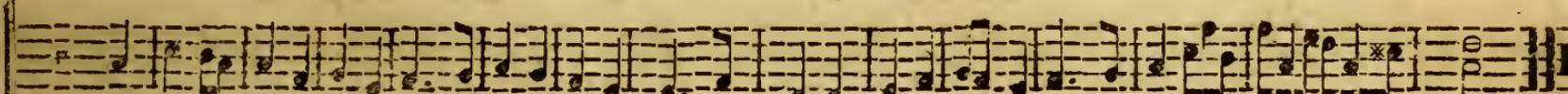
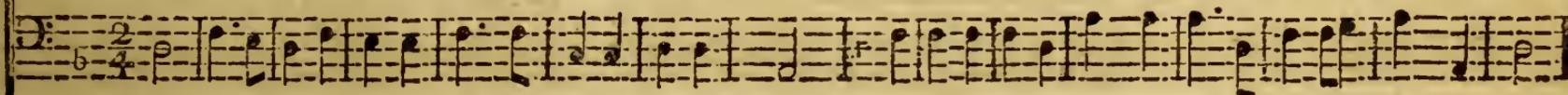
C. M.

J. Holbrook.

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Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed ! And did my Sov'reign die ? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I ?



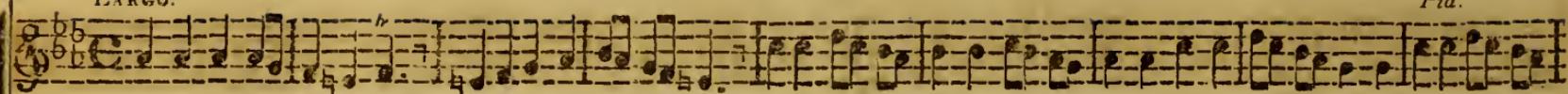
Was it for c:imes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree ? Amazing piety ! grace unknown ! And love beyond degree.



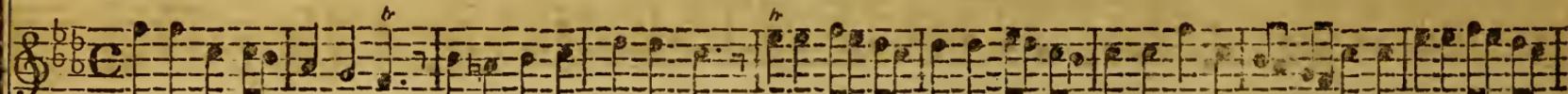
## VITAL SPARK.

E. Harwood.  
*Pia.*

LARGO.

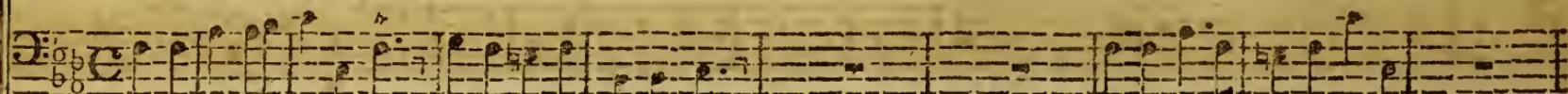


Trembling, hoping, lingring, flying,

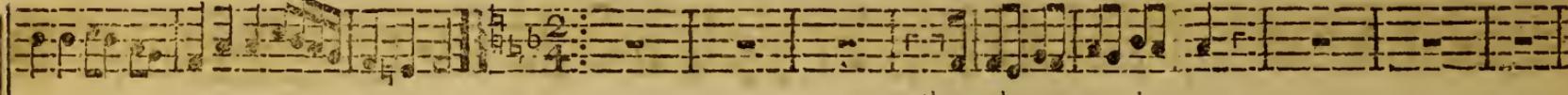


Vital spark of heav'ly flame, Quit, Oh ! quit this mortal frame,

Oh ! the pain the bliss of dying, Cease, fond nature,

*Pia.**Pia.**Pia.*

they whisper, angels say,



cease thy strife, And let me languish into life.

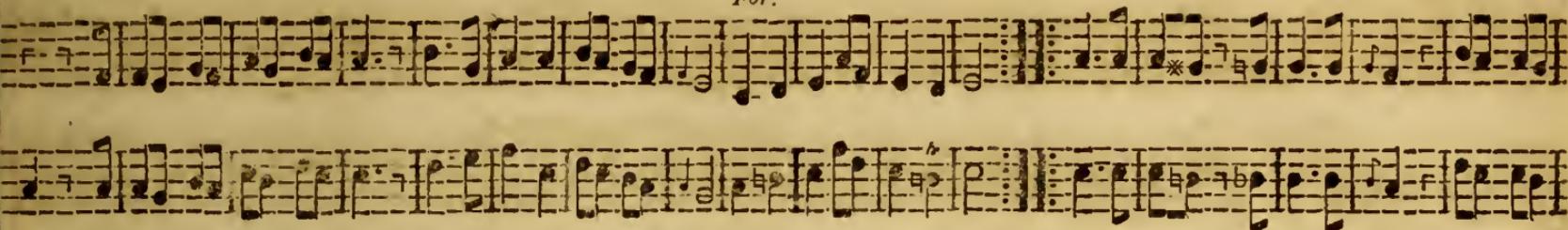
Hark ! they whisper angels say,

they whisper angels say,

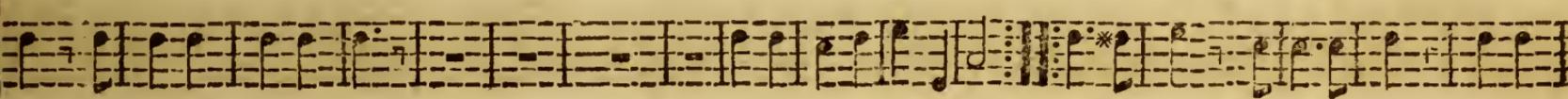


VITAL SPARK *Continued.*  
*For.*

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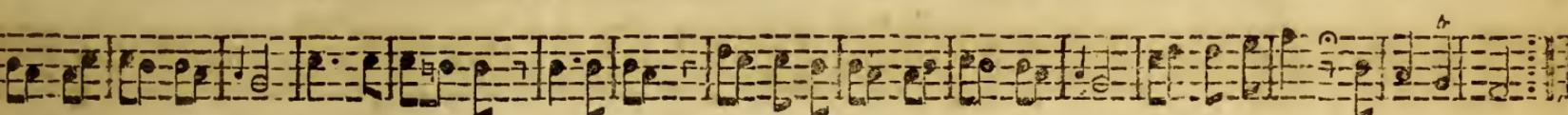
Hark ! they whisper, angels say, Sister spirit come away, Sister spirit come away. What is this absorbs me quite, She's my



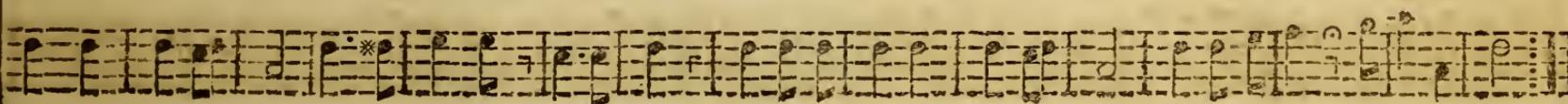
*Pia.*

*For.*

*Pia.*

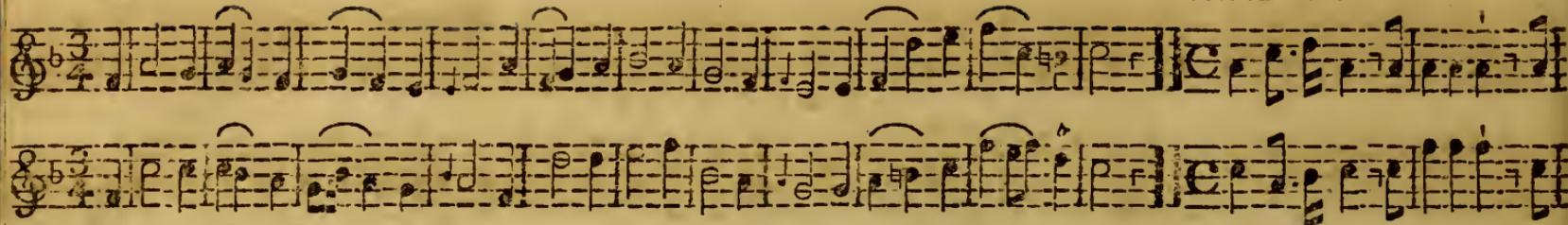


senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirit, draws my breath, Tell me, my soul, can this be death ? Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

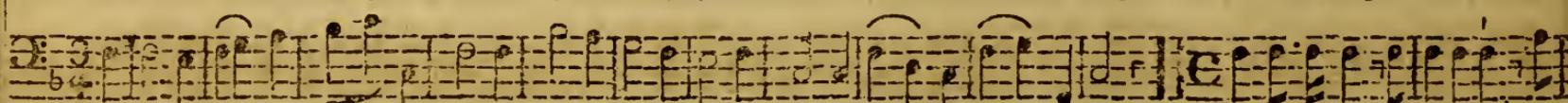


VITAL SPARK *Continued.*

Pia.

VIVACE. *Forza.*

The world recedes, it disappears, Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears, With sounds seraphic ring. Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O



Pia.

O grave, where is thy victory,

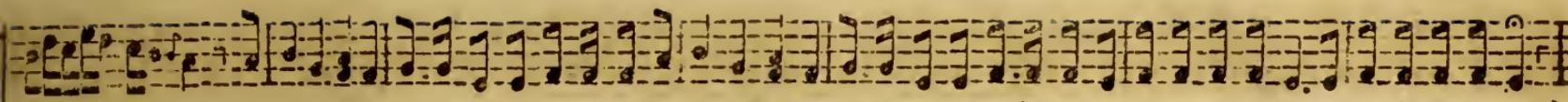
O grave, where is thy victory, O death where is thy sting,

grave, where is thy victory,

O death where is thy sting.

Lend, lend your wings, I





O grave where is thy victory, thy victory,

O death where is thy sting?

mount, I fly, O grave where is thy victory, thy victory,

O death where is thy sting?

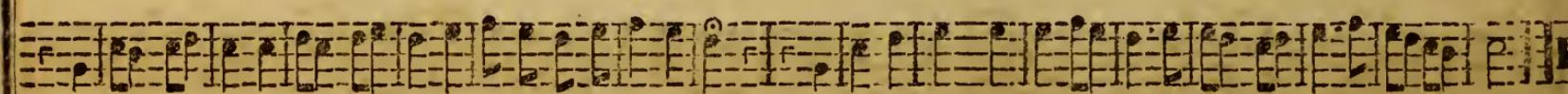
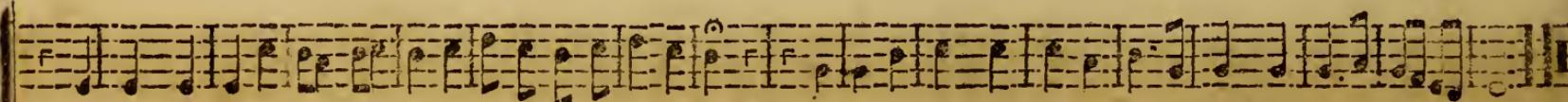
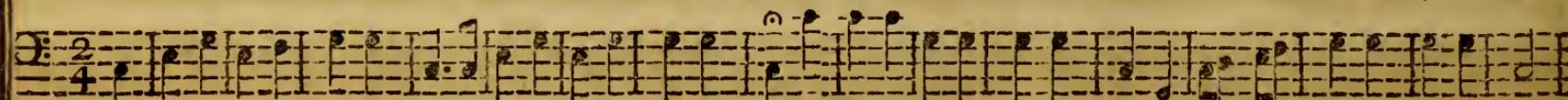
Slow.



Lend, lend your wings, I mount I fly, O grave where is thy victory, thy victory, O death, O death, where is thy sting?



Glory to God the Trinity, Whose name has mysteries unknown ; In essence One, in persons Three ; A social nature, yet alone !



When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd, The honors of thy name to raise ; Thy glories over-match our mind, And angels faint beneath thy praise.



Pia.

Ye blest inhabitants of heav'n, To God be all the praises giv'n, O praise him from the realms that lie A-

For.

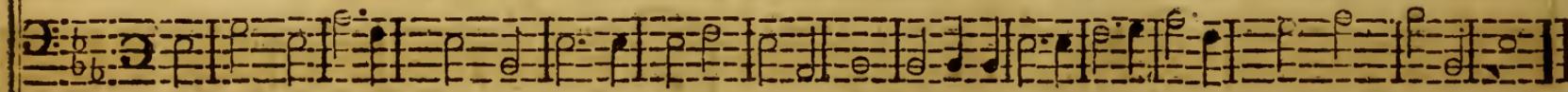
bove the reach of mortal eye, Him praise ye angels of his train; Him all whom heav'n's vast hosts contain.

A. C.

B b



When wild confusion wrecks the air, And tempests rend the skies; Whilst blended ruin, clouds, and fire, In harsh disorder rise.

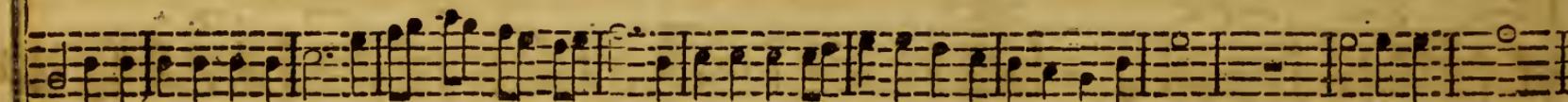


Pia.

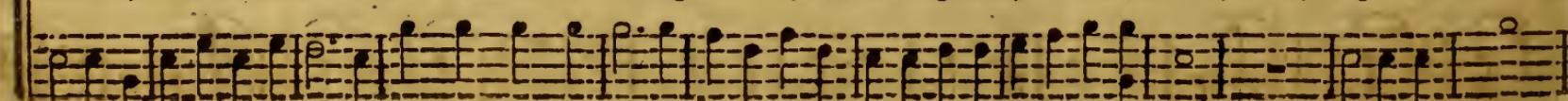
For.

Pia.

For.



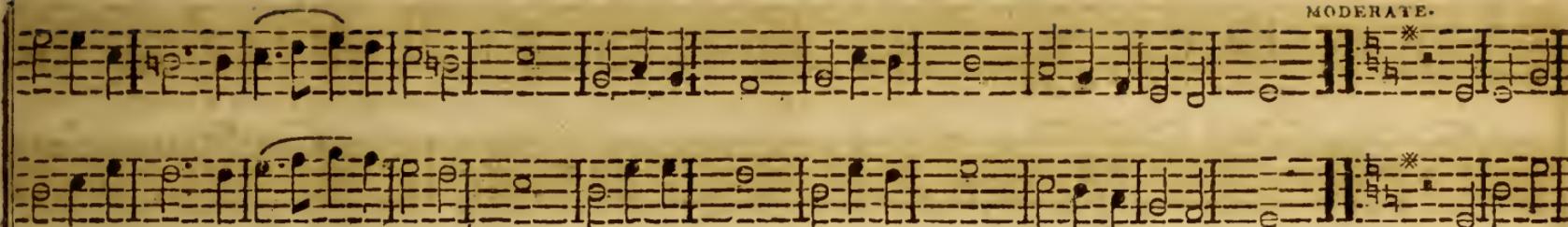
Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand, And strike a tuneful song; My harp all trembling in my hand, And all inspir'd my tongue. I'll shout aloud,



THE LAST TEMPEST *Continued.*

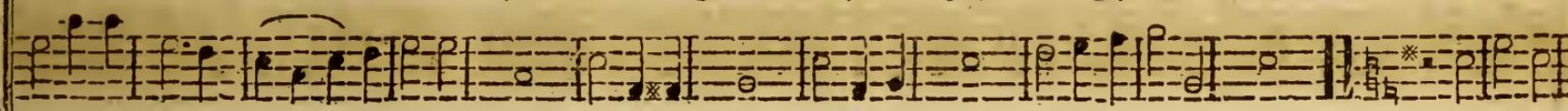
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MODERATE.



Ye thunders roll, And shake the sullen sky, Your sounding voice from pole to pole In angry murmurs try.

Let the earth



VIVACE.



totter on her base, And clouds the heav'n deform ; Blow all ye winds from ev'ry place, And rush the final storm.

Come quickly,

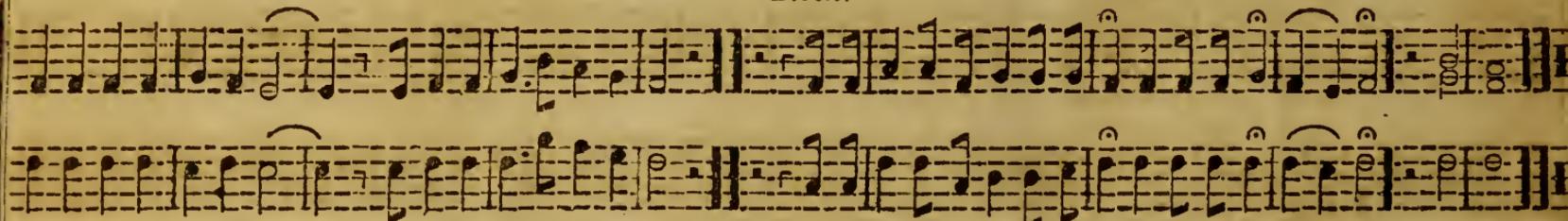




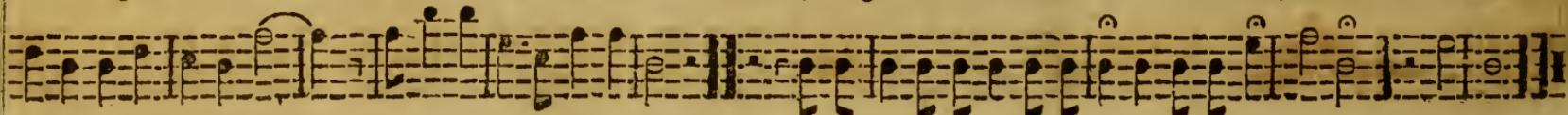
Now to the great and sacred Three, The Father, Son, and Spirit, be Eternal praise and glory giv'n, Thro' all the worlds where God is known, By



*Dir. oto.*



all the angels near the throne, And all the saints in earth and heav'n. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all, amen. Amen.



I N D E X.

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ALBION,	S. M.	116	Bekingham,	C. M.	22	Dialogue Hymn,	C. M.	91	Habakkuk,	L. M.	34
Amesbury,	P. M.	109	Bekingham,	8s. 3s. 6s.	159	Dighton,	L. M.	45	Hague,	C. M.	147
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